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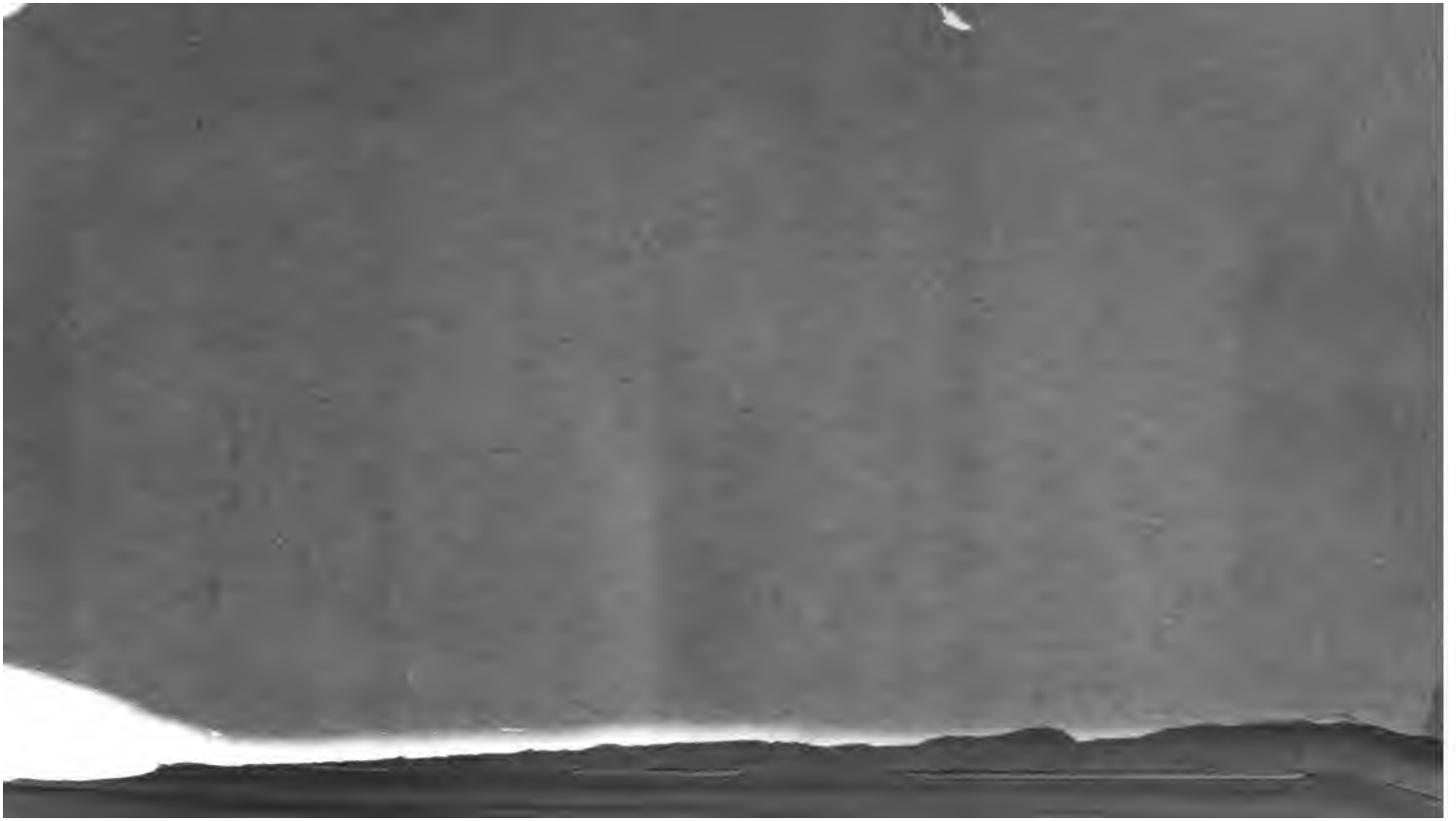

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AN

HISTORICAL ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Michael Drayton, *Eſq*;

IT is not a little ſtrange that a Perſon who raiſed to himſelf ſo high a Reputation by his Writings, and who was beſides ſo great a Lover of his Country, and ſo much eſteemed by Men of the beſt Heads and brighteſt Wits of the Age in which he lived, ſhould, notwithſtanding, have ſo little Regard ſhewn to his Memory, as to have ſcarce a ſingle Incident of his Life recorded by any other Pen than his own. The facetious Dr. *Fuller* has vouchſafed to mention him among the *Worthies* of *Warwickſhire*, * but in a very dry

A quaint

* Worthies in *Warwickſhire*, page 126.

quaint Manner; and the moſt material Thing he ſays of him is, that the Place of his Birth was near that of his Countryman *William Shakeſpear*, but not ſo near as the Place of his Interment to that of *Geoffrey Chaucer*, by which, no doubt, his Reader will be much edified. Mr. *Edward Phillips* * has beſtowed ſomewhat fewer than twenty Lines upon our Author's Memory, containing only a Character of his Works, in which he has tranſcribed what little he found for his Purpoſe in *Fuller*. Mr. *William Winſtanley* † has tranſcribed Mr. *Phillips* and Dr. *Fuller*, without adding any thing that is worth the Reader's Notice. As for more modern Writers, they have contented themſelves with tranſcribing Mr. *Winſtanley*, and adding a Catalogue of Mr. *Drayton*'s Works. All therefore that we can ſay of him muſt be borrowed from thence, and we ſhall endeavour to range the few Facts we meet with there, in the beſt Order we may, and illuſtrate them the beſt we can.

He was born, but at what time does not appear, at *Athelſton* in *Warwickſhire*, and retained always a warm and generous Affection for his native Country ‡. He was deſcended from an ancient and honourable Family in that County, and appears to have had a regular and learned Education. He tells us himſelf, that he was very early ſmitten with the Love of Poetry, inſomuch, that when he was but ten Years old, and no farther advanced than in his Accidence, he was very earneſt with his School-maſter to make him a Poet. His Maſter,

* Theatrum Poetarum, P. ii. p. 136, 137.
† Lives of the moſt famous *Engliſh* Poets, p. 105.
‡ See p. 913.

Maſter, it ſeems, indulged him to his Wiſh, and made him very early acquainted with the *Latin* Claſſics, which ſuiting extreamly well with his Genius, he read them, more eſpecially *Virgil* and *Horace*, with infinite Pleaſure and moſt aſſiduous Application *. He began very early to diſcover his Acquaintance with the Muſes, to whom he devoted himſelf through his whole Life.

His firſt Eſſays were the natural Flights of a young and ſprightly Genius, well ſeaſoned with Learning, and not at all deficient in Judgment; ſo that he had no Reaſon in his riper Years to be aſhamed of theſe early Performances, as the Reader will perceive by conſulting his IDEA and his ELEGIES, moſt of which were written when he was a young man. In theſe he diſcovered much of that laudable Fondneſs for his Country, which is incident to every good Mind, as particularly appears by the following ſhort and beautiful Poem on the River *Ankor*, which runs through the Foreſt of *Arden*, in *Warwickſhire*, the Scene of his juvenile Pleaſures, and of his firſt Correſpondence with the Muſes, which with reſpect to the natural and unaffected Vivacity of the Thoughts, Elegance of Compoſition, and Harmony of Numbers, might paſs for no mean Teſtimony of Poetic Genius even at this Day. The Lines are theſe †;

Clear *Ankor*, on whoſe ſilver-ſanded Shore,
My ſoul ſhrin'd Saint, my fair *Idea* lies,
O bleſſed Brook, whoſe milk-white Swans adore
Thy cryſtal Stream refined by her Eyes,

 Where

* See p. 1254. † See p. 1280.

Where ſweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the Spring
Gently diſtills his Nectar-dropping Showers,
Where Nightingales in *Arden* ſit and ſing
Amongſt the dainty Dew-impearled Flowers;
Say thus, fair Brook, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queen,
Lo, here thy Shepherd ſpent his wand'ring Years;
And in theſe Shades, dear Nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he ſacrific'd his Tears:
Fair *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou, ſweet *Ankor*, art my *Helicon.*

His Affection for Poetry, however ſtrong, did not hinder his Application to other Branches of Learning; but more eſpecially to Hiſtory, and particularly that of his own Country, in which he became as knowing as any Man of his Time; and with great Induſtry and Pains ſet himſelf to enquire into the ſecret Springs and Motions, by which the moſt remarkable Events, and moſt ſurpriſing Revolutions had been brought about. In theſe Enquiries, it was natural for him to take Notice of the ſingular Turns of Fortune that had befallen the moſt eminent Perſons flouriſhing in different Ages; and where he found their Stories had not been fully repreſented to the World, or their Characters ſet in a true Light, he was deſirous of rendering that Service to Poſterity, and of preſerving from Oblivion the Actions of thoſe whoſe Perſons had been perſecuted by Fortune.

He had before him the Example of *Lydgate* *, the famous Monk of *Bury*, who tranſlated into *Engliſh*

* The Title of *Lydgate*'s Book is the *Fall of Princes.*

Engliſh Verſe the celebrated Work of *Boccace*; and the Continuation of that Work under the Title of *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, written by ſome of the prime Wits in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* *; wherein this Method of celebrating famous Perſons is chiefly applied to thoſe who have flouriſhed in this Iſland, and was undoubtedly the Source of our Hiſtorical Plays.

This it was that put him upon writing his Legends, of which he firſt publiſhed three, and then added a fourth. Theſe contained the Stories of *Robert* Duke of *Normandy*, eldeſt Son to the Conqueror; the Lady *Matilda*, who was beloved by K. *John*, and by him ſuppoſed to be murdered for preferring her Vow of Chaſtity to the Honour of being a King's Miſtreſs; *Pierce Gaveſton*, the unhappy Favourite of that more unhappy Monarch *Edward* the Second; and *Thomas Cromwell* Earl of *Eſſex*, the great Inſtrument of King *Henry* VIII. and at length the Victim of that Prince's Policy and his own Ambition. Theſe Hiſtorical Poems, adorned and heightened with all the Ornaments of a lively Fancy, and thick ſown with ſhort judicious Reflections, flowing from a ſound Judgment in Men and Things, were received as they deſerved with univerſal Applauſe, and gained their Author the Reputation which he had ſo long ſought, of being a great Poet, and this too from the beſt Judges, of whom there were not a few in thoſe Times.

* Written by Mr. *Higgens*, Mr. *Ferrers*, Mr. *Churchyard*, Mr. *Baldwine*, and the incomparable Mr. *Sackville*, afterwards Lord *Buckhurſt*.

This emboldened him to take a higher Flight, and to attempt a new Kind of Writing, at leaſt in our Language. Theſe he entitled ENGLAND's *Heroical Epiſtles.* As to the Matter of them, it was all borrowed from true Hiſtory, and the principal Facts in them are ſupported by Annotations drawn from the Chronicles that were then publiſhed. As for the Form, he profeſſes to have imitated *Ovid*, and it muſt be allowed that the Characters are finely ſupported.

This Work, which appeared, as we learn from the Notes, while the Earl of *Eſſex* was in the Height of Favour * with Queen *Elizabeth*, added much to that Fame which he had already acquired; and procured him, according to the Mode of that Age, the Commendations of the greateſt Wits in his own Country and in *Scotland:* amongſt the former was Sir *Edmund Scory*; and amongſt the latter Sir *William Alexander*, afterwards Earl of *Sterling*, who was himſelf one of the fineſt Gentlemen, as well as one of the politeſt Scholars and beſt Poets that Kingdom had to boaſt: ſo that now the Character of our Author was thoroughly eſtabliſhed, and the Praiſes beſtowed upon him incited him to proceed in his Career, and to undertake a larger and more difficult Work, in which he might have an Opportunity of ſhewing to how good Purpoſe he had ſpent his Time in the Study of *Homer* and *Virgil*, thoſe two great Lights of *Greek* and *Roman* Poeſy; and how much he poſſeſſed of that Fire and Spirit which

* See the Note, p. 371.

which enabled *Lucan* to raiſe his own Reputation by ſinging his Country's Ruin.

This was his Hiſtorical Poem of the BARONS WARS, divided into *ſix Cantos*, containing the Hiſtory of the Reign of *Edward* the Second, with which he had rendered himſelf perfectly acquainted, by the Peruſal of all our ancient Authors. He ſeems to have been led to this by his former Studies, having twice touched upon the Subject before, *viz.* in the Legend of *Pierce Gaveſton*, and in the Love Epiſtles between Queen *Iſabella* and *Mortimer*. He ſeems indeed to ſay ſo much himſelf towards the Cloſe of the ſecond Canto, yet he very prudently avoids telling the Story of *Gaveſton* twice, by opening his Performance with the great Power of the *Spenſers*, which gives him an Opportunity of entering immediately upon the Action of his Poem, which was the Loves of *Mortimer* Earl of *March*, and Queen *Iſabella*.

It is certain that he has managed this with great Force of Genius and Skill in moral Policy, by reconciling his Manner of treating his Subject to the ſtricteſt Truth of Hiſtory, and ſhewing that the loathſome Intrigues of the Court, and particularly the adulterous Amours of the Queen, were the true Sources of thoſe fatal Diſturbances and bloody Fields, in which the harmleſs and honeſt Subjects of *England* were led on to ſpend their Lives as well as ſhipwreck their Fortunes, under the ſpecious Pretence of fighting for the publick Good, which ended in the traiterous as well as barbarous Murder of a Prince, who wanted not good Qualities, and who had been

miſled and abuſed through the Courſe of his whole Reign. The Characters are finely drawn, and I am ſatisfied very juſtly too; for beſides his own Knowledge in the Hiſtory of *England*, which was very great, he had the Advice and Aſſiſtance of the moſt able and knowing Men of that Time; when the collecting and comparing our ancient and original Writers was a favourite and faſhionable Stile.

It is therefore much to be regretted, that theſe Cantos were not illuſtrated by Annotations in the ſame Manner as his Epiſtles, from whence we might have been more particularly acquainted with the Grounds on which he went; ſince that he ſeldom or never proceeded without, appears from the Pains he took to compare Sir *Thomas More*'s Deſcription of the Perſon of *Jane Shore* with her original Picture, of which he has given us a curious and exact Account, that had been otherwiſe buried in Oblivion *.

As to the Manner of his Poem, it was written originally in Stanzas of ſeven Lines, which he afterwards changed very judiciouſly for the Octavo, or more muſical Stanza of eight Lines. As he followed the *Italian* Mode in the Structure of his Verſe, ſo he followed it likewiſe in the Diviſion of his Work, not into Books but into Cantos; being led thereto, as he tells us himſelf in his learned Preface, by the Example of *Edmund Spenſer*. It is no Wonder therefore, that a Work written with ſo much Art as well as Truth, and which was equally valuable whether conſidered as

* See Note p. 338.

as a Poem or a Hiſtory, was univerſally admired in an Age when there flouriſhed ſo many Perſons of true Taſte and exalted Genius, who knew how to ſet a juſt Price upon the Labour both of the Poet and Hiſtorian. The ſecond Edition of it therefore came abroad with Commendatory Verſes, not only by Mr. *Thomas Greene*, Mr. *Edward Heyward*, both ingenious Men and eſteemed Poets, but of Sir *John Beaumont*, and the learned Mr. *Selden*, whoſe Commendations were ſufficient to have eſtabliſhed the indiſputed Merit of any Piece, to which they thought fit to give the Sanction of their Praiſe.

We are very certain that all the Works hitherto mentioned, ſome little Poems only excepted, that are ſcattered in his two Books of Miſcellanies, were both compoſed and publiſhed in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and this leads us to a Circumſtance of his Life, hitherto unnoticed by any who have pretended to ſpeak of Him; which is that he was very ungratefully treated upon the coming in of King *James*, to whom it ſeems he had not only been a hearty Well-wiſher, in Times when that was not either very ſafe or profitable, but uſeful alſo in ſome Reſpects, which might have entitled him to conſiderable Expectations before the King's Acceſſion took Place, and to the Completion of his Hopes afterwards. But he was wretchedly diſappointed, ſince ſo far from receiving what he looked for, that he was paſſed by and neglected by all but the worthy Gentleman who had made Uſe of him in theſe Services, and who was his firm Friend and bountiful Patron as long

as

as he lived. This is a curious Piece of ſecret Hiſtory; and therefore firſt hear what Mr. *Drayton* himſelf ſays, and then we ſhall endeavour to explain it as well as we as can. It occurs in his Preface to his *Poly-Olbion* †.

" To any that ſhall demand wherefore having " promiſed this Poem of the general Iſland ſo " many Years, I now publiſh only this Part of " it; I plainly anſwer, that many times I had " determined with myſelf to have left it off, " and have neglected my Papers ſometimes two " Years together, finding the Times ſince his " Majeſty's Coming in to fall ſo heavy upon my " diſtreſſed Fortunes, after my zealous Soul had " laboured ſo long in that, which with the gene- " ral Happineſs of the Kingdom ſeemed not " then impoſſible, ſomewhat alſo to have ad- " vanced me. But I inſtantly ſaw all my long " nouriſhed Hopes even buried alive before my " Face: ſo uncertain in this World be the Ends " of our cleareſt Endeavours! And whatever is " herein that taſtes of a free Spirit, I thankfully " confeſs to proceed from the continual Bounty " of my truly noble Friend, Sir *Walter Aſton*, " which hath given me the beſt of thoſe Hours, " whoſe Leiſure hath effected this which I now " publiſh."

In order to have a juſt Comprehenſion of this Matter, it is requiſite that we ſhould know ſomething of Sir *Roger Aſton*, a near Relation of this Gentleman, Sir *Walter Aſton*; whom, if the Reader conſults Sir *Anthony Welden*'s *Court and Character*,

† See p. 644.

Character, or rather ſcandalous Hiſtory of King *James* *, he will find to have been that Monarch's Barber, and tho' he is ſo kind as to admit him to have been a Gentleman of good Family, yet he is diſpoſed to allow him no Breeding; no, not ſo much as if he had been really as he ſtiles him, a Barber at Court. But the Truth of the Matter is far otherwiſe, for this Sir *Roger Aſton* was the Son of a younger Brother of that ancient Houſe in *Cheſhire*, from which they all deſcended; and he was ſo far from entering in King *James*'s Service in that low Station, that he ſerved his Grandfather the Earl of *Lenox* as Maſter of the Horſe, was Groom of the Bed-Chamber to King *Henry*, and Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to King *James* when a Child, and was the Perſon principally entruſted with the Meſſages and Letters that paſſed between his Maſter and Queen *Elizabeth*; and by the Interpoſition of Sir *Walter Aſton*, Mr. *Drayton* was in this Reſpect very uſeful in faithfully performing the various Services which he was commanded.

Upon the King's Coming in, he was in Hopes his Patron would have procured him a Reward porportionable to his Merit; but finding Mr. *Samuel Daniel*, who was in great Credit with Queen *Anne* †, preferred before him, (which, if I miſtake not, is hinted at in this Complaint) he was grievouſly troubled; and no doubt it added to his Diſcontent, when upon the Death of Mr. *Daniel*

* *Welden*'s Court and Character of King *James*, p. 5.
† *Winſtanley*'s Lives of the Poets, p. 109.

Daniel ‡, with whom, if I divine right, there had been a Rivalſhip for many Years, the Laurel devolved upon the Brow of the celebrated *Ben Johnſon*, who was indeed our Author's Friend, which might in ſome Meaſure alleviate his Senſe of the ſecond Diſappointment. But to proceed in the Hiſtory of his Works:

The next Thing he publiſhed was the largeſt and moſt elaborate Performance of his whole Life, being the firſt Part of his POLY-OLBION, containing eighteen Songs. It was publiſhed in 1612, in Folio. This Work, which is a Poetical Deſcription of *England*, is one of the moſt learned and laborious, as well as one of the moſt ingenious entertaining and accurate Pieces that is to be found in our Language; and therefore the great SELDEN did not diſdain to let his Commentaries accompany the Songs of his Friend, which as they are exceeding judicious, and contain an infinite Variety of curious and recondite Learning, ſo they gave ſuch a Weight and Authority to this Piece, as have ſupported it in the Eſteem of all good Judges above a Century.

To ſay the Truth, and what is barely the Truth, it is not eaſy to conceive a harder Taſk than that which our Author impoſed upon himſelf when he ſet about this Undertaking; and yet it would be full as great a Difficulty to imagine a Thing of this Kind brought to a higher Degree of Perfection. This will appear ſtill more wonderful to the critical and learned Reader, when he conſiders

‡ The Reader may ſee this by comparing the Subjects on which they wrote.

ſiders the Time in which it was wrote, and how few Helps the Author had towards compleating ſo vaſt a Deſign in compariſon of what he might have had, if he had lived in later Times. The true Way of judging of the Merit of this Book, is to compare it with *Cambden*'s celebrated Work in Proſe, from whence it will appear how little Mr. *Drayton* borrowed from others, and what infinite variety of curious Facts he inſerted from our old Manuſcript Hiſtory, and how judiciouſly they are applied. We need not therefore be ſurprized that not only the Writers next in Point of Time, ſuch as *Weever* and *Fuller*, borrow from him ſo largely, or the later Antiquaries, ſuch as *Muſgrave*, *Kennet*, *Wood*, and *Hearne*, cite him as a moſt authentick Author.

Biſhop *Nicholſon*, who is very far from being partial to the Writers of whom he ſpeaks, is pleaſed to allow this Commendation to our Author and his Book: *That it affords a much truer Account of this Kingdom and the Dominion of* Wales, *than could be well expected from the Pen of a Poet* †. This was pretty fair and candid, but to ſhew how ſpeedily he reſumed the captious Spirit of a Critic, he proceeds thus: *The firſt eighteen of theſe Songs had the Honour to be publiſhed with Mr.* Selden's *Notes, the other twelve being hardly capable of ſuch a Reſpect.* It would have looked better, if this Prelate had aſſigned ſome Reaſon for his Aſſertion; and yet is the more excuſable, ſince that would be a ſort of breaking through his Rule, which was to decide

† *Nicholſon*'s Engliſh Library, p. 5.

decide according to his own Notion, and to dictate to his Readers, inſtead of delivering his Opinion with its Motives.

The ſecond Part of the POLY-OLBION, containing the twelve laſt Songs, was publiſhed ten Years after the former; to render the Work in every Reſpect compleat, except having ſuch a Body of learned Notes as accompanied the former, of which if either Mr. *Selden* had then had Leiſure, or any other Antiquary of great Abilities would have taken the Pains, they had undoubtedly been very capable of the like Illuſtrations. As it was, they were celebrated by *Ben Johnſon* * and other excellent Judges, as equal in every Reſpect to the Hopes that had been raiſed by the former Part, and will certainly do Honour to the Author's Memory, as long as there are any who love and honour their native Country ſo much as to make it their Buſineſs to enquire into her paſt as well as preſent State; for ſuch will find themſelves under a Neceſſity of recurring to Mr. *Drayton*, who as he had no Example, except it may be one or two ſhort *Latin* Poems, by the incomparable *John Leland*, ſo he has not hitherto had any Imitator, notwithſtanding the Praiſes his Work obtained, and the high Price it has born.

The *Battle of* AGINCOURT was the next Work our Author publiſhed, which is an Hiſtorical Poem of that glorious Expedition of King *Henry* the Fifth, by which he laid the Foundation of the Conqueſt of *France*, which he afterwards happily atchieved: it is written in the ſame *Stanza* with

* See his Poem in Praiſe of Mr. *Drayton*'s Works.

with his *Barons Wars*, but being one ſingle Action is not divided into *Cantos*. In this, as in all his other Works, the Author pays a deep Reſpect to Hiſtory, and varies from it as little as poſſible, as may be eaſily obſerved by comparing his Poem with the Hiſtories of *Thomas de Elmham* and *Julius Florus*, or by reading it with *Speed's* Hiſtory of that Reign, which is remarkably well performed, and drawn from the very beſt original Writers; tho' by the Way, it is believed by the beſt Criticks that this was not written by, but rather given to *Speed* by the Lord *Carew*, a Nobleman of true Genius and great Learning.

In this Poem of our Author, the Language is much purer and more correct than in his former Writings: but there are not ſo many Reflections, or ſuch high Flights of Fancy as in his preceding Pieces. It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that he has blended therein two old *Engliſh* Poems, or at leaſt the moſt remarkable Paſſages in them, the one entitled *The Siege of Harfleur*, and the other *The Battle of Agincourt*; neither is this to be regarded as Plagiariſm, ſince both theſe Pieces are very meanly penned, and no Way worthy of Notice, except for the Facts which they contain.

This was followed by his *Miſeries of Queen* MARGARET, the unfortunate Wife of that ſtill more unfortunate Monarch *Henry* VI. it is written in the ſame *Stanza* with the former, and is like it an entire Piece, tho' much the larger of the two; the Deſign of this Poem is to ſhew "that "Calamities are, generally ſpeaking, either a juſt "Puniſhment of Vices, or the natural Conſequen-

"ces

" ces of Indiſcretions; from which, thoſe who " move in a ſuperior Sphere are ſo far from be- " ing ſecure, that on the contrary they ſtand but " ſo much the more expoſed, and uſually feel " the quickeſt and ſevereſt Reverſes of Fortune." It is for this Reaſon that we find more Reflections in this than in the former, more indeed than I think are to be found in any other of his Works; but as they are ſhort, judicious, and perfectly well applied, they are ſo far from being Blemiſhes to this Poem, that they may be juſtly ſtiled its greateſt Beauties, as they riſe naturally from the Subject, and are perfectly conſiſtent with the Author's Purpoſe.

He had touched upon this Topick before in his *Heroick Epiſtles*; and both here and there he keeps cloſe to Hiſtorical Facts, and ſhews that *Truth* is as ſuſceptible of the Graces of Poetry as *Fiction*; and that it is in the Power of a great Genius to move the Paſſions as ſtrongly by a natural Repreſentation of Facts that have really happened, as it is poſſible to do by having Recourſe to Invention; which is an Excellency ſo much the more worth obſerving, as it is certainly very uncommon; for as our Author and ſome other judicious Critics obſerved, tho' there is much ſound Senſe, great Smoothneſs of Numbers, and a commendable Correctneſs of Language in Mr. *Daniel*'s Hiſtorical Poems, yet they have for all that an apparent Flatneſs and a perfectly Proſaic Turn.

We come now to the lighter Works of our Author; which, however, are very far from being

ing inferior to the reſt; indeed ſo far from it, that if I durſt truſt my own Judgment, I would venture to aſſure the Reader that there are hardly any finer Poems in our Language than thoſe three of which I am next to ſpeak. His NYMPHIDIA, *or Court of Fairy*, is in every Reſpect ſingular and exquiſite. It is a *Fairy Tale* moſt happily imagined, written with great Fire and Spirit, heightened by the moſt pleaſing Imagery, moſt admirably conducted, and very artfully concluded. There is in it all that Enthuſiaſm, which is, properly ſpeaking, the Soul of Poetry, and of which our Author had given but few Specimens in his former Works. Hence it appears that in all his other Pieces, that grave and ſolemn Air, that ſtrict Regard to Characters, and prudent Attention to his Subjects, were all the Effects of a well-regulated Judgment, and not at all owing to a Barrenneſs of Invention, Want of Genius, or an exhauſted Fancy. For in this ſingle Poem we may diſcern the Livelineſs of *Spenſer*, the happy Power of *Shakeſpear*, and all the Skill of *Johnſon*.

There is beſides all this, a Vein of Irony or Humour runs through the whole that ſeems peculiar to our Author, and of which we could never have imagined him Maſter from the Peruſal of his larger Works. The Meaſure of the Verſe is very luckily adapted to the Nature of the Tale, and tho' the Language is intermixed with many old Words and obſolete Phraſes, yet theſe are introduced on purpoſe, and with ſuch Dexterity, that they give a certain Air of Antiquity to the Narration, which is none of its meaneſt Beauties.

There is no doubt that many of our modern Readers will imagine that I am ſtrongly prejudiced in our Author's Favour, and that I have carried my Commendations of this Fairy Tale much beyond its real Merit; to theſe, all I can ſay is this, that if they will peruſe it with a reaſonable Degree of Attention, they will find I have rather fallen ſhort of Truth, and this too without making any Allowances for the Time in which it was written, which for any thing in the Sentiment, Method, or Diction, might have been no longer ago than yeſterday.

His Paſtorals intituled *The Queſt of* CYNTHIA, and *The Shepherd's* SIRENA, are exquiſite Performances, and will appear ſuch to every true Judge, as they have all the Beauties, and all the Graces of which that Kind of Poetry is ſuſceptible. They have each a little Plot, finely imagined, regularly conducted, and prettily concluded. The Numbers are ſo juſt, ſo elegant, and ſo flowing, that perhaps we have not in this Reſpect two finer Pieces in our Tongue. There is indeed a little Sprinkling of antiquated Words, but the Choice is ſo judiciouſly made that it does not obſcure the Senſe, as in *Spenſer* often, and ſometimes even in *Shakeſpear*, but gives it that natural Rudeneſs, that pleaſing Ruſticity, which makes the *Doric* Dialect ſo charming in the Works of *Theocritus*, and is indeed eſſentially neceſſary to Paſtoral.

In a Word, and not to dwell too long upon Pieces we ſhould not have dwelt on at all, if it had not been to excite the Reader's Curioſity for

for his own Profit, let us conclude with obſerving, that theſe are in all Reſpects our Author's Maſter-Pieces, the perfecteſt Poems that ever fell from his Pen, and which fully refute the Notion that the Harmony of Numbers in *Engliſh* Poeſy was unknown 'till *Waller* ſtole the Secret from *Fairfax*; whereas any Critic who has an Ear, muſt allow that there is hardly a Poem in *Waller* more harmonious than theſe of Mr. *Drayton*, or in every other Circumſtance more correct.

At length we are arrived at what ſeems to have been his lateſt Work, which is his MOON CALF, a Satire in which ſurely there wants not either Wit, Spirit, or that warm Poetic Madneſs, which himſelf has elſewhere celebrated, as that which diſtinguiſhes the true *Genius*, and can never be either counterfeited or imitated. He feigns that the WORLD was in Labour, and brought forth by the EVIL FIEND an Androgynous Monſter, which being divided, produced an *effeminate* Man, and a *maſculine* Woman. He takes Occaſion from thence to inveigh bitterly againſt the Manners of the Age in which he liv'd, and to lay open its Vices, not with Freedom barely, but with Fury. In ſhort, his Indignation, or to ſpeak plainly, his Reſentment, is very conſpicuous, and we cannot help diſcerning how much his Spleen is gratified, while he ſeems to be intent only on the great Work of Reformation.

This, however, is no Detriment to his Reader; it adds to the Poignancy of his Satire, and gives ſuch a Fertility to his Invention as is truly amazing, but it muſt be acknowledged that there is a

Roughneſs in the Verſe, perhaps beyond what even Satire might excuſe; but which, however, may be in ſome Meaſure qualified, if we conſider this Performance as an abſolute *Original*, for which the Author could not have the leaſt Hint from any of our old Poets, or from his Cotemporaries, any more than from the Ancients; that the Fiction is extremely bold, breaks out into a vaſt Extent, and is notwithſtanding thoroughly executed. It was the laſt Blaze of his Poetic Flame, and therefore glaringly ſtrong, and glittering with an irregular Splendor.

It has been already obſerved, that his ELEGIES were written at ſeveral Times, and upon ſeveral Occaſions; and therefore no wonder that they are written in different Manners. There are, however, few that deſerve to be particularly mentioned. In his Epiſtolary Poem to Mr. *William Brown*, who ſeems to have been his Companion in Misfortunes, he ſooths his Diſcontent by ſhewing him the Follies and Vices of thoſe Times in which they had been ſhipwreck'd, and generouſly concludes, that to ſuffer in ſuch an Age was to triumph. His Elegy inſcribed to *Henry Reynolds*, Eſq; is as its Title bears a very clear and candid Criticiſm upon Poets and Poetry; and for that Reaſon alone deſerves to be read, as it gives us the true Character of the moſt eminent of thoſe that flouriſhed in his Time; the beſt of which, ſuch as *Spenſer*, *Shakeſpear*, and *Johnſon*, appear to have been his intimate Acquaintance, and indeed the latter paid him greater Honours in his Poetical Capacity than any other Man. Mr. *Drayton's*

Drayton's Epiſtle to Mr. *George Sandys* the Tranſlator of *Ovid*, while he reſided in *Virginia*, is truly Poetical; and as it contains a Paſſage explanatory of ſomething that has been before hinted, and which has ſo cloſe a Relation to his Perſonal Hiſtory, that I might be cenſured for paſſing it by, I ſhall therefore tranſcribe it.

It was my Hap, before all other Men,
To ſuffer ſhipwreck by my forward Pen,
When King JAMES enter'd; at which joyful Time
I taught his Title to this Iſle in Rhime.
And to my Part did all the Muſes win,
With high Pitch *Pæans* to applaud him in.
When Cowardice had ty'd up every Tongue,
And all ſtood ſilent, yet for him I ſung.
And when before by Danger I was dar'd,
I kick'd her from me, nor a Jot I ſpar'd.
Yet had not my clear Spirit in Fortune's Scorn,
Me above Earth, and her Afflictions born;
He next my GOD on whom I built my Truſt,
Had left me trodden lower than the Duſt:
But let this paſs, in the extremeſt Ill,
Apollo's Brood muſt be courageous ſtill.
Let Pyes and Daws ſit dumb before their Death,
Only the Swan ſings at the parting Breath.

After this ſhort, and in ſome Meaſure, ſuperficial View of his numerous Poetical Performances, we need not wonder that he was in his Lifetime

time eſteemed the Delight of the Muſes, and one who did Honour to his Age and Country. We have already ſpoken of many of his Patrons, and not a few of his Friends; all of them Men of equal Note for their Abilities, and of Fame for their Virtues. To be beloved by ſuch Men while living, gives a Title to Reverence with Poſterity while Memory ſurvives. But we need not keep to general Terms, ſince our Author's Merit will not at all ſuffer, if we ſeparate and divide the great Qualities which he poſſeſſed. His Honour and Loyalty recommended him to Sir *Roger* and Sir *Walter Aſton*. His Virtue was commended not only by Sir *John Beaumont* at Home, but by the Earl of *Stirling*, and Sir *William Drummond* of *Hauthornden*, both his intimate Friends, Abroad. His Learning was admired by the judicious Mr. *Selden*, his Poetry commended by *Ben Johnſon*, and that not in the Lump, but mentioning ſingly, and by itſelf, every Piece of his compoſing.

In a Word, all the great and good Men of his Time were his Friends at leaſt, if not his Patrons. That he did not thrive, aroſe from no great Singularity in that Age in which he flouriſh'd; for the Men of Intereſt were not then remarkably great or good, that is to ſay, they were not either proper Judges of Merit, or real Friends to Virtue. Our Poet had deſerved well of his Prince, and he truſted to that, but he could not flatter his Favourites; the Names of *Saliſbury*, *Somerſet*, or *Buckingham*, do not ſo much as once occur in his Writings, which ſhews that though he was an excellent Poet, he was a very indifferent Courtier.

When

When this ſhall be attentively conſider'd, it will undoubtedly raiſe the Reputation of our Author to its deſerved Height, in every virtuous Reader's Judgment. We do not take his good Qualities upon Truſt, but are the natural and proper Judges of them. We have ſuch, and ſo many Hiſtories of thoſe Times, as leave us no Room to queſtion, that Flattery would have made any, as we very well know, it made Numbers who had ſcarce the Power of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in another Road. What then might ſo great a Man have done, if he would have condeſcended to make his Court in ſo ſervile a Manner? The great Favourites in King *James*'s Court were none of them Blockheads. *Carr* had Learning and good Senſe, which was the Reaſon of his preferring *Overbury*; and though *Villiers* was no Scholar, he was a Man of Parts, and hated Fools. The ſame Thing might be ſaid of all, and a great deal more of ſome of King *James*'s Miniſters, more eſpecially if we take *Cecil*, *Bacon*, and *Williams* into that Rank; ſo that the Road lay open to *Drayton*, and moſt certainly had his Morals been worſe, his Fortunes had been better.

But without a Tincture of this aulic Vice, there was no ſuch Thing as thriving. We ſee this in all the Letters of theſe Times, even thoſe of the greateſt and ableſt Men; and this made me ſay they were no proper Judges of Merit; for being forced to make their Way to Places by fawning, they naturally hated all that were of a rougher Stamp, thinking there could nothing intervene between the Spaniel and the Bull-Dog.

In

In Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, Greatneſs reſided in her, and the moſt exalted Stateſman never failed of receiving from Time to Time ſuch Leſſons of ſovereign Authority, as kept him in his primitive Humility, and hindered him from forgetting his Power was only derivative. Poets therefore made their Court to the Queen, by making their Works uſeful to her Subjects; and here *Drayton* was in his Element. But under King *James*, a Prince of a mild and placid Temper, all his Miniſters were the Slaves of thoſe above, and Tyrants to all below them. They courted the King by offering him Incenſe, as if he had been an Idol; and in their Turns they expected Incenſe too, which if they received, they ſnuffed from whatever Hand it came. But it is the Curſe of Idolatry to take its Prieſts, like thoſe *Jeroboam* made for his Golden Calves, *from amongſt the meaneſt of the People*; and our Author was not, nor would make himſelf one of theſe, and to his immortal Honour be it ſpoken, he ſtarved with Truth and Virtue, inſtead of riſing by Vice, or paying Court to Folly.

As to his private Life, he appears to have been of a free, chearful, and generous Diſpoſition. He ſpeaks to his Friends with that Openneſs and Candour, which is the true Language of Sincerity; when he commends, he does it heartily, but with Moderation; for a Profuſion of Praiſe, like a Waſte of Perfumes, renders what ſhould be agreeable, offenſive. He is mild and juſt in his Cenſures, nor are there many Perſonal, I mean, to be met with in his Works.

I know

I know that ſomething of that Kind is ſaid to have been artfully hid in his *Moon-Calf*, but I proteſt it has eſcaped me, and yet I pretend to ſome Acquaintance with the Characters of that Age; all the World knows that it was very luxurious, and therefore liable to that general Invective with which this Performance abounds. It is alſo ſaid, and I believe truly, that he was a Man of the ſtricteſt Morals, as well as very religious; but however he was no Bigot, as appears by the Commendations beſtowed upon him by Men of all Parties; being on the one Hand equally regarded by Sir *Fulk Grevil*, who was looked on as a Puritan, and by Mr. *Edmund Bolton*, who was a zealous Papiſt. To conclude, is Contemporaries aſſure us, that he was for nothing more remarkable than for his exemplary Modeſty, his Conſcience having always the Command of his Fancy, very temperate in his Life, ſlow of Speech, and inoffenſive in Company.

At length, when he had reached to a good old Age, ſince his Writings ſhew that he was a Poet forty Years; and the Perſons with whom he was intimate, plainly prove that he muſt have been towards ſeventy; ſometime in the Year 1631, but no body, I think, has preſerved the Memory of the Month or Day, he paid his laſt Debt to Nature. His Body lies interred under a neat Monument of Black and White Marble, on which is his Buſto crowned with Laurel, at the South End of *Weſtminſter*-Abbey, near thoſe two eminent Poets *Geoffrey Chaucer* and *Edmund Spenſer*.

There are on his Monument two Inſcriptions, the one very ſhort and modeſt, which perhaps was placed there by the Perſon who erected his Tomb; the other in Verſe, in a bold and high Stile of Commendation, which perhaps the Reader will better like, when he is told that it fell from the Pen of that excellent Critic as well as Poet, Mr. *Benjamin Johnſon*, a Man much too ſollicitous about his own Reputation, to hazard it by ill-founded or exceſſive Commendations of another's Merit. But it ſeems the Affection he had for our Author living, his juſt Senſe of his high Endowments, and a tender Regard for his Memory, inſpired him with what follows.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Eſq;

A Memorable Poet of this Age,

Exchanged his Laurel for a Crown of Glory, 1631.

Do, pious Marble, let thy Readers know
What they, and what their Children owe
To DRAYTON's Name, whoſe ſacred Duſt
We recommend unto thy Truſt;
Protect his Memory, and preſerve his Story,
Remain a laſting Monument of his Glory:
And when thy Ruins ſhall diſclaim
To be the Treaſurer of his Name,
His Name, that cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to Thee.

THE

THE BATTLE OF *AGINCOURT.*

THE

DEDICATION.

TO you thoſe nobleſt of gentlemen of theſe renowned kingdoms of Great Britain; who in theſe declining times, have yet in your brave boſoms the ſparks of that ſprightly fire of your couragious anceſtors; and to this hour retain the ſeeds of their magnanimity and greatneſs, who, out of the virtue of your minds, love and cheriſh neglected poeſy, the delight of bleſſed ſouls, and the language of angels: To you are theſe my Poems dedicated,

By your truly affectioned Servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

UPON THE

BATTLE of AGINCOURT,

Written by his dear Friend

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Eſq;

HAD Henry's name been only met in proſe,
Recorded by the humble wit of thoſe,
Who write of leſs than kings: who victory
As calmly mention as a pedigree,
The French, alike with us, might view his name,
His actions too, and not confeſs a ſhame:
Nay, grow at length ſo boldly troubleſome,
As to diſpute if they were overcome.
But thou haſt wak'd their fears: thy fiercer hand
Hath made their ſhame as laſting as their land.
By thee again they are compell'd to know
How much of fate is in an Engliſh foe.
They bleed afreſh by thee, and think the harm
Such; they could rather wiſh 'twere Henry's arm;
Who thanks thy painful quill; and holds it more
To be thy ſubject now, than king before.
By thee he conquers yet; when every word
Yields him a fuller honour than his ſword;
Strengthens his actions againſt time: by thee,
He victory, and France, doth hold in fee.
So well obſerv'd he is, that every thing
Speaks him not only Engliſh, but a king.
And France, in this, may boaſt her fortunate,
That ſhe was worthy of ſo brave a hate.

Her

Her ſuff'ring is her gain. How well we ſee
The battle labour'd worthy him and thee,
Where we may death diſcover with delight,
And entertain a pleaſure from a fight.
Where we may ſee how well it doth become
The brav'ry of a prince to overcome.
What power is a poet: that can add
A life to kings, more glorious than they had!
For what of Henry is unſung by thee,
Henry doth want of his eternity.

J. VAUGHAN.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. MICHAEL DRAYTON, *upon theſe his* POEMS.

SONNET.

WHAT lofty trophies of eternal fame,
England may vaunt thou doſt erect to her,
Yet forced to confeſs, yea, bluſh for ſhame,
That ſhe no honour doth on thee confer:
How it would become her, would ſhe learn to know
Once to requite thy heaven-born art and zeal,
Or at the leaſt herſelf but thankful ſhow,
Her ancient glories that doth ſtill reveal:
Sing thou of love, thy ſtrains, like powerful charms,
Enrage the boſom with an amorous fire;
And when again thou lik'ſt to ſing of arms,
The coward thou with courage doſt inſpire:
But when thou com'ſt to touch our ſinful times,
Then heaven far more than earth ſpeaks in thy rhymes.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE

THE VISION of BEN JOHNSON, ON THE Muses of his Friend M. DRAYTON.

IT hath been queſtion'd, MICHAEL, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Becauſe, who make the queſtion, have not ſeen
Thoſe ambling viſits paſs in verſe, between
Thy Muſe, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch againſt haunch, or raiſe a rhyming club
About the town: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring ſymbols. This's my day.
It was no dream! I was awake, and ſaw!
Lend me thy voice, O FAME! that I may draw
Wonder to truth! and have my viſion hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet, round about the world.
I ſaw a beauty from the ſea to riſe,
That all earth look'd on; and that earth, all eyes!
It caſt a beam as when the chearful ſun
Is fair got up, and day ſome hours begun!
And fill'd an orb as circular as heaven!
The orb was cut forth into regions ſeven.
And thoſe ſo ſweet, and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts!
When, by thy bright Ideas ſtanding by,
I found it pure, and perfect poeſy!

There

There read I, ſtraight, thy learned Legends three,
Heard the ſoft airs between our ſwains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come, to pipe to us!
But then, thy Epiſtolar Heroick ſongs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealouſies, and wrongs,
Did all ſo ſtrike me, as I cry'd, Who can
With us be call'd the Naſo, but this man?
And looking up, I ſaw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wiſe Athenian Owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldſt try
Like him, to make the air one volary:
And I had ſtyl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouze, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums againſt drums, the neighing of the horſe,
The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars
I ſaw, and read, it was thy Barons Wars!
O! how in thoſe, doſt thou inſtruct theſe times,
That rebels actions are but valiant crimes!
And carried, though with ſhout, and noiſe, confeſs
A wild, and an authoriz'd wickedneſs!
Say'ſt thou ſo, Lucan? but thou ſcorn'ſt to ſtay
Under one title. Thou haſt made thy way
And flight about the iſle well-near by this,
In thy admired periégeſis,
Or univerſal circumduction
Of all that read thy Poly-Olbion.
That read it? that are raviſh'd! ſuch was I
With every ſong, I ſwear, and ſo would die:
But that I hear, again, thy drum to beat
A better cauſe, and ſtrike the braveſt heat
That ever yet did fire the Engliſh blood!
Our right in France! if rightly underſtood.
There, thou art Homer! Pray thee, uſe the ſtyle
Thou haſt deſerv'd: and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ſhips, exceeding his,
Thy liſt of aids, and force, for ſo it is:

The

The poet's act! and for his country's ſake
Brave are the muſters, that the muſe will make.
And when he ſhips them where to uſe their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look! how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus' verſe; when thou art nam'd,
So ſhall our Engliſh youth urge on, and cry,
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
This book! it is a catechiſm to fight,
And will be bought of every lord and knight,
That can but read; who cannot, may in proſe
Get broken pieces, and fight well by thoſe.
The Miſeries of Margaret the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept, than ſeen:
I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
And ſtop my ſight, in every line I go.
But then refreſhed with thy Fairy Court,
I look on Cynthia, and Sirena's ſport,
As on two flow'ry carpets that did riſe,
And with their graſſy green reſtor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy ſtrange Moon-calf, both thy ſtrain of mirth,
And goſſip-got acquaintance, as, to us
Thou hadſt brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empuſa, Lamia, or ſome monſter, more
Than Africk knew, or the full Grecian ſtore!
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous, and well-choſen friends,
Only my loſs is, that I am not there;
And, till I worthy am to wiſh I were,
I call the world, that envies me, to ſee
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

THE

THE WORKS OF *Michael Drayton*, Esq;

The BATTLE of *AGINCOURT.*

CEas'd was the thunder of thoſe drums which wak'd
Th' affrighted French, their miſeries to view,
At EDWARD's name which to that hour ſtill quak'd,
Their Salique tables to the ground who threw;
Yet were the Engliſh courages not ſlak'd,
But the ſame bows and the ſame blades they drew,
With the ſame arms thoſe weapons to advance,
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

HENRY the fifth, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,
His lion's courage ſtands not to enquire
Which way old HENRY came by it; or how
At Pomfret-caſtle RICHARD ſhould expire:
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;
Let [a] BULLINGBROOK beware how he it wan,
For [b] MONMOUTH means to keep it if he can.

[a] HENRY IV. ſo named from a town in Lincolnſhire, where he was born.

[b] HENRY V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

That glorious day, which his great father got
Upon the PERCYES (calling to their aid
The valiant DOUGLAS, that Herculian Scot)
When for his crown at Shrewſbury they play'd,
Had quite diſhearten'd ev'ry other plot,
And all thoſe tempeſts quietly had lay'd,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appear,
No former King had ſeen a ſky ſo clear.

Yet the rich Clergy felt a fearful rent
In the full boſom of their Church (whilſt ſhe
A Monarcheſs, immeaſurably ſpent,
Leſs than ſhe was, and thought ſhe might not be)
By WICKLIFF and his followers: to prevent
The growth of whoſe opinions, and to free
That foul aſperſion which on her they laid,
She her ſtrong'ſt wits muſt ſtir up to her aid.

When preſently a parliament is call'd,
To ſet things ſteddy that ſtood not ſo right,
But that thereby the poor might be inthrall'd,
Should they be urg'd by thoſe that were of might;
That in his empire equity inſtall'd,
It ſhould continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to [c] Lei'ſter he th'aſſembly draws,
There to enact thoſe neceſſary laws.

In which one bill, 'mongſt many, there was read,
Againſt the general and ſuperfluous waſte
Of temporal lands, the Layety that had fed
Upon the houſes of Religion caſte,
Which for defence might ſtand the realm in ſted,
Where it moſt needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made thoſe Church-men generally to fear,
For all this calm, ſome tempeſt might be near.

And

[c] A parliament called at Leiceſter, A. D. 1413.

And being right ſkilful, quickly they foreſaw
No ſhallow-brains this bus'neſs went about:
Therefore with cunning they muſt cure this flaw;
For of the King they greatly ſtood in doubt,
Leſt him to them their oppoſites ſhould draw,
Some thing muſt be thruſt in, to thruſt that out:
And to this end they wiſely muſt provide
One, this great engine clerkly that could guide.

CHICHLEY[d], who ſat on Canterbury's ſee,
A man well-ſpoken, gravely ſtout, and wiſe,
The moſt ſelect (then thought of that could be)
To act what all the Prelacy deviſe;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'neſs he
Would to the utmoſt ſtrain his faculties;)
Him lift they up with their main ſtrength, to prove
By ſome clean ſlight this libel[e] to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit
The ſprightly humour of this youthful King,
If his invention could but light on it.
His working ſoul projecteth many a thing,
Until at length, out of the ſtrength of wit,
He found a war with France muſt be the way
To daſh this bill, elſe threat'ning their decay.

Whilſt vacant minds ſat in their breaſts at eaſe,
And the remembrance of their conqueſts paſt,
Upon their fancies doth ſo ſtrongly ſeize,
As in their teeth their cowardice it caſt,
Rehearſing to them thoſe victorious days,
The deeds of which beyond their name ſhould laſt;
That after-ages reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly think thoſe men had any heirs.

[d] HENRY CHICHLEY, who ſucceeded Arundel juſt then deceaſed the ſee of Canterbury.

[e] So they term'd it, as not worthy of a better title.

And to this point premeditating well,
A ſpeech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)
Aim'd, whatſoever the ſucceſs befell,
That it no room ſhould for a ſecond leave,
More of this title then in hand to tell,
If ſo his ſkill him did not much deceive;
And 'gainſt the King in public ſhould appear,
Thus frames his ſpeech to the aſſembly there.

" [f] Pardon my boldneſs, my liege ſovereign Lord,
" Nor your dread preſence let my ſpeech offend;
" Your mild attention favourably afford,
" Which ſuch clear vigour to my ſpirit ſhall lend,
" That it ſhall ſet an edge upon your ſword,
" To my demand and make you to attend,
" Aſking you, why men train'd to arms you keep,
" Your right in France yet ſuff'ring ſtill to ſleep.

" Can ſuch a Prince be in an iſland pent,
" And poorly thus ſhut up within a ſea?
" When as your right includes that vaſt extent,
" To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.
" Can he be Engliſh-born, and is not bent
" To follow you? Appoint you but the way,
" We'll wade if we want ſhips, the waves or climb,
" In one hand hold our ſwords, with th'other ſwim.

" What time controuls your brave great-grandſire's claim
" To th' realm of France, from PHILIP nam'd the Fair,
" Which to king EDWARD by his mother came,
" Queen ISABEL, that PHILIP's only heir,
" Which this ſhort intermiſſion doth not maim?
" But if it did, as he, ſo yours repair;
" That where his right in blood prevailed not,
" In ſpight of hell, yet by his ſword he got.

" What

[f] The archbiſhop of Canterbury's ſpeech in this and the ten following ſtanza's.

" What ſet that conqueror, by their Salique laws,
" Thoſe poor decrees their parliaments could make?
" He enter'd on the juſtneſs of his cauſe,
" To make good what he dar'd to undertake;
" And once in action, he ſtood not to pauſe,
" But in upon them like a tempeſt brake,
" And down their buildings with ſuch fury bare,
" That they from miſts diſſolved were to air.

" As thoſe brave EDWARDS, father and the ſon,
" At conquer'd Creſſy with ſucceſsful luck,
" Where firſt all France (as at one game) they won,
" Never two warriors ſuch a battle ſtruck,
" That when the bloody diſmal fight was done,
" Here in one heap, there in another ruck,
" Princes and peaſants lay together mixt,
" The Engliſh ſwords no difference knew betwixt.

" There LEWIS King of Beame was overthrown,
" With valiant CHARLES, of France the younger brother;
" A Dauphin, and two Dukes, in pieces hewn;
" To them ſix Earls lay ſlain by one another;
" There the Grand Prior of France fetcht his laſt groan;
" Two Archbiſhops the boiſt'rous croud doth ſmother;
" There fifteen thouſand of their gentry dy'd,
" With each two ſoldiers ſlaughter'd by his ſide.

" Nor the BLACK PRINCE, at Poictiers battle, fought
" Short of his father, and himſelf before,
" Her King and Prince, that priſoners hither brought
" From forty thouſand welt'ring in their gore,
" That in the world's opinion it was thought,
" France from that inſtant could ſubſiſt no more;
" The Marſhal, and the Conſtable, there ſlain
" Under the ſtandard, in that battle ta'en.

" Nor is this claim for women to ſucceed
" ('Gainſt wh^ch they would your right to France debar)
" A thing ſo new, that it ſo much ſhould need
" Such oppoſition, as though fetcht from far.
" By PEPIN this is prov'd, as by a deed,
" Depoſing CHELDRICK by a fatal war,
" By BLYTHILD dar'd his title to advance,
" Daughter to CLOTHAR, firſt ſo nam'd of France.

" HUGH CAPET, who from CHARLES of Lorain took
" The crown of France, that he in peace might reign,
" As heir to LINGARD to her title ſtuck,
" Who was the daughter of King CHARLEMAIN:
" So holy LEWES poring on his book,
" Whom that HUGH CAPET made his heir again,
" From ERMINGARD, his grandame, claim'd the crown,
" Duke CHARLES his daughter, wrongfully put down.

" Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,
" You could have found your title to advance,
" At the full height when now the faction is,
" 'Twixt BURGOYNE and the houſe of ORLEANCE:
" Your purpoſe you not poſſibly can miſs,
" It for my lord ſo luckily doth chance,
" That whilſt theſe two in oppoſition ſtand,
" You may have time your army there to land.

" And if my fancy doth not overpreſs
" My viſual ſenſe, methinks in every eye
" I ſee ſuch cheer, as of our good ſucceſs
" In France hereafter ſeems to propheſy.
" Think not, my Sovereign, my allegiance leſs,
" Quoth he; my Lords, nor do you miſapply
" My words, thus long upon this ſubject ſpent,
" Who humbly here ſubmit to your aſſent."

This

This ſpeech of his that powerful engine prov'd,
Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;
The Clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,
And into France transfer'd our hoſtile fire;
It made the Engliſh through the world belov'd,
That durſt to thoſe ſo mighty things aſpire;
And gave ſo clear a luſtre to our fame,
That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the houſe, this rumor ſcarcely ran,
That war with France propounded was again,
In all th' aſſembly there was not a man,
But put the project on with might and main;
So great applauſe it generally wan,
That elſe no bus'neſs they would entertain;
As though their honour utterly were loſt,
If this deſign ſhould any way be croſt.

So much men's minds now upon France were ſet,
That every one doth with himſelf forecaſt,
What might fall out this enterprize to let,
As what again might give it wings of haſte;
And for they knew the French did ſtill abet
The Scot againſt us, which we us'd to taſte,
It queſtion'd was, if it were fit or no,
To conquer them e'er we to France ſhould go.

Which RALPH then Earl of Weſtmorland propos'd:
Quoth he, with Scotland let us firſt begin,
By which we are upon the North inclos'd,
And lockt with us one continent within;
Then firſt let Scotland be by us diſpos'd,
And with more eaſe ye ſpacious France may win;
Elſe of ourſelves, e'er we our ſhips can clear,
To land in France, they will invade us here.

Not ſo, brave NEVILL, [z] EXETER replies,
For that of one two labours were to make,
For Scotland wholly upon France relies;
Firſt conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;
'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;
That ſtopt, aſunder quickly ye ſhall ſhake
The French and Scots. To France then firſt, ſay I,
"Firſt, firſt to France," then all the Commons cry.

And inſtantly an embaſſy is ſent
To CHARLES of France, to will him to reſtore
Thoſe territories, of whoſe large extent
The Engliſh kings were owners of before;
Which if he did not, and incontinent,
The King would ſet thoſe Engliſh on his ſhore,
That in deſpight of him, and all his might,
Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

Firſt Normandy in his demand he makes,
With Aquitain, a duchy no leſs great;
Anjou and Mayne, with Gaſcoyne, which he takes
Clearly his own, as any Engliſh ſeat..
With theſe proud France he firſt of all awakes,
For their delivery giving power to treat:
For well he knew, if CHARLES ſhould theſe reſtore,
No King of France was ever left ſo poor.

The King and Dauphin, to his proud demand,
That he might ſee they no ſuch matter meant,
As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,
A ton of Paris tennis-balls him ſent,
Better himſelf to make him underſtand,
Deriding his ridiculous intent:
And that was all the anſwer he could get;
Which more the King doth to this conqueſt whet.

That

[z] The duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

That anſwering the ambaſſador, quoth he,
Thanks for my balls to CHARLES your ſovereign give,
And thus aſſure him and his ſon from me,
I'll ſend him balls and rackets, if I live,
That they ſuch racket ſhall in Paris ſee,
When over line with bandies I ſhall drive,
As that before the ſet be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the hazard run.

So little doth luxurious France foreſee,
By her diſdain what ſhe upon her drew,
(In her moſt bravery ſeeming then to be)
The puniſhment that ſhortly ſhould enſue:
Which ſo incens'd the Engliſh King, that he
For full revenge into that fury grew,
That thoſe three horrors, famine, ſword, and fire,
Could not ſuffice to ſatisfy his ire.

In all men's mouths now was no word but War,
As though no thing had any other name;
And folk would aſk of them arriv'd from far,
What forces were preparing whence they came?
'Gainſt any bus'neſs 'twas a lawful bar,
To ſay for France they were; and 'twas a ſhame
For any man to take in hand to do
Aught, but ſomething that did belong thereto.

Old armours are dreſt up, and new are made;
Jacks are in working, and ſtrong ſhirts of male;
This ſcowers an old [h] Fox, that a [h] Bilboa blade;
Now ſhields and targets only are for ſale;
Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade.
The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail;
The curious fletcher fits his well-ſtrung bow,
And his barb'd arrow, which he ſets to ſhow.

Tents

h Blades accounted of the beſt temper.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,
Ee'r full wrought up, their roomthineſs to try;
Windows and towers with enſigns are enrich'd,
With ruffling banners, that do brave the ſky;
Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To ſee them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilſom burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll go.

Rich ſaddles for the light-horſe and the bard,
For to be brav'ſt there's not a man but plies;
Plumes, bandrolls, and caparizons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at arms deviſe,
The [i] greaves or [k] guiſes were the ſurer guard,
The [l] vambraſs or the pouldron they ſhould prize;
And where a ſtand of pikes plac'd cloſe, or large,
Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horſe, another trails his pike;
He with his poll-ax practiſeth the fight;
The bow-man (which no country hath the like)
With his ſheaf-arrow proveth by his might,
How many ſcore off he his foe can ſtrike,
Yet not to draw above his boſom's height:
The trumpets ſound the charge and the retreat;
The bellowing drum the march again doth beat.

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,
Whoſe battery France muſt feel upon her walls;
The engineer providing the petard,
To break the ſtrong portcullice; and the balls
Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,
To burn to ground their palaces and halls:
Some ſtudying are the ſcale which they had got,
Thereby to take the level of their [m] ſhot.

The

i Armed at all points. k Armings for the thigh and leg.
l Armings for arm & ſhoulder. m Great ordnance then but newly in uſe.

The man in years preach'd to his youthful ſon
Preſs'd to this war, as they ſate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt to work him to aſpire;
And told him there how he an enſign won,
Which many a year was hung up in the quire:
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he ſtruck down that day.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
In Creſſy field what prizes EDWARD play'd;
As what at Poictiers the BLACK PRINCE befell,
How like a lion he about him laid:
In deeds of arms how AUDLEY did excell;
For their old ſins how they the Frenchmen paid;
How bravely BASSET did behave him there;
How OXFORD charg'd the van, WARWICK the rear.

And boy, quoth he, I have heard thy grandſire ſay,
That once he did an Engliſh archer ſee,
Who ſhooting at a French twelve ſcore away,
Quite through the body ſtuck him to a tree;
Upon their ſtrengths a king his crown might lay:
Such were the men of that brave age, quoth he,
When with his ax he at his foe let drive,
Murrian and ſcalp down to the teeth could rive.

The ſcarlet judge might now ſet up his mule,
With neighing ſteeds the ſtreets ſo peſter'd are;
For where he wont in Weſtminſter to rule,
On his tribunal ſate the man of war;
The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For he hath now no bus'neſs at the bar;
But to make wills and teſtaments for thoſe
That were for France, their ſubſtance to diſpoſe.

By

By this, the council of this war had met,
And had at large of every thing diſcuſt;
And the grave Clergy had with them been ſet,
To warrant what they undertook was juſt;
And as for monies, that to be no let,
They bade the King for that to them to truſt:
The Church to pawn would ſee her chalice laid,
E'er ſhe would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the King the rendezvous decreed)
To bear aboard his moſt victorious fraught:
The place from whence he with the greateſt ſpeed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with ſucceſs upon that lucky ſhore,
Where his great [n] grandſire landed had before.

But, for he found thoſe veſſels were too few,
That into France his army ſhould convey,
He ſent to Belgia, whoſe great ſtore he knew
Might now at need ſupply him every way.
His bounty ample as the winds that blew,
Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay
In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings,
As ſpread the wide [o] Sleeve with their canvaſs wings.

But firſt ſeven ſhips from Rocheſter are ſent,
The narrow ſeas of all the French to ſweep:
All men of war with ſcripts of mart that went,
And had command the coaſt of France to keep,
The coming of a navy to prevent,
And view what ſtrength was in the bay of Diepe;
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To do their beſt to fire it in the road.

The

n EDWARD the third.
o The ſea between France and England, ſo called.

The [p] Bonaventure, George, and the Expence,
Three as tall ſhips as e'er did cable tew;
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,
Like the huge [q] ruck from Gillingham that flew:
The Antilope, the Elephant, Defence,
Bottoms as good as ever ſpread a clue:
All having charge, their voyage having been,
Before Southampton to take ſoldiers in.

Twelve merchants ſhips, of mighty burthen all,
New off the ſtocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,
Riding in Thames by Limehouſe and Blackwall,
That ready were their merchandiſe to load,
Straitly commanded by the admiral,
At the ſame port to ſettle their abode;
And each of theſe a pinnace at command,
To put her fraught conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ſhips ſo Briſtol ready made,
Which to the King they bountifully lent,
With Spaniſh wines which they for ballaſt lade,
In happy ſpeed of his brave voyage meant,
Hoping his conqueſt ſhould enlarge their trade,
And therewithall a rich and ſpacious tent:
And as this fleet the Severn ſeas doth ſtem,
Five more from Padſtow came along with them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ſhip well known,
The year before that twice the Streights had paſt,
Two wealthy Spaniſh merchants did her own,
Who then but lately had repair'd her waſte;
For from her deck a pirate ſhe had blown,
After a long fight, and him took at laſt:
And from Mounts-Bay ſix more, that ſtill in ſight
Waited with her before the iſle of Wight.

From

[p] The names of the King's ſeven ſhips of war.
[q] An Indian bird, ſo large, that ſhe is able to carry an elephant.

From Plymouth next came in the Blazing Star
And fiery Dragon, to take in their fraught,
With other four eſpecial men of war,
That in the bay of Portugal had fought;
And though returning from a voyage far,
Stem'd that rough ſea, when at the high'ſt it wrought.
With theſe, of Dartmouth ſeven good ſhips there were,
The golden creſcent in their tops that bear.

So Lyme three ſhips into the navy ſent,
Of which the Sampſon ſcarce a month before
Had ſprung a plank, and her main-maſt had ſpent,
With extreme peril that ſhe got to ſhore:
With them five other out of Weymouth went,
Which by Southampton were made up a ſcore:
With thoſe that rode at pleaſure in the bay,
And that at anchor before Portſmouth lay.

Next theſe, Newcaſtle furniſheth the fleet
With nine good hoyes, of neceſſary uſe;
The Daniſh pirates valiantly that beat,
Offering to ſack them as they ſail'd for Sluce.
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them meet,
Which had them oft accompany'd to [r] Pruce.
Five more from Yarmouth falling them among,
That had for fiſhing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,
For hides and furs late to Muſcovia bound;
Of the ſame port, another nam'd the Spight,
That in her coming lately through the Sound,
After a two days ſtill-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themſelves aground;
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do take
Six ſhips of Sandwich, up the fleet to make.

Nine

[r] Pruſſia.

Nine ſhips for the Nobility there went,
Of able men, the enterprize to aid,
Which to the King moſt liberally they lent,
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.
NORTHUMBERLAND and WESTMORLAND in ſent
Fourſcore at arms apiece, themſelves and laid
At ſixſcore archers each, as SUFFOLK ſhows,
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

WARWICK and STAFFORD levied at no leſs
Than noble SUFFOLK, nor do offer more
Of men at arms, and archers which they preſs,
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own ſtore:
Their forwardneſs foreſhows their good ſucceſs
In ſuch a war as had not been before:
And other Barons, under Earls that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear.

DARCY and CAMOIS, zealous for the King;
LOVELL, FITZWATER, WILLOUGHBY and ROSS,
BERCKLEY, POWIS, BURRELL, faſt together cling;
SEYMOUR and ST. JOHN, for the bus'neſs cloſe,
Each twenty horſe, and forty foot do bring
More, to nine hundred mounting in the groſs,
In thoſe nine ſhips, and fitly them beſtow'd,
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zeland, and from Flanders won
By weekly pay, threeſcore twelve bottoms came,
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,
For ev'ry uſe a mariner could name,
Whoſe glittering flags againſt the radiant ſun,
Show'd as the ſea had all been of a flame:
For ſkiffs, crays, ſhallops, and the like, why theſe
From ev'ry ſmall creek cover'd all the ſeas.

The man whoſe way from London hap'd to lie,
By thoſe he met might gueſs the general force;
Daily encounter'd as he paſſed by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horſe,
To whom the people ſtill themſelves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meer remorſe;
And ſtill the acclamation of the preſs,
Saint GEORGE for England, to your good ſucceſs.

There might a man have ſeen in ev'ry ſtreet,
The father bidding farewel to his ſon;
Small children kneeling at their fathers feet;
The wife with her dear huſband ne'er had done;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet;
One friend to take leave of another run;
The maiden, with her beſt-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting courſers mounted fair,
One wore his miſtreſs' garter, one her glove;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
And he her colours whom he moſt did love.
There was not one but did ſome favour wear;
And each one took it on his happy ſpeed,
To make it famous by ſome Knightly deed.

The clouds of duſt that from the ways aroſe,
Which in their march the trampling troops do rear;
When as the ſun their thickneſs doth oppoſe
In his deſcending, ſhining wondrous clear,
To the beholder far off ſtanding, ſhows
Like ſome beſieged town that were on fire:
As though foretelling, e'er they ſhould return,
That many a city, yet ſecure, muſt burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this ſhort cut with victual fully ſtor'd,
The King impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army inſtantly aboard,
Caſting to have each company beſtow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford;
The ſhips appointed wherein they ſhould go,
And boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.

To be imbark'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muſter'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours; for in enſigns there,
Some wore the arms of their moſt antient town,
Others again their own devices bear:
There was not any, but that more or leſs,
Something had got, that ſomething ſhould expreſs.

Firſt, in the Kentiſh ſtreamer was a wood,
Out of whoſe top an arm that held a ſword,
As their right emblem; and to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was, UNCONQUER'D, as that freeſt had ſtood.
Suſſex, the next that was to come aboard,
Bore a [s] black lion rampant, ſore that bled,
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, checky blue and gold,
Which for brave WARREN their firſt Earl they wore,
In many a field that honour'd was of old.
And Hampſhire next, in the ſame colours bore
Three lions paſſant, th' arms of BEVIS bold,
Who through the world ſo famous was of yore.
A ſilver tower, Dorſet's red banner bears:
The Corniſh-men two wreſtlers had for theirs.

s An expreſſion of king Harold's death, ſlain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Haſtings, fighting againſt the Conqueror.

The Devonſhire band, a beacon ſet on fire;
Somerſet, a virgin bathing in a ſpring:
Their city's arms the men of Glo'ſterſhire,
In gold three bloody chevernels, do bring.
Wiltſhire a crowned pyramid, as nigher
Than any other to march to the King;
Berkſhire a ſtag, under an oak that ſtood;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muſter'd men for Buckingham, are gone
Under the ſwan, the arms of that old town;
The Londoners and Middleſex as one,
Are by the red croſs and the dagger known.
The men of Eſſex, over-match'd by none,
Under queen Helen's [t] image marching down.
Suffolk, a ſun half riſen from the brake;
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The ſoldiers ſent from Cambridgeſhire, a bay
Upon a mountain, water'd with a ſhower;
Hartford, two harts that in a river play;
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower;
And Huntington, a people proud as they,
Nor giving place to any for their power,
A youthful hunter with a chaplet crown'd,
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound.

Northampton with a caſtle ſeated high,
Supported by two lions, thither came;
The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,
In their rich enſign bear an ermin ram;
And Lei'ſterſhire, that on their ſtrength rely,
A bull and maſtiff [u] fighting for the game.
Lincoln a [x] ſhip moſt neatly that was limn'd,
In all her ſails with flags and pennants trimm'd.

Stout

t Queen HELEN, foundreſs of the croſs, wife to Conſtantine, and daughter to King COEL, builder of Colcheſter in Eſſex.

u A ſport more uſed anciently in that ſhire than in any other.

Stout Warwickſhire, her ancient badge the bear;
Wor'ſter, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;
Stafford, a [y]hermit in his homely ſuit;
Shropſhire, a falcon tow'ring in the air;
And for the ſhire whoſe ſurface ſeems moſt brute,
Darby, an eagle ſitting on a root,
A ſwathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,
Under a tree with his drawn bow that ſtood,
Which in a chequer'd flag far off was ſeen;
It was the picture of old ROBIN HOOD;
And Lancaſhire, not as the leaſt I ween,
Thoro' three crowns three arrows ſmear'd with blood;
Cheſhire, a banner very ſquare and broad,
Wherein a man upon a lion rode.

A flaming lance, the Yorkſhire-men for them;
As thoſe for Durham, near again at hand,
A mitre crowned with a diadem;
An armed man, the men of Cumberland;
So Weſtmerland, link'd with it in one ſtem,
A ſhip that wrack'd lay fir'd upon the ſand:
Northumberland with theſe com'n as a brother,
Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themſelves the Engliſhmen had ſhow'd
Under the enſign of each ſev'ral ſhire,
The native Welch, who no leſs honour ow'd
To their own King, nor yet leſs valiant were,
In one ſtrong reg'ment had themſelves beſtow'd,
And of the reſt reſumed had the rear;
To their own quarter marching as the reſt,
As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the beſt.

x For the length it hath upon the German ocean.
y Many hermits formerly lived there, it being all foreſty.

Pembroke, a boat [z] wherein a lady ſtood,
Rowing herſelf within a quiet bay;
Thoſe men of South Wales of the [a] mixed blood,
Had of the Welch the leading of the way.
Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
Whereon an old man lean'd himſelf to ſtay,
At a ſtar pointing; which of great renown,
Was ſkilful MERLIN, namer of that town.

Glamorgan-men, a caſtle great and high,
From which, out of the battlement above,
A flame ſhot up itſelf into the ſky:
The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
To that dear country, neighbouring them ſo nigh)
Next after them in equipage that move,
Three [b] crowns imperial, which ſupported were
With three arm'd arms, in their proud enſign bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
Upon whoſe top there ſat a watchful cock;
Radnor [c], a mountain of a high aſcent,
Thereon a ſhepherd keeping of his flock;
As [d] Cardigan, the next to them that went,
Came with a mermaid ſitting on a rock;
And Merioneth bears (as theſe had done)
Three dancing goats againſt the riſing ſun.

Thoſe of Montgomery bear a prancing ſteed;
Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
Flintſhire, a work-maid in her ſummers weed,
With ſheaf and ſickle. With a warlike pace
Thoſe of Caernarvon (not the leaſt in ſpeed,
Tho' marching laſt in the main army's face)
Three golden eagles in their enſign brought,
Under which oft brave OWEN GUYNETH fought.

The

z Milford haven in Pembrokeſhire, one of the braveſt harbours in the world, therefore not unaptly ſo expreſſed.

a Partly Dutch, partly Engliſh, partly Welch.

The ſeas, amazed at the fearful ſight
Of arms and enſigns that aboard were brought,
Of ſtreamers, banners, pennons, enſigns pight
Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught
So full of terror, that it hardly might
Into a natural courſe again be brought,
As the vaſt navy which at anchor rides,
Proudly preſumes to ſhoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,
The numerous maſts with their brave topſails ſpread,
When as the wind a little doth them ſtrain,
Seem like a foreſt bearing her proud head
Againſt ſome rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:
So do they look from every lofty ſted,
Which with the ſurges tumbled to and fro,
Seem even to bend, as trees are ſeen to do.

From every ſhip when as the ordnance roar,
Of their depart that all might underſtand;
When as the zealous people from the ſhore
Again with fires ſalute them from the land,
For ſo was order left with them before,
To watch the beacons with a careful hand,
Which being once fir'd, the people more or leſs
Should all to church, and pray for their ſucceſs.

They ſhape their courſe into the mouth of Sein,
That deſtin'd flood thoſe navies to receive;
Before whoſe fraught her France had proſtrate lain,
As now ſhe muſt this, that ſhall never leave,
Until the engines that it doth contain,
Into the air her heighten'd walls ſhall heave;
Whoſe ſtubborn turrets had refus'd to bow
To that brave nation that ſhall ſhake them now.

b To expreſs the King's birth-place and principalities.
c The middle of Wales, abounding with ſheep on its mountains.
d Expreſſing the maritime ſituation of that ſhire.

Long-boats with ſcouts are put to land before,
Upon light nags the country to deſcry,
(Whilſt the brave army ſetting is on ſhore)
To view what ſtrength the enemy had nigh;
Preſſing the boſom of large France ſo ſore,
That her pale Genius in affright doth fly
To all her towns, and warns them to awake,
And for her ſafety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleance ſhe calls,
And at their gates with groanings doth complain:
Then cries ſhe out, "O get up to your walls:
"The Engliſh armies are return'd again,
"Which in two battles gave thoſe fatal falls
"At Creſſy and at Poictiers, where lay ſlain
"Our conquer'd fathers, which with very fear
"Quake in their graves to feel them landed here."

The King of France now having underſtood
Of HENRY's entrance (but too well improv'd)
He clearly ſaw that dear muſt be the blood
That it muſt coſt, e'er he could be remov'd:
He ſends to make his other ſea-towns good,
(Never before ſo much it him behov'd)
In every one a garriſon to lay,
Fearing freſh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'ſt earth whilſt awful HENRY gets,
From whence ſtrong Harfleur he might eaſi'ſt ſee,
With ſprightly words and thus their courage whets:
"In yonder walls be mines of gold, quoth he;
"He's a poor ſlave that thinks of any debts;
"Harfleur ſhall pay for all, it ours ſhall be.
"This air of France doth like me wond'rous well;
"Let's burn our ſhips, for here we mean to dwell."

But

But through his hoſt he firſt of all proclaim'd,
In pain of death, no Engliſhman ſhould take
From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,
Or women, that could no reſiſtance make:
To gain his own for that he only aim'd,
Nor would have ſuch to ſuffer for his ſake:
Which in the French, when they the ſame did hear,
Bred of this brave King a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order fitting war,
Each with ſome green thing doth his murrian crown,
With his main ſtandard fixt upon the [e] car,
Comes the great King before th' intrenched town,
Whilſt from the walls the people gazing are,
In all their ſights he ſets his army down;
And for their ſhot he careth not a pin,
But ſeeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,
His ſtrong approaches on three parts to make;
Himſelf on th' one, CLARENCE on th' other ſide;
To YORK and SUFFOLK he the third doth take;
The mines the Duke of GLOCESTER doth guide:
Then caus'd his ſhips the river up to ſtake,
That none with victual ſhould the town relieve,
Should the ſword fail, with famine them to grieve.

From his pavillion, where he ſat in ſtate
Arm'd for the ſiege, and buckling on his ſhield,
Brave HENRY ſends his herald to the gate,
By trumpet's ſound to ſummon them to yield,
And to accept his mercy, ere too late;
Or elſe to ſay, ere he forſook the field,
Harfleur ſhould be but a mere heap of ſtones,
Her buildings buried with her owners bones.

e The King's main ſtandard (for the ponderouſneſs thereof) ever born upon a carriage.

France on this ſudden put into a fright
With the ſad news of Harfleur in diſtreſs,
Whoſe unexpected miſerable plight
She on the ſudden knew not to redreſs;
But urg'd to do the utmoſt that ſhe might,
The peoples fears and clamours to ſuppreſs,
Raiſeth a power with all the ſpeed ſhe could,
Somewhat thereby to looſe King HENRY's hold.

The Marſhal and the Conſtable of France,
Leading thoſe forces levied for the turn,
By which they thought their titles to advance,
And of their country endleſs praiſe to earn;
But it with them far otherwiſe doth chance:
For when they ſaw the villages to burn,
And high-tower'd Harfleur round ingirt with fire,
They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck retire.

Like as a hind, when ſhe her calf doth ſee
Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,
From which ſhould ſhe adventure it to free,
She muſt herſelf fill his devouring jaws,
And yet her young one ſtill his prey muſt be,
(She ſo inſtructed is by nature's laws:)
With them ſo fares it, which muſt needs go down
If they would fight, and yet muſt loſe the town.

[f] Now do they mount their ordnance for the day,
Their ſcaling-ladders rearing to the walls;
Their battering-rams againſt the gates they lay,
Their brazen ſlings ſend in the wild-fire balls,
Baſkets of twigs now carry ſtones and clay,
And to th' aſſault who furiouſly not falls?
The ſpade and pick-ax working are below,
Which then unfelt, yet gave the greateſt blow.

Rampiers

[f] A deſcription of the ſiege of Harfleur, in the nineteen following ſtanza's.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raiſe
With the walls equal, cloſe upon the dike;
To paſs by which the ſoldier that aſſays,
On planks thruſt over, one him down doth ſtrike:
Him with a mall a ſecond Engliſh pays;
A ſecond French tranſpierc'd him with a pike;
That from the height of the imbattl'd tow'rs,
Their mixed blood ran down the walls in ſhow'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,
With a ſheaf-arrow ſhot into the head;
An Engliſhman, in ſcaling of the wall,
From the ſame place is by a ſtone ſtruck dead,
Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might ſtead:
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
Of ſhouts without, and fearful ſhrieks within.

When all at once the Engliſh men aſſail,
The French within all valiantly defend,
And in a firſt aſſault if any fail,
They by a ſecond ſtrive it to amend:
Out of the town come [g] quarries thick as hail;
As thick again their ſhafts the Engliſh ſend:
The bellowing cannon from both ſides doth roar
With ſuch a noiſe, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one ſide you ſhould hear a cry,
And all that quarter clouded with a ſmother;
The like from that againſt it by and by,
As though the one were echo to the other,
The King and CLARENCE ſo their turns can ply;
And valiant GLO'STER ſhows himſelf their brother,
Whoſe mines to the beſieg'd more miſchief do,
Than, with th' aſſaults above, the other two.

An

g Croſs-bow arrows.

An old man ſitting by the fire ſide,
Decrepit with extremity of age,
Stilling his little grandchild when it cry'd,
Almoſt diſtracted with the batteries rage;
Sometimes doth ſpeak it fair, ſometimes doth chide,
As thus he ſeeks its mourning to aſſwage,
By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilſt the ſad weeping mother ſits her down,
To give her little new-born babe the pap,
A luckleſs quarry, level'd at the town,
Kills the ſweet baby ſleeping in her lap,
That with the fright ſhe falls into a ſwoon;
From which awak'd, and mad with the miſhap,
As up a rampier ſhrieking ſhe doth climb,
Comes a great ſhot, and ſtrikes her limb from limb.

Whilſt a ſort run confuſedly to quench
Some palace burning, or ſome fired ſtreet,
Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,
They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,
So plagued are the miſerable French,
Not above head, but alſo under feet;
For the fierce Engliſh vow the town to take,
Or of it ſoon a heap of ſtones to make.

Hot is the ſiege, the Engliſh coming on
As men ſo long to be kept out that ſcorn,
Careleſs of wounds, as they were made of ſtone,
As with their teeth the walls they would have torn;
Into a breach who quickly is not gone,
Is by the next behind him overborn;
So that they found a place that gave them way,
They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From

From ev'ry quarter they their courſe muſt ply,
As't pleas'd the King them to th'aſſault to call:
Now on the Duke of YORK the charge doth ly;
To KENT and CORNWALL then the turn doth fall;
Then HUNTINGDON up to the walls they cry;
Then SUFFOLK, and then EXETER; which all
In their mean ſoldiers habits us'd to go,
Taking ſuch part as thoſe that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excurſions make
Upon the Engliſh, watchful in their tent,
Whoſe courages they to their coſt awake,
With many a wound, that often back them ſent,
So proud a ſally that durſt undertake,
And in the chaſe pell-mell amongſt them went;
For on the way ſuch ground of them they win,
That ſome French are ſhut out, ſome Engliſh in.

Nor idly ſit our men at arms the while,
Four thouſand horſe that ev'ry day go out,
And of the field are maſters many a mile,
By putting the rebellious French to rout;
No peaſants them with promiſes beguile,
Another bus'neſs they were come about;
For him they take, his ranſom muſt redeem,
Only French crowns the Engliſhmen eſteem.

Whilſt Engliſh HENRY laſtly means to try
By three vaſt mines the walls to overthrow,
The Frenchmen, their approaches that eſpy,
By countermines do meet with them below;
And as oppoſed in the works they ly,
Up the beſieged the beſiegers blow,
That ſtifled quite with powder, as with duſt,
Longer to walls they found it vain to truſt.

Till GAUCOURT then and TUTTIVILLE, that were
The town's commanders, with much peril find
The reſolution that the Engliſh bear,
As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,
Summon to parley; off'ring frankly there,
If that aid came not by a day aſſign'd,
To give the town up, might their lives ſtand free;
As for their goods, at HENRY's will to be.

And having won their conduct to the King,
Thoſe hardy chiefs on whom the charge had lain,
Thither thoſe well-fed burgeſſes do bring,
What they had offer'd ſtrongly to maintain
In ſuch a caſe, although a dang'rous thing;
Yet they ſo long upon their knees remain,
That five days reſpite from his grant they have,
Which was the moſt they for their lives durſt crave.

The time prefixed coming to expire,
And their relief inglorioufly delay'd;
Nothing within their ſight but ſword and fire,
And bloody enſigns ev'ry where diſplay'd;
The Engliſh ſtill within themſelves entire:
When all theſe things they ſeriouſly had weigh'd,
To HENRY's mercy found that they muſt truſt,
For they perceiv'd their own to be unjuſt.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aſide,
And from the walls th' artillery diſplac'd;
The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,
The watch-tow'r with ſaint GEORGE's banner grac'd;
"Live England's HENRY," all the people cry'd;
Into the ſtreets their women ran in haſte,
Bearing their little children, for whoſe ſake
They hop'd the King would the more mercy take.

The

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,
Their ample entrance to the Engliſh gave;
There was no door that then had any bar,
For of their own not any thing they have:
When HENRY comes on his imperial car,
To whom they kneel, their lives alone to ſave;
Strucken with wonder when that face they ſaw,
Wherein ſuch mercy was, with ſo much awe.

And firſt themſelves the Engliſh to ſecure,
Doubting what danger might be yet within,
The ſtrongeſt forts and citadel make ſure,
To ſhow that they could keep as well as win;
And tho' the ſpoils them wond'rouſly allure,
To fall to pillage ere they will begin,
They ſhut each paſſage, by which any pow'r
Might be brought on to hinder but an hour.

That conqu'ring King, which entring at the gate,
Born by the preſs as in the air he ſwam,
Upon the ſudden lays aſide his ſtate,
And of a lion is become a lamb:
He is not now what he was but of late,
But on his bare feet to the church he came,
By his example as did all the preſs,
To give GOD thanks for his firſt good ſucceſs.

And ſends his herald to King CHARLES to ſay,
That though he was thus ſettled on his ſhore,
Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,
His ancient right if ſo he would reſtore:
But if the ſame he wilfully denay,
To ſtop th' effuſion of their ſubjects gore,
He frankly off'reth in a ſingle fight
With the young Dauphin to decide his right.

Eight days at Harfleur he doth ſtay, to hear
What anſwer back his herald him would bring:
But when he found that he was ne'er the near,
And that the Dauphin meaneth no ſuch thing
As to fight ſingle, nor that any were
To deal for compoſition from the King;
He caſts for Calais to make forth his way,
And take ſuch towns as in his journies lay.

But firſt his bus'neſs he doth ſo contrive
To curb the townſmen, ſhould they chance to ſtir;
Of arms and office he doth them deprive,
And to their rooms the Engliſh doth prefer:
Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,
And therein ſets his uncle EXETER:
This done, to march he bids the thundr'ing drums,
To ſcourge proud France, when now her Conqueror [comes.

The King and Dauphin having underſtood,
How on his way this haughty HENRY was
Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,
Pluckt down the bridges which might give him paſs;
And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food,
Caus'd to be forag'd, to a wond'rous maſs;
And more than this, his journies to foreſlow,
He ſcarce one day unſkirmiſh'd with doth go.

But on his march, in midſt of all his foes,
He like a lion keeps them all at bay;
And when they ſeem him ſtrictly to encloſe,
Yet through the thick'ſt he hews him out a way;
Nor the proud Dauphin dare him to oppoſe,
Though off'ring oft his army to forelay;
Nor all the power the envious French can make,
Force him one foot his path but to forſake.

And

And each day as his army doth remove,
Marching along upon Soame's marſhy ſide,
His men at arms on their tall horſes prove
To find ſome ſhallow, over where to ride:
But all in vain, againſt the ſtream they ſtrove,
Till by the help of a laborious guide
A ford was found to ſet his army o'er,
Which never had diſcover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
And ſafe to ſhore his carriages had brought,
Into the Dauphin's boſom ſtruck ſo home,
And on the weakneſs of King CHARLES ſo wrought,
That like the troubled ſea when it doth foam,
As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought;
So do they ſtorm, and curſe on curſe they heapt
'Gainſt thoſe which ſhould the paſſages have kept.

And at that time both reſident in Roan,
Thither for this aſſembling all the Peers,
Whoſe counſels now muſt underprop their throne
Againſt the foe, which not a man but fears;
Yet in a moment confident are grown,
When with freſh hopes each one his fellow chears,
That ere the Engliſh to their Calais got,
Some for this ſpoil ſhould pay a bloody ſhot.

Therefore they both in ſolemn council ſat,
With BERRY and with BRETAGNE their allies;
Now ſpeak they of this courſe, and then of that,
As to enſnare him how they might deviſe;
Something they fain would do, but know not what.
At length the Duke ALANZON up doth riſe,
And craving ſilence of the King and Lords,
Againſt the Engliſh brake into theſe words.

" Had

" Had this unbridled youth an army led,
" That any way were worthy of your fear,
" Againſt our nation that durſt turn the head,
" Such as the former Engliſh forces were,
" This care of yours your country then might ſtead:
" To tell you then who longer can forbear,
" That into queſtion you our valour bring,
" To call a council for ſo poor a thing.

" A rout of tatter'd raſcals, ſtarved ſo,
" As forced through extremity of need
" To rake for ſcraps on dunghills as they go,
" And on the berries of the ſhrubs to feed;
" Beſides, with fluxes are enfeebled ſo,
" And other foul diſeaſes that they breed,
" That they their arms diſabled are to ſway,
" But in their march do leave them on the way.

" And to our people but a handful are,
" Scarce thirty thouſand when to land they came,
" Of which to England daily ſome repair,
" Many from Harfleur carry'd ſick and lame,
" Fitter for ſpitals and the ſurgeons care,
" Than with their ſwords on us to win them fame:
" Unſhod and without ſtockings are the beſt,
" And thoſe by winter miſerably oppreſt.

" To let them die upon their march abroad,
" And fowls upon their carcaſes to feed,
" The heaps of them upon the common road
" A great infection likely were to breed;
" For our own ſafeties ſee them then beſtow'd,
" And do for them this charitable deed,
" Under our ſwords together let them fall,
" And, on that day they die, be buried all."

This

This bold invective forc'd againſt the foe,
Although it moſt of the aſſembly ſeis'd,
Yet thoſe which better did the Engliſh know,
Were but a little with his ſpeeches pleas'd;
And that the Duke of BERRY meant to ſhow:
Which when the murmur ſomewhat was appeas'd,
After a while their liſt'ning ſilence breaks,
And thus in anſwer of ALANZON ſpeaks.

" My Liege, quoth he, and you, my Lords and Peers,
" Whom this great buſineſs chiefly doth concern,
" By my experience, now ſo many years,
" To know the Engliſh I am not to learn;
" Nor I more feeling have of human fears
" Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn
" Suffrage from any; but by zeal am won
" To ſpeak my mind here, as the Duke hath done.

" Th' events of war are various (as I know)
" And ſay, the loſs upon the Engliſh light,
" Yet may a dying man give ſuch a blow,
" As much may hinder his proud conquerors might;
" It is enough our puiſſant power to ſhow
" To the weak Engliſh now upon their flight,
" When want and winter ſtrongly ſpur them on;
" You elſe but ſtay them that would fain be gone.

" I like our forces their firſt courſe ſhould hold,
" To ſkirmiſh with them upon every ſtay,
" But fight by no means with them, though they would,
" Except they find them foraging for prey;
" So ſtill you have them ſhut up in a fold,
" And ſtill to Calais keep them in their way;
" So FABIUS wearied HANIBAL, ſo we
" May Engliſh HENRY, pleaſed if you be.

" And of the Engliſh rid your country clean,
" If on their backs but Calais walls they win,
" Whoſe frontier towns you eas'ly may maintain,
" With a ſtrong army ſtill to keep them in ;
" Then let our ſhips make good the mouth of Sein,
" And at your pleaſure Harfleur you may win,
" Ere with ſupplies again they can invade,
" Spent in the voyage lately hither made.

" That day at Poictiers, in that bloody field,
" The ſudden turn in that great battle then
" Shall ever teach me, whilſt I arms can wield,
" Never to truſt to multitudes of men ;
" 'Twas the firſt day that e'er I wore a ſhield,
" Oh let me never ſee the like agen !
" Where their Black EDWARD ſuch a battle won,
" As to behold it might amaze the ſun.

" There did I ſee our conquer'd fathers fall
" Before the Engliſh, on that fatal ground,
" When as to ours their number was but ſmall,
" And with brave ſpirits France ne'er did more abound :
" Yet oft that battle into mind I call,
" Whereas of ours, one man ſeem'd all one wound.
" I inſtance this, yet humbly here ſubmit
" Myſelf to fight, if you ſhall think it fit."

The Marſhal and the Conſtable about
To ſecond what this ſager Duke had ſaid,
The youthful Lords into a cry brake out
'Gainſt their opinions ; ſo that over-ſway'd,
Some ſeeming of their loyalties to doubt,
ALANZON as an oracle obey'd,
And not a French then preſent, but doth ſwear
To kill an Engliſh, if enow there were.

A herald poſted preſently away,
The King of England to the field to dare,
To bid him ceaſe his ſpoil, nor to delay
'Gainſt the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:
For that King CHARLES determin'd to diſplay
His bloody enſigns, and through France declare
The day and place that HENRY ſhould ſet down,
In which their battles ſhould diſpoſe the crown.

This news to HENRY by the herald brought,
As one diſpaſſion'd, ſoberly quoth he,
" Had your King pleas'd, we ſooner might have fought;
" For now my ſoldiers much enfeebled be:
" Nor day, nor place, for battle ſhall be ſought
" By Engliſh HENRY; but if he ſeek me,
" I to my utmoſt will my ſelf defend,
" And to th'Almighty's pleaſure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle ſpread,
The coldneſs of each ſleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldneſs bred,
Like caſting bees that they ariſe in ſwarms,
Thinking the Engliſh down ſo far to tread,
As paſt that day ne'er more to riſe in arms,
T'extirp the name, if poſſible it were,
At leaſt not after to be heard of there.

As when you ſee the envious crow eſpy
Something that ſhe doth naturally deteſt,
With open throat how ſhe doth ſquall and cry,
And from the next grove calleth in the reſt,
And they for thoſe beyond them bawling fly,
Till their foul noiſe do all the air infeſt:
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,
Upon their ſwords to ſee the Engliſh fall.

And to the King when ſeriouſly one told,
With what an hoſt he ſhould encounter'd be;
GAM, noting well the King did him behold
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,
" My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be bold,
" We will divide this army into three;
" One part we'll kill, the ſecond pris'ners ſtay;
" And for the third, we'll leave to run away."

But, for the foe came hourly in ſo faſt,
Leſt they his army ſhould diſorder'd take,
The King, who wiſely doth the worſt forecaſt,
His ſpeedy march doth preſently forſake,
Into ſuch form and his battalion caſt,
That, do their worſt, they ſhould not eas'ly ſhake;
For that his ſcouts, which forag'd had the coaſt,
Bade him at hand expect a puiſſant hoſt.

On which ere long the Engliſh vaward light,
Which YORK, of men the braveſt, doth command,
When either of them in the other's ſight,
He caus'd the army inſtantly to ſtand,
As though preparing for a preſent fight;
And rideth forth from his couragious band
To view the French, whoſe numbers overſpread
The troubled country on whoſe earth they tread.

Now were both armies got upon that ground,
As on a ſtage, where they their ſtrengths muſt try,
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wound,
There's many a ſoul into the air muſt fly.
Mean while the Engliſh, that ſome eaſe had found
By the advantage of a village nigh,
There ſate them down the battle to abide,
When they the place had ſtrongly fortify'd.

Mad

Made drunk with pride, the haughty French diſdain
Leſs than their own a multitude to view,
Nor aſk of GOD the victory to gain
Upon the Engliſh, waxt ſo poor and few,
To ſtay their ſlaughter thinking it a pain;
And laſtly to that inſolence they grew,
Quoits, lots, and dice for Engliſhmen to caſt,
And ſwear to pay, the battle being paſt.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they ſend,
The captiv'd Engliſh that they caught to bind,
For to perpetual ſlav'ry they intend
Thoſe that alive they on the field ſhould find:
So much as that they fear'd leſt they ſhould ſpend
Too many Engliſh, wherefore they aſſign'd
Some to keep faſt thoſe fain that would be gone,
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright ſharp-edg'd ſcymitar doth ſhow,
Off'ring to lay a thouſand crowns (in pride)
That he two naked Engliſh at one blow,
Bound back to back, would at the waiſts divide:
Some bett his ſword will do't, ſome others no,
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.
Another wafts his blade about his head,
And ſhews 'em how their ham-ſtrings he will ſhred.

They part their pris'ners, paſſing them for debt,
And in their ranſom ratably accord:
To a Prince of ours, a page of theirs they ſet,
And a French lacquey to an Engliſh Lord.
As for our Gentry, them to hire they'll let,
And as good cheap as they can them afford,
Branded for ſlaves, that if they hapt to ſtray,
Known by the mark, them any one might ſlay.

And caſt to make a chariot for the King,
Painted with anticks and ridiculous toys,
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,
To make ſport to their madams and their boys,
And will have raſcals rhimes of him to ſing,
Made in his mock'ry; and in all theſe joys,
They bid the bells to ring, and people cry
Before the battle, FRANCE AND VICTORY.

And to the King and Dauphin ſent away
(Who at that time reſiding were in Roan)
To be partakers of that glorious day,
Wherein the Engliſh ſhould be overthrown;
Leſt that of them enſuing times ſhould ſay,
That for their ſafety they forſook their own,
When France did that brave victory obtain,
That ſhall her laſting'ſt monument remain.

The poor diſtreſſed Engliſhmen the whiles,
Not dar'd by doubt, and leſs appall'd with dread,
Of their arm'd pikes ſome ſharp'ning are the piles,
The archer grinding his barb'd arrow-head;
Their bills and blades ſome whetting are with files,
And ſome their armours ſtrongly riveted;
Some pointing ſtakes to ſtick into the ground,
To guard the bow-men, and their horſe to wound.

The night fore-running this moſt dreadful day,
The French that all to jollity incline,
Some fall to dancing, ſome again to play,
And ſome are drinking to this great deſign;
But all in pleaſure ſpend the night away:
The tents with lights, the fields with bonfires ſhine;
The common ſoldiers free-mens catches ſing;
With ſhouts and laughter all the camp doth ring.

The

The wearied Engliſh, watchful o'er their foes,
The depth of night then drawing on ſo faſt,
That fain a little would themſelves repoſe,
With thanks to GOD do take that ſmall repaſt
Which that poor village willingly beſtows;
And having plac'd their ſentinels at laſt,
They fall to prayer, and in their cabins bleſt,
T'refreſh their ſpirits then took them to their reſt.

In his pavillion princely HENRY laid,
Whilſt all his army round about him ſlept;
His reſtleſs head upon his helmet ſtaid,
For careful thoughts his eyes long waking kept.
"Great GOD (quoth he) withdraw not now thy aid,
"Nor let my father HENRY's ſins be heapt
"On my tranſgreſſions, up the ſum to make,
"For which thou may'ſt me utterly forſake.

"King RICHARD's wrongs to mind, LORD, do not call,
"Nor how for him my father did offend;
"From us alone derive not thou his fall,
"Whoſe odious life caus'd his untimely end,
"That by our alms be expiated all:
"Let not that ſin on me his ſon deſcend,
"When as his body I tranſlated have,
"And buried in an honourable grave."

Theſe things thus pond'ring, ſorrow-ceaſing ſleep,
From cares to reſcue his much-troubled mind,
Upon his eye-lids ſtealingly doth creep,
And in ſoft ſlumbers every ſenſe doth bind,
As undiſturbed every one to keep;
When as that angel, to whom GOD aſſign'd
The guiding of the Engliſh, gliding down,
The ſilent camp doth with freſh courage crown.

His glitt'ring wings he glorioufly diſplays
O'er the hoſt, as every way it lies,
With golden dreams their travail and repays:
This herald from the Rector of the ſkies
In viſion warns them not to uſe delays,
But to the battle chearfully to riſe,
And be victorious; for that day at hand
He would amongſt them for the Engliſh ſtand.

The dawn ſcarce drew the curtains of the Eaſt,
But the late wearied Engliſhmen awake,
And much refreſhed with a little reſt,
Themſelves ſoon ready for the battle make:
Not any one but feeleth in his breaſt
That ſprightly fire which courage bids him take;
For ere the ſun next riſing went to bed,
The French by them in triumph ſhould be led.

And from their cabins ere the French aroſe,
(Drowned in the pleaſure of the paſſed night,)
The Engliſh caſt their battels to diſpoſe,
Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
Forth that brave King couragious HENRY goes,
An hour before that it was fully light,
To ſee if there might any place be found
To give his hoſt advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickſet hedge to view,
Well grown in height, and for his purpoſe thin;
Yet by the ditch upon whoſe bank it grew,
He found it to be difficult to win,
Eſpecially if thoſe of his were true,
Amongſt the ſhrubs that he ſhould ſet within;
By which he knew their ſtrength of horſe muſt come,
If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of every band,
The ſtrongeſt bow-men by the general voice,
Such as beſide were valiant of their hand,
And to be ſo imploy'd as would rejoice,
Appointing them behind the hedge to ſtand
To ſhroud themſelves from ſight, and to be mute,
Until a ſignal freely bade them ſhoot.

The gameſome lark now got upon her wing,
As 'twere the Engliſh early to awake,
And to wide heaven her chearful notes doth ſing,
As ſhe for them would interceſſion make;
Nor all the noiſe that from below doth ſpring,
Her airy walk can force her to forſake;
Of ſome much noted, and of others leſs,
But yet of all preſaging good ſucceſs.

The lazy French their leiſure ſeem to take,
And in their cabins keep themſelves ſo long,
Till flocks of ravens them with noiſe awake,
Over the army like a cloud that hung;
Which greater haſte inforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the country rung,
Which boded ſlaughter, as the moſt do ſay,
But by the French it turned was this way:

That this diviſing fowl well underſtood
Upon that place much gore was to be ſpill'd;
And as thoſe birds do much delight in blood,
With human fleſh would have their gorges fill'd,
So waited they upon their ſwords for food,
To feaſt upon the Engliſh, being kill'd;
Then little thinking that theſe came indeed
On their own mangled carcaſes to feed.

When

When ſoon the French preparing for the field,
Their armed troops are ſetting in array,
Whoſe wond'rous numbers they can hardly wield,
The place too little whereupon they lay;
They therefore to neceſſity muſt yield,
And into order put them as they may,
Whoſe motion ſounded like to Nilus' fall,
That the vaſt air was deafen'd therewithal.

The Conſtable and Admiral of France,
With the grand Marſhal, men of great command;
The Dukes of BOURBON and of ORLEANCE,
Some for their place, ſome for their birth-right ſtand;
The Dauphin of AVERNEY (to advance
His worth and honour) of a puiſſant hand;
The Earl of EWE, in war that had been bred;
Theſe mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the Duke of BARR,
NEVERS, and BEAUMONT, men of ſpecial name;
ALANZON, thought not equall'd in this war:
With them SALINES, ROUS, and GRANDPRE came,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
Whom this expected conqueſt doth enflame,
Conſiſting moſt of croſs-bows, and ſo great,
As France herſelf it well might ſeem to threat.

The Duke of BRABANT of high valour known,
The Earls of MARLE and FALCONBRIDGE the rear;
To ARTHUR Earl of RICHMOND's ſelf alone
They leave the right wing to be guided there:
LEWES of BOURBON, ſecond yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty Peer,
The Earl of VENDOME, who of all her men
Large France entitled her great Maſter then.

The

The Duke of YORK the Engliſh vaward guides,
Of our ſtrong archers that conſiſted moſt,
Which with our horſe was wing'd on both the ſides,
T'affront ſo great and terrible an hoſt;
There valiant FANHOPE, and there BEAUMONT rides,
With WILLOUHBY, which ſcower'd had the coaſt
That morning early, and had ſeen at large
How the foe came, that then they were to charge.

HENRY himſelf, on the main battle brings,
Nor can theſe legions of the French affright
This MARS of men; this King of earthly Kings:
Who ſeem'd to be much pleaſed with the ſight,
As one ordain'd t'accompliſh mighty things;
Who to the field came in ſuch brav'ry dight,
As to the Engliſh bodes ſucceſsful luck,
Before one ſtroke on either ſide was ſtruck.

In warlike ſtate the royal ſtandard born
Before him, as in ſplend'rous arms he rode,
Whilſt his courveting courſer ſeem'd in ſcorn
To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod,
Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
His ſhield, and his capariſon do load:
Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deckt,
Which through the field their radiant fires reflect.

The Duke of GLO'STER near to him agen,
T'aſſiſt his brother in that dreadful day;
OXFORD and SUFFOLK, both true martial men,
Ready to keep the battle in array:
To EXETER there was appointed then
The rear, on which their ſecond ſuccours lay,
Which were the youth, moſt of the nobleſt blood,
Under the enſigns of their name that ſtood.

Then

Then of the ſtakes he doth the care commend
To certain troops that active were and ſtrong,
Only devis'd the archers to defend,
Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;
To be remov'd ſtill which way they ſhould bend,
Where the French horſe ſhould thick'ſt upon them throng;
Which when the hoſt to charge each other went,
Show'd his great wit that firſt did them invent.

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,
The French themſelves aſſuring of the day,
Send to the King of England (as in ſpight)
To know what he would for his ranſom pay.
Who with this anſwer doth their ſcorn requite;
"I pray thee, Herald, wiſh the French to ſtay,
"And ere the day be paſt, I hope to ſee,
"That for their ranſoms they ſhall ſend to me."

The French, which found how little HENRY makes
Of their vain boaſts, as ſet therewith on fire,
Whilſt each one to his enſign him betakes;
The Conſtable to raiſe their ſpleen the higher,
Thus ſpeaks: "Brave friends, now for your grandſires ſakes,
"Your country, honours, or what may inſpire
"Your ſouls with courage, ſtrain up all your pow'rs
"To make this day victoriouſly ours.

"Forward, ſtout French, your valours and advance,
"By taking vengeance for our fathers ſlain,
"And ſtrongly fix the diadem of France,
"Which to this day unſteady doth remain:
"Now with your ſwords their traytors boſoms lance,
"And with their blood waſh out that ancient ſtain,
"And make our earth drunk with the Engliſh gore,
"Which hath of ours oft forfeited before.

"Let

" Let not one live in England once to tell,
" What of their King or of the reſt became;
" Nor to the Engliſh what in France befell,
" But what is bruited by the general fame."
But now the drums began ſo loud to yell,
As cut off further what he would declaim:
And HENRY ſeeing them on ſo faſt to make,
Thus to his ſoldiers comfortably ſpake.

" Think but upon the juſtneſs of our cauſe,
" And he's no man their number that will weigh;
" Thus our great grandſire purchas'd his applauſe,
" The more they are, the greater is our prey.
" We'll hand in hand wade into danger's jaws,
" And let report to England this convey,
" That it for me no ranſom ere ſhall raiſe;
" Either I'll conquer, or here end my days.

" It were no glory for us to ſubdue
" Them, than our number were the French no more;
" When in one battle twice our fathers ſlew
" Three times ſo many as themſelves before.
" But to do ſomething that were ſtrange and new,
" Wherefore (I aſk you) came we to this ſhore?
" Upon theſe French our fathers won renown,
" And with their ſwords we'll hew yon foreſt down.

" The meaneſt ſoldier, if in fight he take
" The greateſt Prince in yonder army known,
" Without controul ſhall him his pris'ner make,
" And have his ranſom freely as his own.
" Now, Engliſh, lies our honour at the ſtake,
" And now or never be our valour ſhewn:
" God and our cauſe, St. GEORGE for England ſtands.
" Now charge them, Engliſh; fortune guide your [hands."

When

When hearing one wiſh all the valiant men
At home in England with them preſent were;
The King makes anſwer inſtantly agen,
" I would not have one man more than is here:
" If we ſubdue, leſs ſhould our praiſe be then;
" If overcome, leſs loſs ſhall England bear;
" And to our numbers we ſhould give that deed,
" Which muſt from GOD's own pow'rful hand pro-
[ceed."
The dreadful charge the drums and trumpets ſound,
With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
When as the Engliſh kneeling on the ground,
Extend their hands up to the glorious ſkies;
Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
Active as fire immediately they riſe,
And ſuch a ſhrill ſhout from their throats they ſent,
As made the French to ſtagger as they went.

Wherewith they ſtopt; when ERPINGHAM, which led
The army, ſaw the ſhout had made them ſtand,
Waſting his warder thrice about his head,
He caſt it up with his auſpicious hand,
Which was the ſignal through the Engliſh ſpread,
That they ſhould charge: which, as a dread command,
Made them ruſh on, yet with a ſecond roar,
Frighting the French worſe than they did before.

But when they ſaw the enemy ſo ſlow,
Which they expected faſter to come on,
Some ſcattering ſhot they ſent out, as to ſhow,
That their approach they only ſtood upon;
Which with more fervour made their rage to glow,
So much diſgrace that they had undergone;
Which to amend, with enſigns let at large,
Upon the Engliſh furiouſly they charge.

At

At the full moon look how th' unwieldy tide,
Shov'd by ſome tempeſt that from ſea doth riſe
At the full height, againſt the ragged ſide
Of ſome rough cliff (of a gigantick ſize)
Foaming with rage impetuouſly doth ride;
The angry French (in no leſs furious wiſe)
Of men at arms upon their ready horſe,
Aſſail the Engliſh to diſpierce their force.

When as thoſe archers there in ambuſh laid,
Having their broad-ſide as they came along,
With their barb'd arrows the French horſes paid,
And in their flanks like cruel hornets ſtung:
They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,
And from their ſeats their armed riders flung;
They ran together, flying from the dike,
And make their riders one another ſtrike.

And whilſt the front of the French vanguard makes
Upon the Engliſh, thinking them to rout,
Their horſes run upon the armed ſtakes,
And being wounded, turn themſelves about:
The bit into his teeth the courſer takes,
And from his rank flies with his maſter out,
Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,
If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, ſome of their horſes caſt
With their four feet all up into the air,
Under whoſe backs their maſters breathe their laſt:
Some break their reins, and thence their riders bear;
Some with their feet ſtick in the ſtirrups faſt,
By their fierce jades and trail'd here and there;
Entangled in their bridles, one back draws,
And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With

With ſhow'rs of ſhafts yet ſtill the Engliſh ply
The French ſo faſt, upon the point of flight:
With the main battle yet ſtood HENRY by,
Nor all this while had meddled in the fight;
Upon the horſes as in chaſe they fly,
Arrows ſo thick in ſuch abundance light,
That their broad buttocks men like butts might ſee,
Whereat for paſtime bow-men ſhooting be.

When ſoon DE LINNIES and SURERES haſte
To aid their friends, put to this ſhameful foil,
With two light wings of horſe, which had been plac'd
Still to ſupply where any ſhould recoil:
But yet their forces they but vainly waſte,
For being light into the general ſpoil,
Great loſs DE LINNIES ſhortly doth ſuſtain,
Yet 'ſcapes himſelf, but brave SURERES ſlain.

The King, who ſees how well his vanguard ſped,
Sends his command that inſtantly it ſtay;
Deſiring YORK, ſo bravely that had led,
To hold his ſoldiers in their firſt array;
For it the conflict very much might ſted
Somewhat to fall aſide, and give him way,
Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,
And make the conqueſt compleat in an hour.

Which YORK obeys; and up King HENRY comes,
When for his guidance he had got him room;
The dreadful bellowing of whoſe ſtraight-brac'd drums,
To the French ſounded like the dreadful doom;
And them with ſuch ſtupidity benumbs,
As though the earth had groaned from her womb;
For the grand ſlaughter ne'er began till then,
Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon

Upon the French what Engliſhman not falls,
(By the ſtrong bow-men beaten from their ſteeds)
With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mauls?
Where, in the ſlaughter, every one exceeds,
Where every man his fellow forward calls,
And ſhows him where ſome great-born Frenchman bleeds;
Whilſt ſcalps about like broken pot-ſherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring Engliſh cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,
And ſcarce a man but wet-ſhot went in gore;
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another ſtrucken down before;
As he again ſo falling, likewiſe feels
His laſt breath haſten'd by another's heels.

And whilſt the Engliſh eagerly purſue
The fearful French, before them ſtill that fly,
The points of bills and halberts they imbrue
In their ſick bowels beaten down that ly;
No man reſpects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can hear thoſe that for their mercy cry:
Ears are damn'd up with howls and helliſh ſounds,
One fearful noiſe a fearfuller confounds.

When the couragious Conſtable of France,
Th'unlucky vanguard valiantly that led,
Saw the day turn'd by this diſaſt'rous chance,
And how the French before the Engliſh fled;
'O ſtay (quoth he) your enſigns yet advance,
'Once more upon the enemy make head:
'Never let France ſay we were vanquiſht ſo,
'With our backs baſely turn'd upon our foe.'

Whom the [h] CHATTILLYON hapen'd to accoſt,
And ſeeing thus the Conſtable diſmay'd:
" Shift, noble Lord (quoth he) the day is loſt,
" If the whole world upon the match were laid;
" I cannot think but that black EDWARD's ghoſt
" Aſſiſts the Engliſh, and our horſe hath fray'd;
" If not, ſome devils they have then,
" That fight againſt us in the ſhapes of men."

' Not I, my Lord, the Conſtable replies;
' By my bleſt ſoul, the field I will not quit,
' Whilſt two brave battles are to bring ſupplies,
' Neither of which one ſtroke have ſtrucken yet.'
" Nay (quoth DAMPIER) I do not this adviſe
" More than your ſelf, that I do fear a whit:
" Spur up, my Lord, then ſide to ſide with me,
" And that I fear not you ſhall quickly ſee."

They ſtruck their rowels to the bleeding ſides
Of their fierce ſteeds, into the air that ſprung;
And as their fury at that inſtant guides,
They thruſt themſelves into the murth'ring throng,
Where ſuch bad fortune thoſe brave Lords betides,
The Admiral from off his horſe was flung;
For the ſtern Engliſh down before them bear
All that withſtand, the peaſant and the peer.

Which when the noble Conſtable with grief
Doth this great Lord upon the ground behold,
In his account ſo abſolute a chief,
Whoſe death through France he knew would be condol'd;
Like a brave Knight, to yield his friend relief,
Doing as much as poſſibly he could,
Both horſe and man is born into the main,
And from his friend not half a furlong ſlain.

Now

[h] The Admiral.

Now WILLOUGHBY, upon his well-arm'd horſe,
Into the midſt of this battalion brought;
And valiant FANHOPE, no whit leſs in force,
Himſelf hath hither through the ſquadrons wrought;
Whereas the Engliſh, without all remorſe,
(Looking like men that deeply were diſtraught)
Smoking with ſweat, beſmear'd with duſt and blood,
Cut into cantels all that them withſtood.

Yet whilſt thus hotly they hold up the chaſe
Upon the French, and had ſo high a hand,
The Duke of BOURBON, to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to ſtand:
To whom the Earl of SUFFOLK makes apace,
Bringing a freſh, and yet-unfought-with band
Of valiant bill-men; OXFORD with ſucceſs
Up with his troops doth with the other preſs:

When in comes ORLEANCE, quite thruſt off before
By thoſe rude crowds that from the Engliſh ran,
Encouraging ſtout BOURBON's troops the more,
T' affront the foe that inſtantly began:
Fain would the Duke (if poſſible) reſtore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour, loſt by this their late defeat,
And cauſed only by their baſe retreat.

Their men at arms their lances cloſely lock
One in another, and come up ſo round,
That, by the ſtrength and horror of the ſhock,
They forc'd the Engliſh to forſake their ground,
Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,
Tho' by the ſhafts receiving many a wound;
As they would ſhow, that they were none of thoſe
That turn'd their backs ſo baſely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,
WOODHOUSE comes in as back the Engliſh bear:
" My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to ſtand,
" When ſmiling fortune offers us ſo fair?
" The French ly yonder like to wreaks of ſand,
" And you by this our glory but impair:
" Or now, or never, your firſt fight maintain,
" CHATILLYON and the Conſtable are ſlain.

" Hand over head pell-mell upon them run,
" If you will prove the maſters of the day:
" FERRERS and GREYSTOCK have ſo bravely done,
" That I envy their glory, and dare ſay
" From all the Engliſh they the goal have won;
" Either let's ſhare, or they'll bear all away."
This ſpoke, his ax about his head he flings,
And haſtes away, as though his heels had wings.

The incitation of this youthful Knight,
Beſides amends for their retreat to make,
Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might
A ſecond charge with ſpeed to undertake;
Never before were they ſo mad to fight,
When valiant FANHOPE thus the Lords beſpake:
" SUFFOLK and OXFORD, as brave Earls you be,
" Once more bear up with WILLOUGHBY and me."

' Why now, methinks, I hear brave FANHOPE ſpeak,
' Quoth noble OXFORD, thou haſt thy deſire:
' Theſe words of thine ſhall yon battalion break;
' And for myſelf, I never will retire,
' Until our teen upon the French we wreak,
' Or in this our laſt enterprize expire."
This ſpoke, their gauntlets each doth other give,
And to the charge as faſt as they could drive;

That

That ſlaughter ſeem'd to have but ſtay'd for breath,
To make the horror to enſue the more:
With hands beſmear'd with blood, when meager death
Looketh more grieſly than he did before;
So that each body ſeem'd but as a ſheath
To put their ſwords in to the hilts in gore;
As though that inſtant were the end of all,
To fell the French, or by the French to fall.

Look how you ſee a field of ſtanding corn,
When ſome ſtrong wind in ſummer haps to blow,
At the full height, and ready to be ſhorn,
Riſing in waves, how it doth come and go
Forward and backward; ſo the crowds are born,
Or as the eddy turneth in the flow;
And, above all, the bills and axes play
As do the atoms in the ſunny ray.

Now with main blows their armours are unbrac'd,
And as the French before the Engliſh fled,
With their brown bills their recreant backs they baſte,
And from their ſhoulders their faint arms do ſhred:
One with a gleave near cut off by the waiſt,
Another runs to ground with half a head;
Another ſtumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a leg, and on his face doth light.

The Dukes, who found their force thus overthrown,
And thoſe few left them ready ſtill to rout,
Having great ſkill, and no leſs courage ſhown,
Yet of their ſafeties much began to doubt;
For having few about them of their own,
And by the Engliſh ſo impal'd about,
Saw that to ſome one they themſelves muſt yield,
Or elſe abide the fury of the field.

They put themſelves on thoſe victorious Lords,
Who led the vanguard with ſo good ſucceſs,
Beſpeaking them with honourable words,
Themſelves their priſoners freely and confeſs;
Who by the ſtrength of their commanding ſwords
Could hardly ſave them from the ſlaught'ring preſs,
By SUFFOLK's aid till they away were ſent,
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their ſoldiers, to eſchew the ſack,
'Gainſt their own battle bearing in their flight,
By their own French are ſtrongly beaten back,
Leſt they their ranks ſhould have diſorder'd quite:
So that thoſe men at arms go all to rack,
'Twixt their own friends and thoſe with whom they fight,
Wherein diſorder and deſtruction ſeem'd
To ſtrive, which ſhould the pow'rfulleſt be deem'd.

And whilſt the Dauphin of AVERNEY cries,
" Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worſt,
" And let that villain, from the field that flies,
" By babes yet to be born be ever curſt:
" All under heav'n that we can hope for lies
" On this day's battle; let me be the firſt
" That turn'd ye back upon your deſp'rate foes,
" To ſave our honours, though our lives we loſe."

To whom comes in the Earl of EWE, which long
Had in the battle ranged here and there,
A thouſand bills, a thouſand bows among,
And had ſeen many ſpectacles of fear;
And finding yet the Dauphin's ſpirit ſo ſtrong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,
Upon the ſhoulder claps him, " Prince, quoth he,
" Since I muſt fall, O let me fall with thee."

Scarce

Scarce had he ſpoke, but th' Engliſh them incloſe,
And like to maſtiffs fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage ſtrongly them oppoſe;
When the Lord BEAUMONT, who their armings knew,
Their preſent peril to brave SUFFOLK ſhows:
Quoth he, "Lo where D'AVERNEY are, and EWE!
"In this ſmall time, who ſince the field begun,
"Have done as much as can by men be done.

"Now ſlaughter ceaſe me, if I do not grieve
"Two ſo brave ſpirits ſhould be untimely ſlain;
"Lies there no way (my Lord) them to relieve,
"And for their ranſoms two ſuch to retain?"
Quoth SUFFOLK, 'Come, we'll hazard their reprieve,
'And ſhare our fortunes.' In they go amain,
And with ſuch danger thro' the preſs they wade,
As of their lives but ſmall account they made.

Yet ere they through the cluſter'd crouds could get,
Oft down on thoſe there trod to death that lay,
The valiant Dauphin had diſcharg'd his debt,
Than whom no man had bravelier ſerv'd that day.
The Earl of EWE and wondrous hard beſet,
Had left all hope of life to 'ſcape away,
Till noble BEAUMONT and brave SUFFOLK came,
And as their pris'ner ſeis'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,
The vaward vanquiſh'd, quite the field doth fly,
And other helps beſides this they have none,
But that their hopes do on their main rely;
And therefore now it ſtandeth them upon
To fight it bravely, or elſe yield or die:
For the fierce Engliſh charge ſo home and ſore,
As in their hands JOVE's thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of YORK, who ſince the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troops was ſeen,
And things well-near beyond belief had done,
Which of his fortune made him overween
Himſelf ſo far, into the main doth run;
So that the French, which quickly got between
Him and his ſuccours, that great chieftain ſlew,
Who bravely fought whilſt any breath he drew.

The news ſoon brought to this couragious King,
O'erſpread his face with a diſtemper'd fire;
Though making little ſhew of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes expreſt his ire,
More than before the Frenchmen menacing:
And he was heard thus ſoftly to reſpire:
"Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,
"Or, ere one hour be paſt, I'll follow thee."

When as the frolick cavalry of France,
That in the head of the main battle came,
Perceiv'd the King of England to advance
To charge in perſon, it doth them inflame;
Each one well hoping it might be his chance
To ſeize upon him, which was all their aim:
Then with the braveſt of the Engliſh met,
Themſelves that there before the King had ſet.

When the Earl of CORNWAL with unuſual force
Encounters GRANDPRE, next that came to hands,
In ſtrength his equal, blow for blow they ſcorce,
Wielding their axes as they had been wands,
Till the Earl tumbles GRANDPRE from his horſe;
Over whom ſtraight the Count SALINES ſtands,
And lendeth CORNWAL ſuch a blow withall,
Over the crupper that he makes him fall.

CORN-

CORNWAL recovers, for his arms were good,
And to SALINES maketh up again,
Who chang'd ſuch boiſt'rous buffets, that the blood
Doth through the joints of their ſtrong armour ſtrain,
Till Count SALINES ſunk down where he ſtood.
BLAMOUNT, who ſees the Count SALINES ſlain,
Straight copes with CORNWAL beaten out of breath,
Till KENT comes in, and reſcues him from death.

KENT upon BLAMOUNT furiouſly doth fly,
Who at the Earl with no leſs courage ſtruck,
And one the other with ſuch knocks they ply,
That either's ax in th' other's helmet ſtuck;
Whilſt they are wreſtling, croſſing thigh with thigh,
Their axes pikes which ſooneſt out ſhould pluck,
They fall to ground, like in their caſks to ſmother,
With their clutcht gauntlets cuffing one another.

Couragious [i] CLUET, grieved at the ſight
Of his friend BLAMOUNT's unexpected fall,
Makes in to lend him all the aid he might,
Whoſe coming ſeem'd the ſtout Lord SCALES to call;
Betwixt whom then began a mortal fight,
When inſtantly fell in Sir PHILIP HALL;
'Gainſt him goes ROUSSY, in then LOVELL ran,
Whom next Count MORVILE chuſeth as his man.

Their cuirates are unriveted with blows,
With horrid wounds their breaſts and faces ſlaſht;
There drops a cheek, and there falls off a noſe,
And in one's face his fellow's brains are daſht:
Yet ſtill the better with the Engliſh goes;
The earth of France with her own blood is waſht;
They fall ſo faſt ſhe ſcarce affords them room,
That one man's trunk becomes another's tomb.

When

[i] Called CLUET of BRABANT.

When SUFFOLK chargeth HUNTINGTON with ſloth,
Over himſelf too wary to have been,
And had neglected his faſt-plighted troth
Upon the field, the battle to begin,
That where the one was, there they would be both;
When the ſtout Earl of HUNTINGTON, to win
Truſt with his friends, doth this himſelf enlarge
To this great Earl, who dares him thus to charge.

" My Lord (quoth he) it is not that I fear,
" More than yourſelf, that ſo I have not gone;
" But that I have been forced to be near
" The King, whoſe perſon I attend upon,
" And that I doubt not but to make appear
" Now, if occaſion ſhall but call me on;
" Look round about, my Lord, if you can ſee,
" Some brave adventure worthy you and me."

' See yon proud banner of the Duke of BARR's,
' Methinks it wafts us, and I hear it ſay,
' Where's that couragious Engliſhman that dares
' Adventure but to carry me away?
' This were a thing now worthy of our wars.'
" Is't true, quoth SUFFOLK? by this bleſſed day,
" On, and we have it." ' Say'ſt thou ſo indeed,
' Quoth HUNTINTON? Then fortune be our ſpeed.'

And through the ranks then ruſhing in their pride,
They make a lane, about them ſo they lay;
Foot goes with foot, and ſide is join'd to ſide,
They ſtrike down all that ſtand within their way,
And to direct them have no other guide,
But as they ſee the multitude to ſway;
And as they paſs, the French as to defy,
Saint GEORGE for England and the King, they cry.

By

By their examples, each brave Engliſh blood
Upon the Frenchmen for their enſigns run,
Thick there as trees within a well-grown wood,
Where great atchievements inſtantly were done,
Againſt them toughly whilſt that nation ſtood.
But O! what man his deſtiny can ſhun?
That noble SUFFOLK there is overthrown,
When he much valour ſundry ways had ſhown.

Which the proud Engliſh farther doth provoke,
Who to deſtruction bodily were bent,
That the main battle inſtantly they broke,
Upon the French ſo furiouſly they went;
And not an Engliſh but doth ſcorn a ſtroke,
If to the ground it not a Frenchman ſent,
Who weak with wounds, their weapons from them threw,
With which the Engliſh fearfully them ſlew.

ALANZON back upon the rearward born
By thoſe unarm'd that from the Engliſh fled,
All farther hopes then utterly forlorn,
His noble heart in his full boſom bled:
"What fate (quoth he) our overthrow hath ſworn?
"Muſt France a pris'ner be to England led?
"Well, if ſhe be ſo, yet I'll let her ſee,
"She bears my carcaſs with her, and not me."

And puts his horſe upon his full career,
When with the courage of a valiant Knight
(As one that knew not, or forgot to fear)
He tow'rds King HENRY maketh in the fight,
And all before him as he down doth bear,
Upon the Duke of GLOCESTER doth light,
Which on the youthful chivalry doth bring,
Scarce two pikes length that came before the King.

Their

Their ſtaves both ſtrongly riveted with ſteel,
At the firſt ſtroke each other they aſtound,
That as they ſtagg'ring from each other reel,
The Duke of GLOS'TER falleth to the ground;
When as ALANZON round about doth wheel,
Thinking to lend him his laſt deadly wound,
In comes the King, his brother's life to ſave,
And to this brave Duke a freſh onſet gave.

When as themſelves like thunderbolts they ſhot
One at the other, and the light'ning brake
Out of their helmets, and again was not,
Ere of their ſtrokes the ear a ſound could take,
Betwixt them two the conflict grew ſo hot,
Which thoſe about them ſo amaz'd doth make,
That they ſtood ſtill, as wond'ring at the fight,
And quite forgot that they themſelves muſt fight.

Upon the King ALANZON preſt ſo ſore,
That with a ſtroke (as he was wond'rous ſtrong)
He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,
And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;
Then with a ſecond bruis'd his helm before,
That it his forehead pitifully wrung;
As ſome that ſaw it certainly had thought,
The King therewith had to the ground been brought.

But HENRY ſoon, ALANZON's ire to quit,
(As now his valour lay upon the rack)
Upon the face the Duke ſo ſtrongly hit,
As in his ſaddle laid him on his back;
And once perceiving that he had him ſplit,
Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on thwack,
Till he had loſt his ſtirrups, and his head
Hung where his horſe was like thereon to tread.

When

When ſoon two other ſeconding their Lord,
His kind companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping again the Duke to have reſtor'd,
If to his feet his arms would let him riſe;
On the King's helm their height of fury ſcor'd,
Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body ſlew them both, whilſt he
Recovering was their aid again to be.

The King thus made the maſter of the fight,
The Duke calls to him as he there doth lie:
"HENRY, I'll pay my ranſom, do me right,
"I am the Duke ALANZON, it is I,"
The King to ſave him putting all his might,
Yet the rude ſoldiers with their ſhout and cry,
Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being ſhut,
And that brave Duke into ſmall pieces cut.

Report once ſpread through the diſtracted hoſt,
Of their prime hope the Duke ALANZON ſlain,
That flower of France, on whom they truſted moſt,
They found their valour was but then in vain;
Like men their hearts that utterly had loſt,
Who ſlowly fled before, now ran amain;
Nor could a man be found but that deſpairs,
Seeing the fate both of themſelves and theirs.

The Duke NEVERS now, in this ſad retreat,
By DAVID GAM and MORISBY perſu'd,
(Who throughly chaf'd near melted into ſweat,
And with French blood their pole-axes imbru'd)
They ſeize upon him following the defeat,
Amongſt the faint and fearful multitude;
When a contention fell between them twain,
To whom the Duke ſhould rightfully pertain.

"I muſt

" I muſt confeſs thou had'ſt him firſt in chaſe,
" (Quoth MORISBY) but left'ſt him in the throng,
" Then put I on." Quoth GAM, ' Haſt thou the face,
' Inſulting Knight, to offer me this wrong?'
Quoth MORISBY, " Who ſhall decide the caſe?
" Let him confeſs to whom he doth belong."
' Let him, quoth GAM; but if't be not to me,
' For any right you have, he may go free.'

With that couragious MORISBY grew hot:
" Were not, ſaid he, his ranſom worth a pin,
" Now by theſe arms I wear, thou get'ſt him not;
" Or if thou do'ſt, thou ſhalt him hardly win."
GAM, whoſe Welch blood could hardly brook this blot,
To bend his ax upon him doth begin:
He his at him, till the Lord BEAUMONT came,
Their raſh attempt and wiſely thus doth blame.

" Are not the French twice trebled to our pow'r,
" And fighting ſtill, nay doubtful yet the day?
" Think you not theſe us faſt enough devour,
" But that your braves the army muſt diſmay?
" If aught but good befall us in this hour,
" This be you ſure, your lives for it muſt pay:
" Then firſt the end of this day's battle ſee,
" And then decide whoſe pris'ner he ſhall be."

Now EXETER with his untainted rear
Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;
And with the King's main battle up doth bear,
Who ſtill kept off till the laſt hour had been;
He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth hear,
But yet he knew not which the day ſhould win;
Nor aſks of any what were fit to do,
But where the French were thick'ſt, he falleth to.

The

The Earl of VENDOME, certainly that thought
The Engliſh fury ſomewhat had been ſtaid,
Weary with ſlaughter, as men over-wrought,
Nor had been ſpurr'd on by a ſecond aid,
For his own ſafety then more fiercely fought,
Hoping the tempeſt ſomewhat had been laid;
And he thereby, tho' ſuff'ring the defeat,
Might keep his rearward whole in his retreat.

On whom the Duke of EXETER then fell,
Rear with the rear now for their valours vie;
Ours find the French their lives will dearly ſell,
And the Engliſh mean as dearly them to buy:
The Engliſh follow, ſhould they run through hell,
And through the ſame the French muſt if they fly;
When to't they go, deciding it with blows;
With th'one ſide now, then with th'other't goes.

But the ſtern Engliſh with ſuch luck and might
(As though the fates had ſworn to take their parts)
Upon the French prevailing in the fight,
With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,
The more in peril ſtill the more in plight,
'Gainſt them whom fortune miſerably thwarts;
Diſabled quite before the foe to ſtand,
But fall like graſs before the mower's hand:

That this French Earl is beaten on the field,
His fighting ſoldiers round about him ſlain;
And when himſelf a pris'ner he would yield,
And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;
Their bills the Engliſh do ſo eas'ly wield,
To kill the French as though it were no pain;
For this to them was their auſpicious day,
The more the Engliſh fight, the more they may.

When

When now the Marſhal BOUCEQUALT, which long
Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,
Oft hazarded the murther'd troops among,
Encouraging them to abide the day;
Finding the army that he thought ſo ſtrong,
Before the Engliſh faintly to diſmay,
Brings on the wings which of the reſt remain'd,
With which the battle ſtoutly he maintain'd.

Till old Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM at laſt
With thoſe three hundred archers cometh in;
Which laid in ambuſh not three hours yet paſt,
Had the defeat of the French army been;
With theſe that noble ſoldier maketh haſte,
Leſt other from him ſhould the honour win;
Who, as before, now ſtretch their well-waxt ſtrings
At the French horſe, then coming in the wings.

The ſoil with ſlaughter ev'ry where they load,
Whilſt the French ſtoutly to the Engliſh ſtood;
The drops from either's empty'd veins that flow'd,
Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:
But heav'n that day to the brave Engliſh ow'd;
The ſun that roſe in water, ſet in blood;
Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,
And the ſtout Marſhal vainly doth but fear.

His horſe ſore wounded, whilſt he went aſide
To take another ſtill that doth attend,
A ſhaft which ſome too lucky hand doth guide,
Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end;
Which when the proud Lord FALCONBRIDGE eſpy'd,
Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,
Struck from his horſe with many a mortal wound,
Is by the Engliſh nailed to the ground.

The

The Marſhal's death ſo much doth them affright,
That down their weapons inſtantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier arms they wholly caſt away;
Their hearts ſo heavy, makes their heels ſo light,
That there was no intreating them to ſtay;
O'er hedge and ditch diſtractedly they take,
And happieſt he that greateſt haſte could make.

When VADAMONT now in the conflict met
With valiant BRABANT, whoſe high valour ſhown
That day, did many a blunted courage whet,
Elſe long before that from the field had flown:
Quoth VADAMONT, "See how we are beſet,
"To death like to be trodden by our own!
"My Lord of BRABANT, what is to be done?
"See how the French before the Engliſh run!"

'Why let them run, and never turn the head,
'Quoth the brave Duke, until their hateful breath
'Forſake their bodies, and ſo far have fled,
'That France be not diſparag'd by their death:
'Who truſts to cowards ne'er is better ſped.
'Be he accurſt with ſuch that holdeth faith;
'Slaughter conſume the recreants as they flie,
'Branded with ſhame ſo baſely may they die.

'Ignoble French, your fainting cow'rdice craves
'The dreadful curſe of your own mother earth,
'Hard'ning her breaſt, not to allow you graves,
'Be ſhe ſo much aſhamed of your birth:
'May he be curſt that one of you but ſaves;
'And be in France hereafter ſuch a dearth
'Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,
'A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

'From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
'To fight for them that ten from one do flie;
'It ſplits my breaſt, O that I could be mad!
'To vex theſe ſlaves who would not dare to die?
'In all this army is there not a lad,
'Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare cry?
'If ſcarce one found, then let me be that one,
'The Engliſh army that oppos'd alone.'

This ſaid, he puts his horſe upon his ſpeed,
And in like light'ning on the Engliſh flew,
Where many a mother's ſon he made to bleed,
Whilſt him with much aſtoniſhment they view;
Where having acted many a Knight-like deed,
Him and his horſe they all to pieces hew:
Yet he that day more laſting glory wan,
Except ALANZON, than did any man.

When as report to great King HENRY came,
Of a vaſt rout which from the battle fled,
(Amongſt the French moſt men of ſpecial name)
By the ſtout Engliſh fiercely followed;
Had for their ſafety (much though to their ſhame)
Got in their flight into ſo ſtrong a ſted,
So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood, be [brought.
An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,
Which ſerv'd for ſhot 'gainſt thoſe that ſhould aſſail,
Whoſe narrow entrance they with croſs-bows kept,
Whoſe ſharpen'd quarries came in ſhow'rs like hail.
Quoth the brave King, "Firſt let the field be ſwept,
"And with the reſt we well enough ſhall deal."
Which tho' ſome heard, and ſo ſhut up their ear,
Yet reliſh'd not with many ſoldiers there.

Some

Some that themſelves by ranſoms would enrich,
To make their prey of peaſants yet deſpiſe,
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize;
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,
Rather than life would to this enterprize;
Moſt men ſeem'd willing, yet not any one
Would put himſelf this great exploit upon.

Which WOODHOUSE hearing, merrily thus ſpake,
One that right well knew both his worth and wit:
" A dangerous thing it is to undertake
" A fort, where ſoldiers are defending it;
" Perhaps they ſleep, and if they ſhould awake,
" With ſtones, or with their ſhafts they may us hit,
" And in our conqueſt whilſt ſo well we fare,
" It were meer folly; but I ſee none dare."

Which GAM o'erhearing, being near at hand:
' Not dare! quoth he, and angerly doth frown;
' I tell thee, WOODHOUSE, ſome in preſence ſtand,
' Dare prop the ſun if it were falling down;
' Dare graſp the bolt from thunder in his hand,
' And through a cannon leap into a town;
' I tell thee, a reſolved man may do
' Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted to.'

" I know that reſolution may do much,
" WOODHOUSE replies; but who could act my thought,
" With his proud head the pole might eas'ly touch.
" And GAM, quoth he, though bravely thou haſt fought,
" Yet not the fame thou haſt attain'd to ſuch,
" But that behind as great is to be bought,
" And yonder 'tis; then, GAM, come up with me,
" Where ſoon the King our courages ſhall ſee.

'Agreed,' quoth GAM; and up their troops they call,
Hand over head and on the French they ran,
And to the fight couragiouſly they fall,
When on both ſides the ſlaughter ſoon began.
Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
Theſe what they may, and thoſe do what they can;
[k] WOODHOUSE and GAM upon each other vie,
By arms their manhood deſp'rately to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd Engliſh ſtrive,
And ſome by trees there growing to aſcend;
The French with flints let at the Engliſh drive,
Themſelves with ſhields the Engliſhmen defend,
And fain the fort down with their hands would rive;
Thus either ſide their utmoſt pow'r extend,
Till valiant GAM ſore wounded, drawn aſide
By his own ſoldiers, ſhortly after dy'd.

Then take they up the bodies of the ſlain,
Which for their targets ours before them bear,
And with a freſh aſſault come on again;
Scarce in the field yet ſuch a fight as there!
Croſs-bows and long-bows at it are amain,
Untill the French, their maſſacre that fear,
Of the fierce Engliſh a ceſſation crave,
Off'ring to yield, ſo they their lives would ſave.

LEWIS of BOURBON, in the furious heat
Of this great battle, having made ſome ſtay,
Who with the left wing ſuffer'd a defeat
In the beginning of this luckleſs day,
Finding the Engliſh forcing their retreat,
And that much hope upon his valour lay;
Fearing leſt he might undergo ſome ſhame,
That were unworthy of the BOURBON name,

Hath

[k] For this ſervice done by WOODHOUSE, there was an addition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a club, with the

Hath gather'd up ſome ſcatter'd troops of horſe,
That in the field ſtood doubtful what to do,
Though with much toil, which he doth reinforce
With ſome ſmall pow'r that he doth add thereto,
Proclaiming ſtill the Engliſh had the worſe;
And now at laſt, with him if they would go,
He dares aſſure them victory; if not,
The greateſt fame that ever ſoldiers got.

And being wiſe, ſo BOURBON to beguile
The French preparing inſtantly to fly,
Procures a ſoldier, by a ſecret wile,
To come in ſwiftly, and to crave ſupply,
That if with courage they would fight a while,
It certain was the Engliſh all ſhould die;
For that the King had offer'd them to yield,
Finding his troops to leave him on the field.

When ARTHUR Earl of RICHMOUNT coming in
With the right wing, that long ſtay'd out of ſight,
Having too lately with the Engliſh been;
But finding BOURBON bent again to fight,
His former credit hoping yet to win
(Which at that inſtant eaſily he might)
Comes up cloſe with him, and puts on as faſt,
Bravely reſolv'd to fight it to the laſt.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought
Of the arriving of the Dauphin's power,
Whoſe ſpeedy van their rear had almoſt raught
(From Agincourt diſcover'd from a tower)
Which with the Norman gallantry was fraught,
And on the ſuddain coming like a ſhower,
Would bring a deluge on the Engliſh hoſt,
Whilſt yet they ſtood their victory to boaſt.

words, *Frappe Fort*, which is born by the family of the WOODHOUSE of Norfolk to this day.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide
Forc'd by a wind, that ſhoves it forth ſo faſt,
Till it choak up ſome channel ſide to ſide,
And the craz'd banks doth down before it caſt,
Hoping the Engliſh would not them abide,
Or would be ſo amated at their haſte,
That ſhould they fail to rout them at their will,
Yet of their blood the fields ſhould drink their fill.

When as the Engliſh, whoſe o'er-weary'd arms
Were with long ſlaughter lately waxed ſore,
Theſe unexpected and ſo fierce alarms
To their firſt ſtrength do inſtantly reſtore,
And like a ſtove their ſtiffen'd ſinews warms
To act as bravely as they did before;
And the proud French as ſtoutly to oppoſe,
Scorning to yield one foot deſpight of blows.

The fight is fearful; for ſtout BOURBON brings
His freſher forces on with ſuch a ſhock,
That they were like to cut the archers ſtrings
Ere they their arrows handſomly could nock:
The French, like engines that were made with ſprings,
Themſelves ſo faſt into the Engliſh lock,
That th' one was like the other down to bear,
In wanting room to ſtrike, they ſtood ſo near.

Till ſtagg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,
Glad that themſelves they ſo could diſengage;
And falling back upon the ſpacious field
(For this laſt ſcene that is the bloody ſtage)
Where they their weapons liberally could wield,
They with ſuch madneſs execute their rage,
As though the former fury of the day,
To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter

Slaughter is now deſected to the full:
Here from their backs their batter'd armours fall;
Here a fleſt ſhoulder, there a cloven ſkull;
There hang his eyes out-beaten with a mall;
Until the edges of their bills grow dull,
Upon each other they ſo ſpend their gall.
Wild ſhouts and clamours all the air do fill;
The French cry TUE, and the Engliſh KILL.

The Duke of BARR, in this vaſt ſpoil, by chance
With the Lord ST. JOHN on the field doth meet,
Tow'rds whom that brave Duke doth himſelf advance,
Who with the like encounter him doth greet:
This Engliſh Baron and this Peer of France,
Grappling together, falling from their feet,
With the rude crouds had both to death been cruſh'd,
In for their ſafety had their friends not ruſh'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their ſoldiers ſhift
To ſave their lives, if any way they could;
But as the French the Duke away would lift,
Upon his arms the Engliſh taking hold
(Men of that ſort, that thought upon their thrift)
Knowing his ranſom dearly would be ſold,
Drag him away in ſpite of their defence,
Which to their quarter would have born him thence.

Mean while brave BOURBON, from his ſtirring horſe
Gall'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown;
By a mean ſoldier ſeized on by force,
Hoping to have him certainly his own;
Which this Lord holdeth better ſo than worſe,
Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown;
And he perceives the ſoldier him doth deem
To be a perſon of no mean eſteem.

BERKELEY and BURNELL, two brave Engliſh Lords,
Fluſh'd with French blood, and in their valour's pride,
Above their arm'd heads brandiſhing their ſwords
As they triumphing through the army ride,
Finding what prizes fortune here affords
To ev'ry ſoldier, and more wiſtly ey'd
This gallant pris'ner; by this arming ſee
Of the great BOURBON family to be;

And from the ſoldier they his pris'ner take,
Of which the French Lord ſeemeth wond'rous fain,
Thereby his ſafety more ſecure to make:
Which when the ſoldier finds his hopes in vain,
So rich a booty forced to forſake,
To put himſelf and pris'ner out of pain,
He on the ſudden ſtabs him, and doth ſwear,
Would th' axe his ranſom, they ſhould take it there.

When ROSS and MORLEY making in amain,
Bring the Lord DARCY up with them along,
Whoſe horſe had lately under him been ſlain,
And they on foot found fighting in the throng,
Thoſe Lords his friends remounting him again,
Being a man that valiant was and ſtrong;
They all together with a gen'ral hand
Charge on the French, that they could find to ſtand.

And yet but vainly, as the French ſuppos'd;
For th'Earl of RICHMOUNT forth ſuch earth had found,
That on two ſides with quick-ſet was enclos'd,
And the way to it by a riſing ground,
By which a while the Engliſh were oppos'd
At every charge; which elſe came up ſo round,
As that except the paſſage put them by,
The French as well might leave their arms, and fly.

Upon

Upon both parts it furiouſly is fought,
And with ſuch quickneſs riſeth to that height,
That horror need no farther to be ſought,
If only that might ſatisfy the ſight.
Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought,
For it was ſold by meaſure and by weight;
And at one rate the price ſtill certain ſtood,
An ounce of honour coſt a pound of blood.

When ſo it hapt, that DAMPIER in the van
Meets with ſtout DARCY; but whilſt him he preſs'd,
Over and over cometh horſe and man,
Of whom the other ſoon himſelf poſſeſs'd:
When as SAVESSES upon DARCY ran
To aid DAMPIER; but as he him addreſs'd,
A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,
Him from his ſaddle violently heaves.

When ſoon five hundred Engliſh men at arms,
That to the French had given many a chaſe,
And when they cover'd all the field with ſwarms,
Yet oft that day had bravely bid them baſe;
Now at the laſt, by raiſing freſh alarms,
And coming up with an unuſual pace,
Made them to know, that they muſt run or yield;
Never till now the Engliſh had the field.

Where ARTHUR Earl of RICHMOUNT beaten down,
Is left (ſuppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead;
But afterwards awaking from his ſwoon,
By ſome that found him was recovered.
So Count DU MARLE was likewiſe overthrown,
As he was turning, meaning to have fled.
Who fights, the cold blade in his boſom feels;
Who flies, ſtill hears it whiſſing at his heels.

Till all diſrank'd, like ſilly ſheep they run,
By threats nor pray'rs to be conſtrain'd to ſtay,
For that their hearts were ſo extremely done,
That fainting, oft they fall upon the way;
Or when they might a preſent peril ſhun,
They ruſh upon it by their much diſmay;
That from the Engliſh ſhould they ſafely flie,
Of their own very fear yet they ſhould die.

Some they take pris'ners, other ſome they kill,
As they affect thoſe upon whom they fall;
For they, as victors, may do what they will,
For who this Conqu'ror to account dare call?
In gore the Engliſh ſeem their ſouls to ſwill,
And the dejected French muſt ſuffer all;
Flight, cords, and ſlaughter, are the only three,
To which themſelves ſubjected they do ſee.

A ſhooleſs ſoldier there a man might meet
Leading his Monſieur by the arms faſt bound;
Another, his had ſhackled by the feet,
Who like a cripple ſhuffled on the ground;
Another, three or four before him beat
Like harmful cattle driven to a pound:
They muſt abide it, ſo the victor will,
Who at his pleaſure may or ſave or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began,
Whoſe leaſe of lacqueys ambled by his ſide,
Himſelf a lacquey now moſt baſely ran,
Whilſt a ragg'd ſoldier on his horſe doth ride;
That raſcal is no leſs than at his man,
Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd;
And the French Lord now court'ſies to that ſlave,
Who the laſt day his alms was like to crave.

And

And thoſe few Engliſh wounded in the fight,
They force the French to bring with them away,
Who when they were depreſſed with the weight,
Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay:
Thoſe in the morn whoſe hopes were at their height,
Are fall'n thus low ere the departing day!
With picks of halberts prickt inſtead of goads,
Like tired horſes lab'ring with their loads.

But as the Engliſh from the field return,
Some of thoſe French who when the fight began
Forſook their friends, and hoping yet to earn
Pardon, for that ſo cowardly they ran,
Aſſay the Engliſh carriages to burn,
Which to defend them ſcarcely had a man;
For that their keepers to the field were got,
To pick ſuch ſpoils as chance ſhould them allot.

The captains of this raſcal cow'rdly rout,
Were ISAMBERT of AGINCOURT, at hand;
RIFLANT of CLUNASS, a dorp thereabout;
And for the chief in this their baſe command
Was ROBINETT of BURNIVILLE, throughout
The country known all order to withſtand;
Theſe, with five hundred peaſants they had rais'd,
The Engliſh tents upon an inſtant ſeiz'd.

For ſetting on thoſe with the luggage left,
A few poor ſuttlers with the camp that went,
They baſely fell to pillage and to theft;
And having rifled every booth and tent,
Some of the ſilliеſt they of life bereft;
The fear of which ſome of the other ſent
Into the army with their ſudden cries,
Which put the King in fear of freſh ſupplies.

For

For that his ſoldiers tired in the fight,
Their pris'ners more in number than they were,
He thought it for a thing of too much weight
T' oppoſe freſh forces, and to guard them there.
The Dauphin's pow'rs yet ſtanding in their ſight,
And BOURBON's forces of the field not clear;
Thoſe yearning cries that from the carriage came,
His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame:

And in his rage he inſtantly commands
That every Engliſh ſhould his pris'ner kill,
Except ſome few in ſome great captain's hands,
Whoſe ranſoms might his empty'd coffers fill.
All's one who's looſe, or who is now in bonds,
Both muſt one way, it is the Conqu'ror's will.
Thoſe who late thought ſmall ranſoms them might free,
Saw only death their ranſoms now muſt be.

Accurſed French, and could it not ſuffice,
That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,
But ye muſt thus unfortunately riſe,
To draw more plagues upon ye than before?
And 'gainſt yourſelves more miſchief to deviſe
Than th' Engliſh could have? and ſet wide the door
To utter ruin, and to make an end
Of that yourſelves, which others would not ſpend?

Their utmoſt rage the Engliſh now had breath'd,
And their proud hearts 'gan ſomewhat to relent;
Their bloody ſwords they quietly had ſheath'd,
And their ſtrong bows already were unbent;
To eaſeful reſt their bodies they bequeath'd,
Nor farther harm at all to you they meant;
And to that pains muſt ye them needſly put,
To draw their knives once more your throats to cut?

That

That French who lately by the Engliſh ſtood,
And freely ask'd what ranſom he ſhould pay,
Who ſomewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,
Agreed with him both of the ſum and day,
Now finds his fleſh muſt be the preſent food
For wolves and ravens, for the ſame that ſtay;
And ſees his blood on th'other's ſword to flow,
Ere his quick ſenſe could apprehend the blow.

Whilſt one is aſking what the bus'neſs is,
Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry;
He who detains him pris'ner, anſwers this,
"Monſieur, the King commands that you muſt die:
"This is plain Engliſh." Whilſt he's killing his,
He ſees another on a Frenchman flie,
And with a pole-ax daſheth out his brains,
Whilſt he's demanding what the garboil means.

That tender heart, whoſe chance it was to have
Some one that day who did much valour ſhow,
Who might perhaps have had him for his ſlave,
But equal lots had fate pleas'd to beſtow;
He who his pris'ner willingly would ſave,
Laſtly conſtrain'd to give the deadly blow,
That ſends him down to everlaſting ſleep,
Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep.

Ten thouſand French, that inwardly were well,
Save ſome light hurts that any man might heal,
Even at an inſtant, in a minute fell,
And their own friends their deaths to them do deal.
Yet of ſo many, very few could tell,
Nor could the Engliſh perfectly reveal
The deſp'rate cauſe of this diſaſt'rous hap,
But ev'n as thunder kill'd them with a clap.

How

How happy were thoſe, in the very height
Of this great battle that had bravely dy'd!
When as their boiling boſoms, in the fight,
Felt not the ſharp ſteel thorough them to ſlide;
But theſe now in a miſerable plight,
Muſt in cold blood this maſſacre abide,
Caus'd by thoſe villains (curſt alive and dead)
That from the field the paſſed morning fled.

When as the King, to crown this glorious day,
Now bids his ſoldiers, after all this toil,
(No forces found that more might them diſmay)
Of the dead French to take the gen'ral ſpoil,
Whoſe heaps had well-near ſtopt up ev'ry way,
For ev'n as clods they cover'd all the ſoil:
Commanding none ſhould any one controul,
Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

They fall to groping buſily for gold,
Of which about them the ſlain French had ſtore;
They find as much as well their hands can hold;
Who had but ſilver, him they counted poor.
Scarfs, chains, and bracelets, were not to be told;
So rich as theſe no ſoldiers were before.
Who got a ring, would ſcarcely put it on,
Except therein there were ſome radiant ſtone.

Cut of rich ſuits the nobleſt French they ſtrip,
And leave their bodies naked on the ground;
And each one fills his knapſack, or his ſcrip,
With ſome rare thing that on the field is found:
About his bus'neſs he doth nimbly ſkip,
That had upon him many a cruel wound:
And where they found a French not outright ſlain,
They him a pris'ner conſtantly retain.

Who

Who ſcarce a ſhirt had but the day before,
Nor a whole ſtocking to keep out the cold,
Hath a whole wardrobe at command in ſtore,
In the French faſhion flaunting it in gold;
And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
Chocking his crowns; and grows thereby ſo bold,
That proudly he a captain's name aſſumes,
In his gilt gorget with his toſſing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,
With arms and tents there taken in the field;
For want of carriage, on whoſe tops are packt
Enſigns, coat-armours, targets, ſpears, and ſhields:
Nor need they convoy, fearing to be ſackt,
For all the country to King HENRY yields;
And the poor peaſant helps along to bear,
What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horſe well-furniſh'd for a preſent war,
For a French crown might any where be bought;
But if ſo be that he had any ſcar,
Tho' ne'er ſo ſmall, he valu'd was at nought.
With ſpoils ſo fated the proud Engliſh are,
Amongſt the ſlain that who for pillage fought,
Except ſome rich caparizon he found,
For a ſteel ſaddle would not ſtoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,
Whoſe wounds were mortal, others wond'rous deep,
When as the Engliſh over-paſs'd they hear,
And no man left a watch on them to keep,
Into the buſhes and the ditches near
Upon their weak hands and their knees do creep;
But for their hurts took air, and were undreſt,
They were found dead, and buried with the reſt.

Thus

Thus when the King ſaw that the coaſt was clear'd,
And of the French who were not ſlain were fled,
Nor in the field not any then appear'd,
That had the pow'r again to make a head:
This Conqueror exceedingly is chear'd,
Thanking his GOD that he ſo well had ſped;
And ſo tow'rds Calais bravely marching on,
Leaveth ſad France her loſſes to bemoan.

The End of the Battle of AGINCOURT.

THE

THE

BARONS WARS

In the Reign of

King EDWARD II.

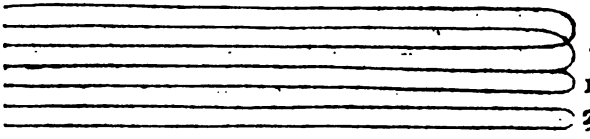
By *MICHAEL DRAYTON*, Eſq;

REFACE to the READER,

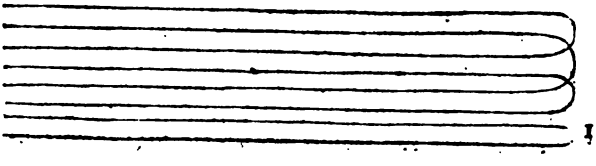
this Author's publiſhing a ſecond and improv'd dition of the BARONS WARS, which he had efore called MORTIMERIADOS.

HAT at firſt I made choice of this ſubject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muſe hath not much abuſed me, it was moſt worthy ave found a more worthy pen than mine own. the BARONS WARS *(omitting the quality of ſe arms whereof I have not here to ſpeak) re ſurely as well for their length in continuance, for their manifold bloodſhed, and multitude of rid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tra- y. Therefore as at firſt the dignity of the ng was the motive of the doing, ſo the cauſe of s my ſecond greater labour was the inſufficient dling of the firſt, which though it were more n boldneſs to venture on ſo noble a ſubject with- leiſure and competent ſtudy, either of which vail hardly affords; yet the importunity of ends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, dertake and publiſh it ſo as the world hath ſeen; herein I intend not to be too exact, as if ei- r it needed too much excuſe (knowing that even it was, it ought to have paſſed for better than*

ſome would ſuffer, who can hardly think any thing hath ſavour but their own, though never ſo unſavoury) or as if I ſhould ſeem now to have exceeded myſelf, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuſe. Grammaticaſters have quarrel'd at the title of MORTIMERIADOS, *as if it had been a ſin againſt Syntaxis to have inſcribed it in the ſecond caſe: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abſtain from fronting it by the name of* MORTIMER *at all, but the ſame better advice which hath cauſed me to alter the whole; and where before the ſtanza was of ſeven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth,*



the often harmony thereof ſoften'd the verſe more than the majeſty of the ſubject would permit, unleſs they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-faſhioning the whole frame) I choſe ARIOSTO'S *ſtanza, of all other the moſt complete and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight; ſix interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in baſe.*



The

The Quadrin doth never double; or, to uſe a word of Heraldry, never bringeth forth Gemells: The Quinzain too ſoon. The Seſtin hath twins in the baſe, but they detain not the muſick nor the cloſe, as Muſicians term it, long enough for an Epic Poem. The ſtanza of ſeven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clean through to the baſe of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction to the ear for ſo long detention.

Briefly, this ſort of ſtanza hath in it majeſty, perfection, and ſolidity, reſembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuſcan, *whoſe ſhaft is of ſix diameters, and baſe of two. The other reaſons this place will not bear; but generally all ſtanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which ſometimes would otherwiſe ſcantle itſelf; a fault that great maſters in this art ſtrive to avoid.*

Concerning the diviſion which I uſe in this Poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath uſed to diſtinguiſh works into Books, and every one to bear the number of their order. HOMER's Iliads *and* Odyſſes *indeed are diſtinguiſhed by ſeveral letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to Iota are digit, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor cyphers in their arithmetick.* VIRGIL's Æneis, STATIUS's Thebais, SILIUS's *work of the* Carthaginian *War,* ILLYRICUS's Argonautics, VIDA's Chriſteis, *are all divided*

into Books. The ITALIANS *uſe Cantos, and ſo does our firſt great reformer* SPENSER. *That I aſſume another name for the ſections in this volume cannot be diſgracious, nor unavowable.*

Laſtly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epiſtle, I am to intreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himſelf a party to this of ours, would be pleaſed to remember that Spartan Prince, who being found by certain ambaſſadors playing among his children, requeſted them to forbear to cenſure till alſo they had ſome of their own. To ſuch I give as ample power and privilege as ever Jus liberorum *could in* ROME, *craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart; for great reaſon there is that they ſhould undergo the licenſe which themſelves challenge; and ſuffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the moſt indifferent law of the* Talio. *Fare you well.*

To Mr. Michael Drayton.

WHAT ornament might I deviſe, to fit
Th' aſpiring height of thy admired ſpirit?
Or what fair garland worthy is to ſit
On thy bleſt brows, that compaſs in all merit?
Thou ſhalt not crowned be with common bays;
Becauſe for thee it is a crown too low;
Apollo's tree can yield thee ſimple praiſe,
It is too dull a veſture for thy brow:
But with a wreath of ſtars ſhalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working temples do ſuſtain,
Will, like the ſpheres, be ever moving round
After the royal muſick of thy brain.
Thy ſkill doth equal Phoebus, not thy birth;
He to Heaven gives muſick, Thou to Earth.

Thomas Greene.

To Mr. Michael Drayton.

THOSE painful wits, which Nature's depth admire,
And view the cauſes of unconſtant ſtrife,
Do tremble leſt the Univerſe expire
Through laſting jars, the enemies of life.
On earthly ſigns let not ſuch ſages look,
Nor on the clear aſpects of hopeful ſtars,
But learn the World's continuance from thy book,
Which frames paſt Nature's force eternal wars;
Wherein the Muſes ſhewing perfect glory,
Adorn it ſo with graceful harmony,
That all the acts of this lamented ſtory
Seem not perform'd for People's Liberty,
Nor through the awe of an imperious King,
But that thy verſes their deep wounds might ſing.

John Beaumont.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

HAD I not lov'd Thee and thy Poeſy,
Dear Friend, my theme ſhould of thy praiſes be:
But in weak brains it doth ſuſpicion move,
When, who is ſeen to praiſe, is known to love.
For tho' that firſt and virgin birth of thine
Be ſo articulate, ſo maſculine,
So truly limb'd, ſo ſinewy, ſo compact,
So ſweetly fair, ſo every way exact,
As may endure the moſt judicious touch,
And give thy friends juſt reaſon to avouch
It, ſpite of Envy's teeth, a living birth:
Though ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, of equal worth,
Though all be good; yet ſince affection
In judgment may, as ſhadow and projection
In landſkip, make that which is low ſeem high,
That's ſhallow deep, ſmall great, and far that's nigh;
So as it well may juſt ſuſpicion move,
When, who is ſeen to praiſe, is known to love.
Yet thus my cenſure, this my doom ſhall be,
I'll always love Thee and thy Poeſy. E. HEYWARD.

To his worthy Friend MICHAEL DRAYTON.

I MUST admire thee, but to praiſe were vain,
What every taſting palate ſo approves,
Thy martial Pyrrhick and thy Epick ſtrain,
Digeſting Wars with heart-uniting Loves,
The two firſt authors of what is compos'd
In this round ſyſtem all; its ancient lore,
All arts in Diſcords and Concents are clos'd.
(And when unwinged ſouls the Fates reſtore
To th' earth for reparation of their flights,
The firſt Muſicians, Scholars, Lovers make;
The next rank deſtinate to MARS *his Knights;*
The following rabble meaner titles take.)
I ſee thy temples crown'd with PHOEBUS' *rites,*
Thy Bay's to th' eye with Lilly mixt and Roſe,
As to the ear a Diapaſon cloſe. J. SELDEN.

THE BARONS WARS

In the Reign of King EDWARD II.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The grievous plagues, and the prodigious ſigns,
That this great war and ſlaughter do foreſhow;
Th' eſpecial cauſe the Baronage combines;
The Queen's ſtrong grief, whence many troubles grow;
The time by courſe unto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battle go;
What cauſe to yield the MORTIMERS *pretend,*
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I.

THE bloody factions, and rebellious pride
Of a ſtrong nation, whoſe unmanag'd might
em from their natural ſovereign did divide,
eir due ſubjection, and his lawful right,
ıom their light error looſely doth miſguide,
ɜ'd by looſe minions tyrannous deſpight;
Me from the ſoft lays and tender loves doth bring,
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to ſing.

II. What

II.

What helliſh fury poiſon'd your high blood,
Or ſhould bewitch you with accurſed charms,
That by pretending of the general good,
Raſhly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,
And from the ſafety wherein late you ſtood,
Reft of all taſte, and feeling of your harms,
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were ſad beholders of your miſeries?

III.

Th'inveterate rancour in their boſoms bred,
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veins this raging venom ſpred,
Whoſe next-ſucceeding nephews now you are,
Or that hot gore your bows in conqueſt ſhed,
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds ſo far,
Enſign to enſign furiouſly oppoſe,
With blades of Bilboa dealing Engliſh blows.

IV.

O! thou, the great director of my muſe,
On whoſe free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breaſt a ſacred fire infuſe,
Raviſh my ſpirit this great work t'attend;
Let the ſtill night my labour'd lines peruſe,
That when my poems gain their wiſhed end,
They whoſe ſad eyes ſhall read this tragic ſtory
In my weak hand, ſhall ſee thy might and glory.

V.

What care would plot, diſſenſions quickly croſs,
Which like an earthquake rends the tott'ring ſtate,
By which abroad we bear a publick loſs,
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;
Whilſt us theſe ſtrange calamities do toſs,
(The daily nurſe of mutinous debate)
Confuſion ſtill our country's peace confounds,
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

VI. Tl

VI.

Thou CHURCH then ſwelling in thy mightineſs,
Tending the care and ſafety of the ſoul;
O nurſe not factions flowing in exceſs,
That with thy members ſhould'ſt their grief condole;
In thee reſts pow'r this outrage to repreſs,
Which might thy zeal and ſanctity enroll;
Come thou in pureneſs meekly with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd ſword.

VII.

Blood-thirſting War, ariſing firſt from Hell,
And in progreſſion ſeizing on this iſle,
Where it before near forty years did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which ſo many a worthy Engliſh fell,
By our firſt EDWARD baniſhed a while,
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scottiſh meer,
To ranſack that, as it had ravin'd here.

VIII.

Where hovering ſtill with inauſpicious wings
About the verge of theſe diſtemper'd climes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To ſtir us up to theſe diſaſt'rous crimes,
Weak'neth our power by oft diminiſhings;
And taking hold on theſe unſettled times,
Forcing our frailty ſenſually at length,
Crack'd the ſtiff nerves that knit our ancient ſtrength.

IX.

Whoſe frightful viſion, at the firſt approach,
With violent madneſs ſtruck that deſp'rate age,
So many ſundry miſeries abroach,
Giving full ſpeed to their unbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty encroach,
And in theſe ſtrong conſpiracies engage
The worthieſt blood, the ſubjects loſs to bring,
By unnatural wrongs unto their natural king.

X. When

X.

When in the North, whilſt horror yet was young,
Theſe dangerous ſeaſons ſwiftly coming on,
Whilſt o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,
And in the ſkies ſtern comets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had been unknown,
In bloody iſſues forth the earth doth break,
Weeping for us, whoſe woes it could not ſpeak.

XI.

When, by the rankneſs of contagious air,
A mortal Plague invadeth man and beaſt,
Which ſoon diſperſt and raging every where,
In doubt the ſame too quickly ſhould have ceas'd,
More to confirm the certainty of fear
By cruel Famine hapleſly increas'd;
As though the heavens, in their remiſsful doom,
Took thoſe beſt-lov'd from worſer days to come.

XII.

The level courſe that we propoſe to go,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly ſee,
And that we every circumſtance may ſhow,
The ſtate of things, and truly what they be,
And with what ſkill or project we beſtow,
As our occurrents happen in degree;
From theſe portents we now divert our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that enſue.

XIII.

The calling back of baniſh'd GAVESTON,
'Gainſt which the Barons were to LONGSHANKS ſworn,
That inſolent laſcivious minion,
A ſovereign's blemiſh, and a country's ſcorn,
The ſigniories and great promotion,
Him in his lawleſs courſes to ſuborn,
Stirs up that hateful and outragious ſtrife,
That coſt e'er long ſo many an Engliſh life.

XIV.

O worthy LACY! had'ſt thou ſpar'd that breadth,
Which ſhortly after nature thee deny'd,
To LANCASTER deliver'd at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,
That this ſtern war too quickly publiſheth,
To aid the Barons 'gainſt that minion's pride,
Thy earldoms, lands, and titles of renown,
Had not ſo ſoon return'd unto the crown.

XV.

The lordſhips BRUCE unto the SPENSERS paſt,
Croſſing the Barons vehement deſire,
As from JOVE's hand that fearful lightning caſt,
When fifty towns lay ſpent in envious fire,
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waſte,
The ſtrong effects of their conceived ire;
Urging the weak King with a violent hand,
T' abjure thoſe falſe Lords from the troubled land.

XVI.

When the fair Queen [a], that progreſſing in Kent,
Laſtly deny'd her entrance into [b] Leeds,
Whom BADLESMERE unkindly doth prevent,
Who 'gainſt his Sovereign in this courſe proceeds,
As adding farther to this diſcontent,
One of the ſprings which this great miſchief feeds,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thruſt on that which went too faſt before.

XVII.

Which more and more a kingly rage increas'd,
Mov'd with the wrongs of GAVESTON degraded,
Which had ſo long been ſettled in his breaſt,
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,
Giving the SPENSERS an aſſured reſt,
By whom his reaſons chiefly are perſuaded,
By whoſe lewd counſels he is only led
To leave his true Queen, and his lawful bed.

XVIII. That

a Iſabel. b Leeds caſtle.

XVIII.

That now herſelf, who while ſhe ſtood in grace,
Apply'd her powers theſe diſcords to appeaſe,
When yet confuſion had not fully place,
Nor former times ſo dangerous as theſe,
A party now in their afflicted caſe,
A willing hand to his deſtruction lays;
That time, whoſe ſoft palm heals the wound of war,
May cure the ſore, but never cloſe the ſcar.

XIX.

In all this heat his greatneſs firſt began
The ſerious ſubject of our ſadder vein,
Brave MORTIMER, that ever-matchleſs man,
Of the old Heroes great and godlike ſtrain;
For whom invention doing beſt it can,
His weight of honour hardly can ſuſtain,
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high,
When he in earth unnumber'd times ſhall lie.

XX.

That uncle now (whoſe name this nephew bare,
The only comfort of the woful Queen)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was ſeen,
For this young Lord now wiſely doth prepare,
Whilſt yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,
And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

XXI.

At whoſe deliberate and unuſual birth,
The heavens were ſaid to council to retire,
And in aſpects of happineſs and mirth,
Breath'd him a ſpirit inſatiably t'aſpire,
That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,
But all compreſs'd of clear aſcending fire,
So well made up, that ſuch an one as he,
JOVE, in a man, like MORTIMER would be.

XXII. The

XXII.

he temper of that nobler-moving part,
/ith ſuch rare pureneſs rectify'd his blood,
aiſing the powers of his reſolved heart,
'oo proud to be lock'd up within a flood,
'hat no misfortune poſſibly could thwart
Vhich from the native greatneſs where it ſtood,
Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundleſs as the ſky.

XXIII.

Worthy the grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
Who whilſt firſt EDWARD fortunately reign'd,
Re-edify'd great ARTHUR's ancient board,
The ſeat at goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,
The order of old Knighthood there reſtor'd,
To which an hundred duly appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a court,
As beſt became that brave and martial ſport.

XXIV.

The heart-ſwoln Lords, with fury ſet on fire,
Who EDWARD's wrongs to vengeance ſtill provoke,
With LANCASTER and HARTFORD now conſpire
No more to bear the SPENSERS ſervile yoke.
And thus whilſt all a mutual change deſire,
The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,
Reſolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,
And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

XXV.

What privilege hath our free birth, ſay they,
Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,
To each laſcivious minion made a prey,
That us and our nobility diſdain,
Whilſt they triumphant boaſt of our decay?
Either thoſe ſpirits we do not now retain,
That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatneſs, liberty, and all.

XXVI.

Honour, dejected from that ſovereign ſtate
From whence at firſt it challenged a being,
Now proſtitute to infamy and hate,
As with itſelf in all things diſagreeing,
So out of order, diſproportionate,
From her fair courſe prepoſterouſly flying;
Whilſt others as themſelves, and only we
Are not held thoſe we would but ſeem to be.

XXVII.

Then to what end hath our great conqueſt ſerv'd,
Thoſe acts atchieved by the Norman ſword,
Our charters, patents, or our deeds reſerv'd,
Our offices and titles to record,
The creſts that on our monuments are carv'd,
If they to us no greater good afford?
Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart,
With many a vext ſoul, many a grieved heart.

XXVIII.

This while the Queen to depth of ſorrow thrown,
Wherein ſhe waſtes her flow'r of youth away,
Beyond belief, to all but heaven unknown,
This quick'ning ſpark, where yet it bury'd lay,
By the ſharp breath of deſp'rate faction blown,
Converts her long night to the wiſhed day,
Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,
As the dark world at the bright ſun's appearing.

XXIX.

Yet ill perplex'd amid theſe hard extremes,
All means depreſs'd her ſafety to prefer,
Depriv'd of thoſe late comfortable beams,
Whoſe want might make her the more eas'ly err,
Her hopes relinquiſh'd like deceitful dreams,
Which in her breaſt ſuch ſundry paſſions ſtir,
Where ſtruggling which each other ſhould controul,
Work ſtrange confuſion in her troubled ſoul.

XXX. Tha

XXX.

That now diſabled of all ſovereign ſtate,
That to her graces rightly did belong,
To be rejected, and repudiate,
So true a lady, goodly, fair, and young,
Which with more fervour ſtill doth intimate
Her too-deep ſettled and inveterate wrong;
What wiſdom would, a woman's will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

XXXI.

When to effect the angry fates purſue
In heaven's high court, that long time did depend,
When theſe full miſchiefs to a ripeneſs grew,
And now the harveſt haſt'ning in the end,
And all theſe lines into one center drew,
Which way ſo e'er they ſeemingly extend;
All theſe together in proportion laid,
Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

XXXII.

Now is the time when MORTIMER doth enter,
Of great employment in this tragick act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,
And tell him ſtill how ſtrongly he was back'd;
And at this inſtant in due ſeaſon ſent her,
When the ſtrait courſe to her deſire is track'd,
(And but upon more certainty doth ſtay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way.

XXXIII.

This dreadful comet drew her wond'ring eye,
Which now began his golden head to rear,
Whoſe glorious fixure in ſo fair a ſky
Strikes the beholder with a chilly fear,
And in a region elevate and high,
And by the form wherein it did appear,
As the moſt ſkilful ſeriouſly divine,
Foreſhew'd a kingdom ſhortly to decline.

XXXIV.

Yet ſtill recoyling at the SPENSERS power,
As often check'd with their intemp'rate pride,
Th' inconſtant Barons wavering every hour,
The fierce encounter of this boiſterous tide,
That eaſily might their livelihood devour,
Had ſhe not thoſe that ſkilfully could guide;
She from ſuſpicion craftily retires,
Careleſs, in ſhew, of what ſhe moſt deſires.

XXXV.

Diſſembling grief, as one that knew not ill,
So can ſhe rule the greatneſs of her mind,
As a moſt perfect rectoreſs of her will,
Above the uſual weakneſs of her kind;
For all this ſtorm, immoveable and ſtill,
Her ſecret drift the wiſeſt miſs to find;
Nor will ſhe know what (yet) theſe factions meant,
With a pleas'd eye to ſooth ſad diſcontent.

XXXVI.

The leaſt ſuſpicion cunningly to heal,
Still in her looks humility ſhe bears,
The ſafeſt way with mightineſs to deal,
So policy religion's habit wears;
'Tis now no time her grievance to reveal,
He's mad who takes a lion by the ears:
This knew the Queen, exampled by the wife;
This muſt they learn who rightly temporize.

XXXVII.

The Biſhop TORLETON, learned'ſt in the land,
Upon a text of politicks to preach,
Which he long ſtudying, well did underſtand,
And by a method could as aptly teach;
He was a prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe was the man that could go beyond his reach:
This ſubtile tutor ISABEL had taught,
In nicer points than ever England fought.

XXXVIII

XXXVIII.

Rage, which no longer limits can contain,
Laſtly breaks forth into a public flame,
Their ſlipp'd occaſion better to regain,
When to their purpoſe things ſo fitly frame,
And now diſcerned viſibly and plain,
When treaſon boldly dare itſelf proclaim,
Caſting aſide all ſecular diſguiſe,
Doth with proud legions furiouſly ariſe.

XXXIX.

As SEVERN lately in her ebbs that ſank,
Vaſt and forſaken leaves th' uncover'd ſands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, high and rank,
Seems in her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,
Breaking her limits, cov'ring all her banks,
Threat'ning the proud hills with her watry hands,
As tho' ſhe meant her empery to have,
Where e'en but lately ſhe beheld her grave.

XL.

Through all the land, from places far and near,
Led to the field as fortune lots their ſide
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to bear)
As thoſe directed whom they choſe their guide;
Or elſe perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendſhip, or by duty ty'd;
Sway'd by the ſtrength and motion of their blood,
No cauſe examin'd, be it bad or good.

XLI.

From Norfolk and the countries of the Eaſt,
That with the pike moſt ſkilfully could fight;
Then thoſe of Kent, unconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintain their ancient right;
For courage no whit ſecond to the beſt,
The Corniſh-men, moſt active, bold and light;
Thoſe near the plain, the pole-ax beſt that wield,
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

XLII.

The noble Welſh, of th' ancient Britiſh race;
From Lancaſhire men famous for their bows;
The men of Cheſhire, chiefeſt for their place,
Of bone ſo big, as only made for blows,
Which for their faith are had in ſpecial grace,
And have been ever fearful to their foes;
The Northern then in feuds ſo deadly fell,
That for their ſpear and horſemanſhip excell.

XLIII.

All that for uſe experience could eſpy,
Such as in fens and marſh-lands us'd to trade,
The doubtful fords and paſſages to try,
With ſtilts and lope-ſtaves that do aptlieſt wade,
Moſt fit for ſcouts and currers, to deſcry;
Thoſe from the mines with pick-ax and with ſpade,
For pioneers beſt, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefly needful in the uſe of war.

XLIV.

O noble nation, furniſhed with arms,
So full of ſpirit, as almoſt match'd by none!
Had heaven but bleſt thee to foreſee thy harms,
And, as thy valiant nephews did, have gone
Roan, Orleance, Paris, ſhaking with alarms,
As the bright ſun thy glory then had ſhone;
To other realms thou hadſt transferr'd this chance,
Nor had your ſons been firſt that conquer'd France.

XLV.

And thus on all hands ſetting up their reſt,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to do his beſt,
When at the ſtake their lives and fortunes lay,
No croſs event their purpoſes to wreſt,
Being now on in ſo direct a way:
Yet whilſt they play this ſtrange & doubtful game,
The Queen ſtands off, and ſecretly gives aim.

XLVI. But

XLVI.

But MORTIMER his foot had ſcarcely ſet
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,
But ſhe, diſpos'd his forward courſe to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,
Glory to her vain deity to get
By him, whoſe ſtrange birth bare her ominous ſeal:
Taking occaſion from that very hour
In him to prove and manifeſt her pow'r.

XLVII.

As when we ſee the early-riſing ſun
With his bright beams to emulate our ſight;
But when his courſe yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous foggs deprive us of his light,
Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height:
His clear-beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

XLVIII.

The King, diſcreetly that conſidered
The ſpace of earth whereon the Barons ſtand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himſelf but partner of his land;
Of the ſmall ſtrength and army that he led
'Gainſt them which did ſo great a pow'r command,
Wiſely about him doth begin to look:
Great was the taſk which now he undertook.

XLIX.

And warn'd by danger to miſdoubt the worſt,
In equal ſcales whilſt either's fortunes hung,
He muſt perform the utmoſt that he durſt,
Or undergo intolerable wrong:
As good to ſtir, as after be inforc'd;
To ſtop the ſource whence all theſe miſchiefs ſprung,
He with the Marchers thinks beſt to begin,
Which firſt muſt loſe, ere he could hope to win.

L.

The MORTIMERS being men of greateſt might,
Whoſe name was dreadful, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty ſpright,
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,
On whom if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war:
Which he intendeth ſpeedily to try,
To quit that firſt which moſt ſtood in his eye.

LI.

For which he expeditiouſly provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided,
Their combination cunningly to let;
Which ſhould they join, would be ſo ſtrongly ſided,
Two mighty hoſts together ſafely met,
The face of war would look ſo ſtern and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his ſeat.

LII.

Wherefore the King from London ſetteth forth
With a full army, furniſh'd of the beſt,
Accompany'd with men of ſpecial worth,
Which to this war his promiſes had preſt:
Great LANCASTER was lord of all the North,
The MORTIMERS were maſters of the Weſt,
He tow'rds mid England makes the way 'twixt either,
Which they muſt croſs ere they could come together.

LIII.

Strongly inveigled with delightful hope,
Stoutly t' affront and ſhoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a reſolved troop,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whoſe ſtubborn creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoop,
It him behoves to tempt ſome pow'rful fate,
And through ſtern guards of ſwords & hoſtile fire
Make way to peace, or ſhamefully retire.

LIV. Whe[illegible]

LIV.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting thoſe that them ſupplies ſhould bring,
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)
Were ſuddenly encounter'd by the King;
They then perceive that dilatory ſtay
To be the cauſer of their ruining,
When at their boſoms black Deſtruction ſtood,
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

LV.

And by the ſhifting of th' unconſtant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which even at firſt ſo aukwardly they find,
Before they could give ſea-room to their fleet,
Clean from their courſe, and caſt ſo far behind,
And yet in peril every hour to ſplit,
Some unknown harbour ſuddenly muſt ſound,
Or run their fortunes deſp'rately on ground.

LVI.

The elder Peer, grave, politick, and wiſe,
Which had all dangers abſolutely ſcann'd,
Finding high time his nephew to adviſe,
Since now their ſtate ſtood on this deſp'rate hand,
And from this miſchief many more to riſe,
Which his experience made him underſtand:
" Nephew, ſaith he, 'tis but in vain to ſtrive,
" Counſel muſt help our ſafety to contrive.

LVII.

" The downright peril preſent in our eye,
" Not to be ſhun'd, we ſee what it aſſures;
" Think then what weight upon our fall doth lye,
" And what our being this deſign procures:
" As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
" Prove, which the teſt of reaſon beſt endures:
" For who obſerves ſtrict policy's true laws,
" Shifts his proceeding to the varying cauſe.

LVIII.

" To hazard fight with the imperial powers,
" Will our ſmall troops undoubtedly appall;
" Then this our war us wilfully devours,
" Yielding our ſelves; yet thus we loſe not all,
" We leave our friends this ſmaller force of ours,
" Reſerv'd for them, though hapleſsly we fall:
" That weakneſs ever hath a glorious hand,
" That falls itſelf to make the cauſe to ſtand.

LIX.

" 'Twixt unexpected and ſo dang'rous ills,
" That's ſaf'ſt, wherein we ſmalleſt peril ſee,
" Which to make choice of reaſon juſtly wills,
" And it doth beſt with policy agree:
" The idle vulgar breath it nothing ſkills,
" 'Tis found diſcretion muſt our pilot be.
" He that doth ſtill the faireſt means prefer,
" Anſwers opinion, howſoe'er he err.

LX.

" And to the world's eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
" By our deſcending willingly from hence,
" 'Twill ſhew we were provoked by our wrong,
" Not having other ſiniſter pretence:
" This force left off that doth to us belong,
" Will in opinion leſſen our offence:
" Men are not ever incident to loſs,
" When Fortune ſeems them frowardly to croſs.

LXI.

" Nor give we Envy abſolute exceſs,
" To ſearch ſo far our ſubtleties to find;
" There's nearer means this miſchief to redreſs,
" And make ſucceſsful what is yet behind.
" Let's not ourſelves of all hope diſpoſſeſs,
" Fortune is ever variouſly inclin'd:
" A ſmall advantage in th'affairs of Kings,
" Guides a ſlight means to compaſs mighty things."

LXII.

This ſpeech ſo caught his Nephew's pliant youth,
Who his grave Eam did ever much reſpect)
Proceeding from integrity and truth:
Well could he counſel, well could he direct
With ſtrong perſwaſions, which he ſtill purſu'th;
Which in a ſhort time ſhew'd by the effect,
A wiſe man's counſel, by a ſecret fate,
Seeming from reaſon, yet proves fortunate.

LXIII.

To which the King they gravely do invite,
By the moſt ſtrict and ceremonious way;
No circumſtance omitted, nor no rite
That might give colour to their new eſſay,
Or that applauſe might publickly excite.
To which the King doth willingly obey:
Who, like themſelves, in ſeeing danger near,
Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

LXIV.

Which he receives in preſage of his good,
To his ſucceſs auſpiciouſly apply'd,
Which ſomewhat cool'd his much-diſtemper'd blood,
Ere he their force in doubtful arms had try'd;
And whilſt they thus in his protection ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholly to abide,
He firſt in ſafety doth diſmiſs their power,
Then ſends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

LXV.

O all-preparing Providence Divine!
In thy large book what ſecrets are enroll'd?
What ſundry helps doth thy great pow'r aſſign,
To prop the courſe which thou intend'ſt to hold?
What mortal ſenſe is able to define
Thy myſteries, thy counſels manifold?
It is thy wiſdom, ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure proceedings to apparent ends.

LXVI. This

LXVI.

This was the means by which the Fates diſpoſe
More dreadful plagues upon that age to bring,
Utter confuſion on the heads of thoſe
That were before the Barons ruining;
With the ſubverſion of the publick's foes,
The murther of the miſerable King:
And that which 'came cataſtrophe to all,
Great MORTIMER's inevitable fall.

LXVII.

This to theſe troubles lends a little breath,
As the firſt pauſe to hearten this affair,
And for a while defers oft-threat'ning death,
Whilſt each their breach by leiſure would repair,
And as a bound their fury limiteth.
But in this manner whilſt things ſtrangely fare,
Horror beyond all wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto fearfully ſhall tell.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

At BURTON-*bridge the puiſſant pow'rs are met;*
The form and order of the doubtful fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the proud Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they again towards BOROUGH *forward ſet,*
Where they by him were vanquiſhed outright:
Laſtly, the laws do execute their power
On thoſe which there the ſword did not devour.

I.

THIS chance of war, that ſuddenly had ſwept
So large a ſhare from their ſelected ſtore,
Which for their help they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might ſtill have added more,
By this ill luck into their army crept,
Made them much weaker than they were before:
So that the Barons reinforc'd their bands,
Finding their hearts to ſtand in need of hands.

II. For

II.

For deadly Hate, ſo long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to hear the name of Peace,
So that diſcretion but a little booted
'Gainſt that, thereby which only did increaſe:
For the leaſt grief by malice was promoted,
Anger ſet on, beginning to ſurceaſe;
So that all counſel much their ears offended,
But what to ſpoil and ſad invaſion tended.

III.

All up in action for the publick cauſe,
Scarcely the mean'ſt, but he a party ſtood
Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws
In his eſtate, if failing in his blood;
And who was free'ſt, intangled by ſome clauſe,
Which to their fury gives continual food:
For where Confuſion once hath gotten hold,
Till all fall flat, it hardly is controul'd.

IV.

And now by night, when as pale leaden ſleep
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep on every ſenſe did creep,
Miſchief, that black inhabitant of Hell,
Which never fails continual watch to keep,
(Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell!)
Enter'd the place whereas thoſe warlike Lords
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful ſwords.

V.

She, with a ſharp ſight and a meagre look,
Was always prying where ſhe might do ill,
In which the fiend continual pleaſure took,
(Her ſtarved body Plenty could not fill)
Searching in every corner, every nook;
With winged feet, too ſwift to work her will,
Furniſh'd with deadly inſtruments ſhe went
Of ev'ry ſort, to wound where ſo ſhe meant.

VI. Having

VI.

Having a vial fill'd with baneful wrath,
(Brought from Cocytus by that curſed ſprite)
Which in her pale hand purpoſely ſhe hath,
And drops the poiſon upon every wight:
For to each one ſhe knew the ready path,
Though in the midſt and dead time of the night:
Whoſe ſtrength too ſoon invadeth every Peer,
Not one eſcap'd her that ſhe cometh near.

VII.

That the next morning breaking in the Eaſt,
With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venom lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect in their ſwol'n ſtomachs find;
Now doth the poiſon boil in every breaſt,
To ſad deſtruction every one's inclin'd;
Rumours of ſpoil through ev'ry ear do flie,
And threat'ning fury ſits in ev'ry eye.

VIII.

This done, in haſte ſhe to King EDWARD hies,
Who late grown proud upon his good ſucceſs,
His time to feaſts and wantonneſs applies,
And with crown'd cups his ſorrows doth ſuppreſs,
Upon his fortune wholly that relies;
And in the boſom of his courtly preſs
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious day,
Whilſt the ſick land in ſorrow pines away.

IX.

Thither ſhe comes, and in a minion's ſhape
She getteth near the perſon of the King;
And as he taſtes the liquor of the grape,
Into the cup her poiſon ſhe doth wring:
Not the leaſt drop untainted doth eſcape,
For to that purpoſe ſhe her ſtore did bring:
Whoſe ſtrong commixture, as the ſequel try'd,
Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

X. That

X.

That having both ſuch courage and ſuch might,
As to ſo great a bus'neſs did belong,
Neither yet think by their unnatural fight
What the republick ſuffer'd them among:
For miſty error ſo deludes their ſight,
(Which ſtill betwixt them and clear reaſon hung)
And their opinions in ſuch ſort abus'd,
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

XI.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,
Further to wade into this bloody war,
And from her ſlumber waken'd with alarms,
Riſeth to ſing of many a maſſacre,
Of gloomy magicks, and benumbing charms,
Of many a deep wound, many a fearful ſcar:
For that low ſock wherein ſhe us'd to tread,
Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head.

XII.

Whilſt thus vain hope doth theſe falſe Lords delude,
Who having drawn their forces to a head,
They their full purpoſe ſeriouſly purſu'd,
By LANCASTER and valiant HERTFORD led,
Their long proceeding laſtly to conclude;
Whilſt now to meet both armies hotly ſped,
The Barons taking Burton in their way,
Till they could hear where EDWARD's army lay.

XIII.

To which report too ſuddenly bewray'd
Their manner of encamping, and the place,
Their preſent ſtrength, and their expected aid,
As what might moſt avail them in this caſe.
The ſpeedy march th' imperial power had made,
Had brought them ſoon within a little ſpace:
For ſtill the King conducted had his force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their courſe.

XIV. Upon

XIV.

Upon the Eaſt, from buſhy Needwood's ſide,
There riſeth up an eaſy-climbing hill,
At whoſe fair foot the ſilver Trent doth ſlide,
And the ſlow air with her ſoft murmuring fill,
Which with the ſtore of liberal brooks ſupply'd,
Th' inſatiate meads continually doth ſwill,
Over whoſe ſtream a bridge of wond'rous ſtrength
Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

XV.

Upon the mount the King his tentage fixt,
And in the town the Barons lay in ſight,
When as the Trent was riſen ſo betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th' unnat'ral fight,
With many waters that itſelf had mixt,
To ſtay their fury doing all it might.
Things which preſage both good and ill there be,
Which Heav'n foreſhews, but will not let us ſee.

XVI.

The heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth ſit,
Grieving to ſee the times ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them who never look at it,
And in mere pity melteth with remorſe;
Longer from tears that could not ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on every lower ſource,
From the ſwoln fluxure of the clouds, doth ſhake
A rank impoſtume upon every lake.

XVII.

O warlike nation, hold thy conqu'ring hand,
Ev'n ſenſeleſs things do warn thee yet to pauſe;
Thy mother-ſoil, on whom thou arm'd doſt ſtand,
Which ſhould reſtrain thee by all natural laws,
Canſt thou (unkind!) inviolate that band?
Nay, Heav'n and Earth are angry with the cauſe:
Yet ſtay thy foot in miſchief's ugly gate;
Ill comes too ſoon, repentance oft too late.

XVIII. Oh,

XVIII.

Oh, can the clouds weep over thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughty eyes?
See'ſt thou the ſnare, and wilt not ſhun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed miſeries?
'Tis yet but early in this diſmal day,
Let late experience learn thee to be wiſe.
An ill foreſeen may eas'ly bé prevented;
But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lamented.

XIX.

Cannot the Scor of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are ye yet ſcarce healed of the ſore?
Is't not enough ye have already loſt,
But your own madneſs muſt needs make it more?
Will ye ſeek ſafety in ſome foreign coaſt?
Your wives and children pitied ye before;
But when your own bloods your own ſwords imbrue,
Who pities them who ſhould have pitied you?

XX.

The neighb'ring groves are ſpoiled of their trees,
For boats and timber to aſſay the flood,
(Where men are lab'ring as 'twere ſummer-bees,
Some hollowing trunks, ſome binding heaps of wood;
Some on their breaſts, ſome working on their knees,)
To win the bank whereon the Barons ſtood;
Which o'er the current they by ſtrength muſt tew,
To ſhed that blood which many an age ſhall rue.

XXI.

Some ſharp their ſwords, ſome right their morions ſet:
Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet faſt;
The archers now their bearded arrows whet,
Whilſt every where the clam'rous drums are brac'd;
Some taking view where they ſure ground might get;
Not one, but ſome advantage doth forecaſt:
With ranks and files each plain & meadow ſwarms,
As all the land were clad in angry arms.

XXII. The

XXII.

The creſts and badges of each nobler name,
Againſt their owners rudely ſeem to ſtand,
As angry for th' atchievements whence they came,
That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,
Againſt yourſelves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
Since foreign ſwords your height could not abate,
By your own pride yourſelves to ruinate!

XXIII.

Upon his ſurcoat valiant NEVIL bore
A ſilver ſaltire upon martial red;
A lady's ſleeve high-ſpirited HASTINGS wore;
FERRERS his taberd with rich verry ſpred,
Well known in many a warlike match before.
A raven ſat on CORBET's armed head;
And CULPEPPER in ſilver arms enrail'd,
Bare thereupon a bloody bend engrail'd.

XXIV.

The noble PIERCY, in this dreadful day,
With a bright creſcent in his guidon came:
In his white cornet VERDON doth diſplay
A fret of gules, priz'd in this mortal game,
That had been ſeen in many a doubtful fray,
His lance's penons ſtained with the ſame.
The angry horſe chaf'd with the ſtubborn bit,
With his hard hoof the earth in fury ſmit.

XXV.

I could the ſum of STAFFORD's arming ſhow,
What colours Ross and COURTNEY did unfold;
Great WARREN's blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumſtance have told,
Nam'd every enſign as they ſtood a-row;
But oh, dear Muſe, too ſoon thou art controll'd!
For in remembrance of their evil ſpeed,
My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth ſhed.

XXVI.

On the King's part th' imperial ſtandard's pitch'd,
With all the hatchments of the Engliſh crown.
Great LANCASTER (with no leſs power enrich'd)
Sets the ſame leopards in his colours down.
O, if ye be not frantick or bewitch'd,
Yet do but ſee that on yourſelves you frown:
A little note of diff'rence is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

XXVII.

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
The badges of your famous anceſtries;
Shall thoſe brave marks by their inglorious heirs
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their families?
More ancient arms no Chriſtian nation bears,
Reliques unworthy of their progenies:
Thoſe beaſts ye bear do in their kind agree,
O that than beaſts more ſavage men ſhould be!

XXVIII.

And whilſt the King doth in ſad council ſit,
How he might beſt the other bank recover,
See how misfortune ſtill her time can fit!
Such as were ſent the country to diſcover,
(As up and down from place to place they flit)
Had found a ford to paſs their forces over.
Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever ſlow.

XXIX.

When EDWARD fearing LANCASTER's ſupplies,
Proud RICHMONT, SURRY, & great PEMBROKE ſent,
On whoſe ſucceſs he mightily relies,
Under whoſe conduct half his army went,
The neareſt way, conducted by the ſpies;
And he himſelf, and EDMOND Earl of KENT,
Upon the hill in ſight of BURTON lay,
Watching to take advantage of the day.

XXX. Stay

XXX.

Stay SURRY, ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoon be gone;
Pauſe till this heat be ſomewhat overpaſt;
Full little know'ſt thou whither thou do'ſt run;
RICHMONT and PEMBROKE, never make ſuch haſte,
Ye do but ſtrive to bring more horror on.
Never ſeek ſorrow, for it comes too faſt:
Why ſtrive ye thus to paſs this fatal flood,
To fetch but wounds, and ſhed your nearest blood?

XXXI.

Great LANCASTER, yet ſheath thy angry ſword,
On EDWARD's arms whoſe edge thou would'ſt not ſet,
Thy nat'ral Kinſman and thy ſov'reign Lord,
Both from the loins of our PLANTAGENET:
Call yet to mind thy once-engaged word:
Canſt thou thy oath to LONGSHANKS thus forget?
Men ſhould perform, before all other things,
The ſerious vows they make to God and Kings.

XXXII.

The winds were huſh'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which ſeems ſate ſtill as tho' they liſt'ning ſtood;
With trampling crowds the very earth doth bow,
And through the ſmoke the ſun appear'd like blood.
What with the ſhout, and with the dreadful ſhow,
The herds of beaſts ran bellowing to the wood,
When drums & trumpets to the charge did ſound,
As they would ſhake the groſs clouds to the ground.

XXXIII.

The Earls then charging with their pow'r of horſe,
Taking a ſignal when they ſhould begin,
Being in view of the imperial force,
Which at that time aſſay'd the bridge to win;
Which made the Barons change their former courſe,
T' avoid the preſent danger they were in;
Which on the ſudden had they not forecaſt,
Of their laſt day that hour had been the laſt.

XXXIV.

When from the hill the King's main pow'rs come down,
Which had AQUARIUS to their valiant guide,
Brave LANCASTER and HARTFORD from the town
Do iſſue forth upon the other ſide;
Peer againſt Peer, the Crown againſt the Crown,
The King aſſails, the Barons munify'd:
ENGLAND's red croſs upon both ſides doth fly;
St. GEORGE the King, St. GEORGE the Barons cry.

XXXV.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongſt the air-bred miſty vapours thrown,
Spitteth his lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the thick clouds with the thunder-ſtone,
Whoſe fiery ſplinters through the thin air fly,
That with the horror heaven and earth doth groan:
With the like clamour and confuſed Oh,
To the dread ſhock the deſp'rate armies go.

XXXVI.

There might men ſee the famous ENGLISH bows,
Wherewith our foes we wonted to ſubdue,
Shoot their ſharp arrows in the face of thoſe,
Which oft before victoriouſly them drew;
Yet ſhun their aim, and troubled in the looſe,
Thoſe well-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
Slip'd from the bow-ſtring impotent and ſlack,
As to the archers they would fain turn back.

XXXVII.

Behold the remnant of Troy's ancient ſtock,
Laying on blows as ſmiths on anvils ſtrike,
Grappling together in the fearful ſhock,
Where ſtill the ſtrong encount'reth with the like,
(And each as ruthleſs as the harden'd rock)
Were't with the ſpear, the brown bill, or the pike,
Still as the wings or battles came together,
Ere Fortune gave advantage yet to either.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

From batter'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,
The ſcatter'd plumes fly looſely here and there,
To the beholder like to flakes of ſnow,
That ev'ry light breath on its wings doth bear,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our woe:
And thus affrighted with the ſudden fear,
Now back, now forward ſuch ſtrange windings make,
As tho' uncertain which way they ſhould take.

XXXIX.

Slaughter alike invadeth either hoſt,
Whilſt ſtill the battle ſtrongly doth abide,
Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coaſt,
As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide;
Yet not ſuffic'd where tyrannizing moſt:
So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for preſent death,
Had they but tongues, their deepneſs gives them breath.

XL.

Here lies a heap half ſlain, and partly drown'd,
Gaping for breath amongſt the ſlimy ſeggs;
And there a ſort laid in a deadly ſwound,
Trod with the preſs into the mud and dregs;
Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs:
One ſticks his foe, his ſcalp another cuts;
One's feet's intangled in another's guts.

XLI.

One his aſſailing enemy beguiles,
As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,
Cruſh'd with his weight upon the ſtakes and piles:
Some in their gore upon the pavement ſprall;
Our native blood our native earth defiles,
And dire deſtruction overwhelmeth all.
Such hideous ſhrieks the bedlam ſoldiers breath,
As the damn'd ſp'rits had howled from beneath.

XLII.

The faction ſtill defying EDWARD's might,
EDMOND of Woodſtock, with the men of Kent
Charging afreſh, renew the doubtful fight
Upon the Barons, languiſhing and ſpent,
Bringing new matter for a tragick ſight;
Forth againſt whom their ſkilful warriors went,
Bravely to end what bravely did begin:
Their nobleſt ſp'rits will quickly loſe or win.

XLIII.

As before Troy bright THETIS' god-like ſon,
TALBOT himſelf in this fierce conflict bare;
MOWBRAY in fight him matchleſs honour won;
CLIFFORD for life ſeem'd little but to care;
AUDLEY and ELMSBRIDGE peril ſcorn to ſhun;
GIFFORD ſeem'd danger to her teeth to dare:
Nor BADLESMER gave back to EDWARD's power,
As tho' they ſtrove whom death ſhould firſt devour.

XLIV.

I'll not commend thee MOUNTFORT, nor thee TEIS,
Elſe your high valour much might juſtly merit;
Nor, DENVIL, dare I whiſper of thy praiſe;
Nor, WILLINGTON, will I applaud thy ſpirit,
Your facts forbid that I your fame ſhould raiſe:
Nor, DAMORY, thy due may'ſt thou inherit;
Your bays muſt be your well-deſerved blame,
For your ill actions quench my ſacred flame.

XLV.

O had you faſhion'd your great deeds by them,
Who ſummon'd Acon with an Engliſh drum;
Or theirs before, that to Jeruſalem
Went with the gen'ral power of Chriſtendom:
Then had ye caught Fame's richeſt diadem,
As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,
And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,
Where now my ſong can be but of your ſhames.

XLVI.

XLVI.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,
When that approved and victorious ſhield
Muſt in this civil maſſacre be torne,
Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field!
And more, in this ſad overthrow be worn
By thoſe in flight inforc'd it up to yield!
For which ſince then, the ſtones for very dread,
Againſt rough ſtorms cold drops for tears do ſhed.

XLVII.

When ſoon King EDWARD's faint & wav'ring friends,
Which had this while ſtood doubtfully to pauſe,
When they perceive that Deſtiny intends
That his ſucceſs ſhall juſtify his cauſe,
Each in himſelf freſh courage apprehends,
(For Victory both fear and friendſhip draws)
And ſmile on him on whom they late did frown,
All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd down.

XLVIII.

That ſcarce a man, which EDWARD late did lack
Whilſt the proud Barons bare an upright face,
But (when they ſaw that they had turn'd their back)
Joins with the King to proſecute their chaſe,
The Baronage ſo headlong goes to wrack:
In the juſt trial of ſo near a caſe,
Inforc'd to prove the fortune of the coaſt,
The day at BURTON that had clearly loſt.

XLIX.

And to the aid of the victorious King
(Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,
With good ſucceſs him ſtill encouraging,
And to his actions lent a larger ſcope)
Sir ANDREW HERCKLEY happily doth bring
On their light-horſe a valiant northern troop,
Arm'd but too aptly and with too much ſpeed,
Moſt to do harm, when leaſt thereof was need.

L.

When ſtill the Barons, making forth their way
Through places beſt for their advantage known,
Retain their army bodied as they may,
By their defeat far weaker that was grown:
In their beſt ſkill deviſing day by day
T'offend th' aſſailant, and defend their own;
Of their miſ-haps the utmoſt to endure,
If nothing elſe their ſafety might aſſure.

LI.

In their ſad flight, with fury follow'd thus,
Tracing the North through many a tireſome ſtreight,
And forc'd through many a paſſage perillous,
To BOROUGH-bridge, led by their luckleſs fate;
Bridges ſhould ſeem to Barons ominous,
For there they laſtly were precipitate;
Which place the mark of their miſchance doth bear,
For ſince that time graſs never proſper'd there.

LII.

Where for new bloodſhed they new battles rang'd,
And take new breath, to make deſtruction new:
Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate unchang'd,
Which too directly ſtill doth them purſue;
Nor are they and their miſeries eſtrang'd,
To their eſtates though they mere ſtrangers grew:
The only hope whereon they do depend,
With courage is to conſummate their end.

LIII.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,
By hot-ſpurr'd hunters labour'd to be caught,
With hues and hounds recover'd ev'ry where,
When as they find their ſpeed avails them nought,
Upon the toils run headlong without fear,
With noiſe of hounds and halloos as diſtraught:
E'en ſo the Barons, in this deſp'rate caſe,
Turn upon thoſe which lately did them chaſe.

LIV. Enſign

LIV.

Enſign beards enſign, ſword 'gainſt ſword doth ſhake,
Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank oppoſe,
There's not a man that care of life doth take,
But death in earneſt to his bus'neſs goes,
A gen'ral havock as of all to make,
And with deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing itſelf impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

LV.

Yet the brave Barons, whilſt they do reſpire,
(In ſpight of Fortune, as they ſtood prepar'd)
With courage charge, with comelineſs retire,
Make good their ground, & then relieve their guard,
Withſtand the ent'rer, then purſue the flier,
New form their battle, ſhifting ev'ry ward.
As your high ſkill were but your quarrel good,
O noble ſpirits, how dear had been your blood!

LVI.

That well-arm'd band ambitious HERCKLEY led,
Of which the Barons never dreamt before,
Then greatly ſtood King EDWARD's pow'r in ſtead,
And in the fight aſſail'd the enemy ſore:
O day moſt fatal, and moſt full of dread!
Never can time thy ruinous waſte reſtore:
Which with his ſtrength though he attempt to do,
Well may he ſtrive for, and yet fail of too.

LVII.

Pale death beyond his wonted bounds doth ſwell,
Carving proud fleſh in cantels out at large;
As leaves in autumn, ſo the bodies fell
Under ſharp ſteel at ev'ry boiſt'rous charge:
Oh, what ſad pen can their deſtruction tell,
Where ſcalps lay beaten like the batter'd targe!
And every one he claimeth as his right,
Whoſe luck it was not to eſcape by flight.

LVIII. Thoſe

LVIII.

Thoſe warlike enſigns waving in the field,
Which lately ſeem'd to brave th' imbattel'd foe,
Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their lofty tops to the baſe duſt do bow;
Here ſits a helmet, and there lies a ſhield;
Oh, ill did Fate thoſe ancient arms beſtow,
Which as a quarry on the ſoil'd earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conqueſt, as a glorious prey.

LIX.

Where noble BOHUN, that moſt princely Peer,
HARTFORD much honour'd, and of high deſert,
And to this nation none as he ſo dear,
Paſſing the bridge with a reſolved heart,
To ſtop his ſoldiers, which retiring were,
Was 'twixt two planks ſlain through his lower part:
But LANCASTER, not deſtin'd there to die,
Taken, reſerv'd to further miſery.

LX.

Whoſe tragic ſcene ſome Muſe vouchſafe to ſing:
His, of five earldoms who then liv'd poſſeſs'd,
A brother, ſon, and uncle to a King,
With favour, friends, and with abundance bleſt:
What could man think, or could deviſe the thing,
That but ſeem'd wanting to his worldly reſt?
But on this earth what's free from Fortune's pow'r?
What an age got, is loſt in half an hour.

LXI.

Some few themſelves in ſanctuaries hide,
Which, though they have the mercy of the place,
Yet are their bodies ſo unſanctify'd,
As that their ſouls can hardly hope for grace;
Where they in fear and penury abide
A poor dead life, which length'neth but a ſpace:
Hate ſtands without, whilſt horror ſtill within
Prolongs their ſhame, yet pard'neth not their ſin.

LXII.

Nor was death then contented with the dead,
Of full revenge as though it were deny'd,
And till it might have that accompliſhed,
It held itſelf in nothing ſatisfy'd ;
And with delays no longer to be fed,
An unknown torment further doth provide,
That dead men ſhould in miſery remain,
To make the living die with greater pain.

LXIII.

Ye ſov'reign Cities of this woful iſle,
In cypreſs wreaths, and your moſt ſad attire,
Prepare yourſelves to build the funeral-pile,
Lay your pale hands to this exequious fire,
All mirth and comfort from your ſtreets exile,
Fill'd with the groans of men when they expire :
The nobleſt blood approaching to be ſhed,
That ever dropt from any of your dead.

LXIV.

When THOMAS Earl of LANCASTER, that late
Th' rebellious Barons trait'rouſly retain'd,
As the chief agent in this great debate,
Was for the ſame (ere many days) arraign'd,
'Gainſt whom at POMFRET they articulate,
(To whom thoſe treaſons chiefly appertain'd ;)
Whoſe proofs apparent, ſo well, nay, ill ſped,
As from his ſhoulders reft his rev'rend head.

LXV.

Yet, LANCASTER, it is not thy loſt breath
That can aſſure the ſafety of the crown,
Or that can make a covenant with death,
To warrant EDWARD what he thinks his own ;
But he muſt pay the forfeit of his faith,
When they ſhall riſe which he hath trodden down.
All's not a man's that is from others rackt,
And other agents other ways do act.

LXVI.

LXVI.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,
The way to death where Lancaſter had led,
But many other, in the ſelf-ſame caſe,
Him in like manner ſadly followed.
LONDON, would thou had'ſt had thy former grace,
As thou art firſt, moſt blood that thou had'ſt ſhed;
By other cities not exceeded far,
Whoſe ſtreets devour the remnant of that war.

LXVII.

O parents ruthful and heart-renting ſight!
To ſee that ſon that your ſoft boſoms fed,
His mother's joy, his father's ſole delight,
That with much coſt, yet with more care was bred:
O ſpectacle, ev'n able to affright
A ſenſeleſs thing, and terrify the dead!
His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth pour'd,
His quarter'd coarſe of crows and kites devour'd.

LXVIII.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,
Or to yourſelves this fearful portion ſhare;
Here's ſtrange and choice variety of moan,
Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,
With many friends ſigh, many maidens groan:
So innocent, ſo ſimply pure and rare,
As nature, which till then had ſilence kept,
Near burſt with ſorrow, bitterly had wept.

LXIX.

O bloody age! had not theſe things been done,
I had not now, in theſe more calmer times,
Into the ſearch of thoſe paſt troubles run;
Nor had my virgin unpolluted rhimes
Alter'd the courſe wherein they firſt begun,
To ſing theſe horrid and unnatural crimes:
My lays had ſtill been of IDEA's bow'r,
Of my dear ANCOR, or her loved STOWRE.

LXX.

Nor other ſubject than your ſelf had choſe,
Your birth, your virtues, and your high reſpects,
Whoſe bounties oft have nouriſh'd my repoſe;
You, whom my Muſe ingeniouſly elects,
Denying earth your brave thoughts to encloſe,
Maugre the Momiſts and Satyric ſects:
That whilſt my verſe to after-times is ſung,
You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

LXXI.

But greater things my ſubject hath in ſtore,
Still to her taſk my armed Muſe to keep,
And offers her occaſion as before,
Whereon ſhe may in mournful verſes weep:
And as a ſhip being gotten near the ſhore,
By aukward winds redriven to the deep;
So is the Muſe from whence ſhe came of late,
Into the buſ'neſs of a troubled ſtate.

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

By ſleepy potions that the Queen ordains,
Lord MORTIMER *eſcapes out of the Tower;*
And by falſe ſlights, and many ſubtle trains,
She gets to France, *to raiſe a foreign power.*
The French *King leaves his ſiſter: need conſtrains*
The Queen to Hainault *in a happy hour:*
EDWARD *her ſon to* PHILIP *is affy'd,*
They for invaſion inſtantly provide.

I.

SCARCE had theſe paſſed miſeries an end,
But other troubles inſtantly began;
As miſchief doth new matter apprehend,
By things that ſtill irregularly ran:
For further yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yielded that King EDWARD wan;
And ſome there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

II. When

II.

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew ſtrong,
Summon'd at YORK a ſolemn parliament
T' uphold his right, and help the SPENSERS wrong,
(In all affairs t' eſtabliſh his intent)
Whence more and more his minions greatneſs ſprung,
Whoſe counſels ſtill in ev'ry bus'neſs croſt
Th' inraged Queen, in all misfortunes toſt.

III.

When as the eld'ſt, a man extremely hated,
(Whom all that time the King could not prefer,
Until he had the Barons pride abated)
That parliament made Earl of WINCHESTER,
As HERCKLEY Earl of CARLISLE he created:
And likewiſe BALDOCK he made Chancellor;
One whom the King had for his purpoſe wrought,
A man, as ſubtle, ſo corrupt and naught.

IV.

When as miſhaps (that ſeldom come alone)
Thick in the necks of one another fell,
The SCOT began a new invaſion,
And FRANCE did thence the Engliſh pow'rs expell,
The IRISH ſet the Engliſh pale upon,
At home the Commons ev'ry day rebell:
Miſchief on miſchief, curſe doth follow curſe;
One ill ſcarce paſt, but after comes a worſe.

V.

For MORTIMER that wind moſt fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwiſe might ſee;
Whilſt the wiſe Queen, who all advantage knew,
Was cloſely caſting how to ſet him free;
And did the plot ſo ſeriouſly purſue,
Till ſhe had found the means how it ſhould be,
Againſt opinion and imperious might,
To work her own ends through the jaws of ſpite.

VI. And

VI.

And to that purpoſe ſhe a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the ſpirits could preſently invade,
And quite diſ-ſenſe the ſenſes in an hour,
With ſuch cold numbneſs, as it might perſuade,
That very death the patient did devour
For certain hours, and ſealed up the eyes
'Gainſt all that art could poſſibly deviſe.

VII.

In which, ſhe plantane and cold lettuce had,
The water-lilly from the mariſh ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightſhade ſad,
And the ſhort moſs that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypreſs-flowers that with the reſt were pown'd;
The brain of cranes amongſt the reſt ſhe takes,
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of ſnakes.

VIII.

Thus, like MEDEA, ſate ſhe in her cell,
Which ſhe had circled with her potent charms,
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;
Then her with magick inſtruments ſhe arms,
And to her bus'neſs inſtantly ſhe fell:
A Veſtal fire ſhe lights, wherewith ſhe warms
The mixed juices, from thoſe ſimples wrung,
To make the med'cine wonderfully ſtrong.

IX.

The ſundry fears that from her fact might riſe,
Men may ſuppoſe, her trembling hand might ſtay,
Had ſhe conſider'd of the enterprize,
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing beſides, that there were ſecret ſpies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:
But when that ſex leave virtue to eſteem,
Thoſe greatly err, which think them what they ſeem.

X. The

X.

Their plighted faith they at their pleaſure leave;
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;
On whom they ſmile, they ſurely thoſe deceive,
In their deſires they be inſatiate;
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date:
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;
They ſhun not ſin, as little weigh they ſhame.

XI.

The elder of the MORTIMERS this while,
That their ſure friends ſo many ſundry ways,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had ſeen cut off, then finiſhed his days:
Which (though with grief) doth ſomewhat reconcile
The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares ſome eaſe:
Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his head,
For the dear ſafety of his Uncle dead.

XII.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the fooliſh world ſhould know;
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby intending ſtranger plagues to ſhow.
Brave Lord, in vain thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
Which began ſoon and fruitfully to ſpring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

XIII.

As heart could wiſh, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The Queen attends her potion's power to prove;
Their ſtedfaſt friends their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their truſty ſervants ſeal up all in love:
And MORTIMER, his valour and his wit
Then muſt expreſs, whom moſt it doth behove:
Each place made ſure, where guides and horſes lay,
And where the ſhip that was for his convey.

XIV.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,
And us'd that day thoſe of the Tower to feed;
And on the Warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
Which did ſuſpicion clearly intercept,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
When after cates, their thirſt at laſt to quench,
He mix'd their liquor with that ſleepy drench.

XV.

Which ſoon each ſenſe doth with dead coldneſs ſeize,
When he, which knew the keepers of each ward,
Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,
His corded ladders readily prepar'd;
And ſtealing forth through dark and ſecret ways,
(Not then to learn his compaſs by the card)
To win the walls couragiouſly doth go,
Which look'd as ſcorning to be maſter'd ſo.

XVI.

They ſoundly ſleep, whilſt his quick ſp'rits awake,
Expos'd to peril in the high'ſt extremes,
ALCIDES' labours as to undertake,
O'er walls, o'er gates, thro' watches, and thro' ſtreams,
By which his own way he himſelf muſt make;
And let them tell King EDWARD of their dreams.
For ere they came out of their brain-ſick trance,
He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

XVII.

The ſullen night had her black curtain ſpread,
Low'ring that day had tarried up ſo long,
And that the morrow might lie long abed,
She all the heav'n with duſky clouds had hung:
CYNTHIA pluck'd in her newly-horned head
Away to Weſt, and under earth ſhe flung,
As ſhe had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his abſence in our world was done.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

ıe leſſer lights, like ſentinels in war,
hind the clouds ſtood privily to pry,
ı though unſeen they ſubt'ly ſtrove from far,
f his eſcape the manner to deſcry.
id was each wand'ring as each fixed ſtar,
s they had held a council in the ſky,
And had concluded with that preſent night,
That not a ſtar ſhould once give any light.

XIX.

ı a ſlow ſilence all the ſhores are huſht,
ıly the ſcritch-owl ſounded to th' aſſault,
ıd Isis with a troubled murmur ruſh'd,
ıs if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
ıd as his foot the ſand or gravel cruſh'd,
'here was a little whiſp'ring in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading, ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay, it further'd his intent.

XX.

Vhilſt that wiſe Queen, whom care yet reſtleſs kept,
or happy ſpeed to heaven held up her hands,
Vith worlds of hopes and fears together heapt
ı her full boſom, liſt'ning as ſhe ſtands,
he ſigh'd and pray'd, and ſigh'd again and wept,
he ſees him how he climbs, how ſwims, how lands:
Though abſent, preſent in deſires they be;
Our ſoul much farther than our eyes can ſee.

XXI.

'he ſmall clouds iſſuing from his lips, ſhe faith,
ab'ring ſo faſt as he the ladder clame,
hould purge the air of peſtilence and death;
ıd as from heaven that filch'd Promethean flame,
'he ſweetneſs ſo, and virtue of his breath,
'ew creatures in the element ſhould frame:
And to what part it had the hap to ſtray,
There ſhould it make another milky way.

XXII.

Attain'd the top, whilſt ſpent, he paus'd to blow,
She ſaw how round he caſt his longing eyes,
The earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was favour'd of the ſkies:
She ſaw him mark the way he was to go,
And tow'rds her palace how he turn'd his eyes;
From the wall's height, as when he down did ſlide,
She heard him cry, "Now Fortune be my guide."

XXIII.

As he deſcended, ſo did ſhe deſcend,
As ſhe would hold him that he ſhould not fall,
On whom alone her ſafety did depend:
But when ſome doubt did her deep thoughts appall,
Diſtractedly ſhe did her hands extend
For ſpeedy help, and earneſtly did call
Softly again, if death to him ſhould hap,
She begg'd of heav'n his grave might be her lap.

XXIV.

To ſhew him favour ſhe intreats the air,
For him ſhe begg'd the mercy of the wind,
For him ſhe kneel'd before the night with pray'r,
For him herſelf ſhe to the earth inclin'd:
For him his tides beſeeching THAMES to ſpare,
And to command his billows to be kind;
And tells the flood, if he her Love would quit,
No flood of her ſhould honour'd be but it.

XXV.

But when ſhe thought ſhe ſaw him ſwim along,
Doubting the ſtream was taken with his love,
She fear'd the drops that on his treſſes hung,
And that each wave which moſt ſhould woo him ſtrove,
To his clear body that ſo cloſely clung,
Which when before him with his breaſt he drove,
Pallid with grief, ſhe turn'd away her face,
Jealous that he the waters ſhould embrace.

XXVI.

XXVI.

That angry lion having ſlip'd his chain,
As in a fever, made King EDWARD quake;
Who knew, before he could be caught again,
Dear was the blood that his ſtrong thirſt muſt ſlake:
He found much labour had been ſpent in vain,
And muſt be forc'd a farther courſe to take,
Perceiving tempeſts riſing in the wind,
Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

XXVII.

By his eſcape that adverſe part grown proud,
On each hand working for a ſecond war,
And in their councils nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a motive to ſome jar;
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
From the diſcerning of the popular,
The wiſer yet, whoſe judgments farther raught,
Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

XXVIII.

Thoſe ſecret fires, by envious faction blown,
Brake out in France which cover'd long had lain;
King CHARLES from EDWARD challenging his own,
Firſt GUIEN, next PONTIEU, and then AQUITAIN,
To each of which he made his title known,
Nor from their ſeizure longer would abſtain:
The cauſe thereof lay out of moſt men's view,
Which tho' fools found not, wiſe men quickly knew.

XXIX.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their purpoſe proſp'rouſly had thriv'd,
The baſe whereon a mighty frame muſt ſtand,
By all their cunnings that had been contriv'd;
Finding their actions were ſo throughly mann'd,
Their fainting hopes were wond'rouſly reviv'd,
They made no doubt to ſee in little time
The full of that, which then was in the prime.

XXX.

The King much troubled with the French affair,
Which, as a ſhapeleſs and unwieldy maſs,
Wholly imploy'd the utmoſt of his care,
To CHARLES of FRANCE his embaſſy to paſs,
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
Before the war too deeply ſettled was:
Which when they found, they likewiſe caſt about
As they would go, to make him ſend them out.

XXXI.

Which when they came in council to debate,
And to the depth had ſeriouſly diſcuſt,
Finding how nearly it concern'd the ſtate,
To ſtay a war both dang'rous and unjuſt;
That weighty bus'neſs to negotiate,
They muſt find one of ſpecial worth and truſt:
Where ev'ry Lord his cenſure freely paſt,
Of whom he lik'd, the Biſhop was the laſt.

XXXII.

TORLTON, whoſe tongue men's ears in chains could tie,
And like JOVE's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Than in thoſe words the SIBYLS did rehearſe,
Whoſe ſentence was ſo abſolute and high,
As had the power a judgment to reverſe:
For the wiſe Queen, with all his might did ſtand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

XXXIII.

Urging what credit ſhe the cauſe might bring,
Impartial 'twixt a huſband and a brother,
A Queen in perſon betwixt King and King;
And more than that, to ſhew herſelf a mother,
There for her ſon his right eſtabliſhing,
Which did as much concern them as the other:
Which colour ſerv'd to work in this extreme,
That of which then the King did never dream.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

TORLTON, was this thy ſpiritual pretence?
Would God thy thoughts had been ſpiritual,
Or leſs perſuaſive thy great eloquence:
But oh! thy actions were too temporal,
Thy knowledge had too much preheminence,
Thy reaſon ſubtle, and ſophiſtical.
But all's not true that ſuppoſition ſaith,
Nor have the mightieſt arguments moſt faith.

XXXV.

Nor did the Biſhop thoſe his learned lack,
As well of power, as policy and wit,
That were prepar'd his great deſign to back,
And could amend where aught he did omit:
For with ſuch cunning they had made their pack,
That it went hard, if that they ſhould not hit;
That the fair Queen to France with ſpeed muſt go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had perſuaded ſo.

XXXVI.

When ſhe, well fitted both of wind and tide,
And ſaw the coaſt was ev'ry way ſo clear,
As a wiſe woman ſhe her bus'neſs ply'd,
Whilſt things went current, and well carry'd were,
Herſelf and her's to get aboard ſhe hy'd,
As one whoſe fortune made her ſtill to fear:
Knowing thoſe times ſo variouſly inclin'd,
And ev'ry toy ſoon alt'ring EDWARD's mind.

XXXVII.

Her followers ſuch, as meerly friendleſs ſtood,
Sunk and dejected by the SPENSERS pride,
Who bore the taints of treaſon in their blood,
And for revenge would leave no ways untry'd,
Whoſe means were bad, but yet their minds were good,
When now at hand they had their help deſcry'd;
Nor were they wanting miſchief to invent,
To work their wills, and further her intent.

XXXVIII.

Whilſt MORTIMER (that all this while hath lain
From our fair courſe) by Fortune ſtrangely croſt,
In FRANCE was ſtruggling how he might regain
That which before in ENGLAND he had loſt,
And all good means doth gladly entertain,
No jot diſmay'd in all thoſe tempeſts toſt,
Nor his great mind could ſo be overthrown,
All men his friends, all countries were his own.

XXXIX.

Then, Muſe (tranſported by thy former zeal,
Led in thy progreſs where his fortune lies)
To thy ſure aid I ſeriouſly appeal;
To ſhew him fully, without fain'd diſguiſe,
The ancient Heroes then I ſhall reveal,
And in their patterns I ſhall be preciſe,
When in my verſe, tranſparent, neat and clear,
They ſhall in his pure character appear.

XL.

He was a man (then boldly dare to ſay)
In whoſe rich ſoul the Virtues well did ſute,
In whom ſo mix'd the Elements all lay,
That none to one could ſov'raignty impute,
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
He of a temper was ſo abſolute,
As that it ſeem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to ſhew all that might be in man.

XLI.

So throughly ſeaſon'd, and ſo rightly ſet,
That in the level of the cleareſt eye,
Time never touch'd him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him but awry;
Whom in his courſe no croſs could ever let,
His elevation fixed was ſo high,
That thoſe rough ſtorms, whoſe rage the world doth prove,
Never raught him, who ſate them far above.

XLII.

XLII.

Which the Queen ſaw, who had a ſeeing ſpirit,
For ſhe had mark'd the largeneſs of his mind,
And with much judgment look'd into his merit,
Above the uſual compaſs of her kind,
His Grandſire's greatneſs rightly to inherit;
When as the ages in their courſe inclin'd,
And the world, weak with time, began to bow
To that poor baſeneſs that it reſts at now.

XLIII.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his WIGMORE left,
Let needleſs heaps as things of nothing ſtand,
That was not his that man could take by theft,
He was a Lord, if he had ſea or land,
And thought him rich of thoſe who was not reft.
Man, of all creatures, hath an upright hand,
And by the ſtars is only taught to know,
That as they progreſs heav'n, he earth ſhould do.

XLIV.

Wherefore wiſe Nature, from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught man to find the way,
That in the floods her treaſure might be found,
To make him ſearch for what ſhe there did lay;
And that her ſecrets he might throughly ſound,
She gave him courage as her only key,
That, of all creatures as the worthieſt, he
Her glory there and wond'rous works ſhould ſee.

XLV.

Let wretched worldlings ſweat for mud and earth,
Whoſe groveling boſoms lick the recreant ſtones,
Such peaſants cark for plenty and for dearth,
Fame never looks upon thoſe proſtrate drones;
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,
To manage Empires from the ſtate of thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune, when ſhe ſtern'ſt appears,
Which ſcorneth ſighs, and jeereth at our tears.

XLVI.

XLVI.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)
Tickled the entrance of his liſt'ning ear,
With news of ſhips ſent out the Queen to bring,
For her at SANDWICH which then waiting were,
He ſurely thought he heard the angels ſing,
And the whole frame of heav'n make up the quire,
That his full ſoul was ſmother'd with exceſs,
Her ample joys unable to expreſs.

XLVII.

Quoth he, Slide billows ſmoothly for her ſake,
Whoſe ſight can make your aged NEREUS young,
For her fair paſſage even alleys make,
And as the ſoft winds waft her ſails along,
Sleek ev'ry little dimple of the lake;
Sweet SIRENS, and be ready with your ſong:
Though 'tis not VENUS that doth paſs that way,
Yet is as fair as ſhe born on the ſea.

XLVIII.

Ye ſcaly creatures, gaze upon her eye,
And never after with your kind make war;
O ſteal the accents from her lips that flie,
Which like the tunes of the celeſtials are,
And them to your ſick amorous thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which ARION's did but jar:
Wrap them in air, and when black tempeſts rage,
Uſe them as charms the rough ſeas to aſſwage.

XLIX.

FRANCE, ſend t' attend her with full ſhoals of oars,
With which her fleet may ev'ry way be ply'd;
And when ſhe landeth on thy bleſſed ſhores,
And the vaſt navy doth at anchor ride,
For her departure when the wild ſea roars,
Ship mount to heaven, and there be ſtellify'd:
Next JASON's Argo, on the burniſh'd throne,
Aſſume thyſelf a conſtellation.

L.

Queen ISABEL then landing with delight,
Had what rich FRANCE could lend her for her eaſe;
And as ſhe paſs'd, no town but did invite
Her with ſome ſhew, her appetite to pleaſe:
But MORTIMER once coming in her ſight,
His ſhape and features did her fancy ſeize;
When ſhe, that knew how her fit time to take,
Thus ſhe her moſt-lov'd MORTIMER beſpake:

LI.

"O MORTIMER, ſweet MORTIMER, quoth ſhe,
"What angry power did firſt the means deviſe,
"To ſeparate Queen ISABEL and thee,
"Whom (to deſpite) love yet together ties?
"But if thou think'ſt the fault was made by me;
"For a juſt penance to my longing eyes,
"Though guiltleſs they, this be to them aſſign'd,
"To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

LII.

"My dear, dear heart, thought I to ſee thee thus,
"When firſt in court thou didſt my favour wear,
"When we have watch'd leſt any noted us,
"Whilſt our looks us'd love's meſſages to bear,
"And we by ſigns ſent many a ſecret buſs,
"An exile then, thought I to ſee thee here?
"But what couldſt thou be then, but now thou art;
"Though baniſh'd ENGLAND, yet not from my heart.

LIII.

"That fate which did thy franchiſement inforce,
"And from the depth of danger ſet thee free,
"Still regular and conſtant in that courſe,
"Made me this ſtrait and even path to thee,
"Of our affections as it took remorſe;
"Our birth-fix'd ſtars ſo luckily agree,
"Whoſe revolution ſeriouſly directs
"Our like proceedings to the like effects.

LIV. "Only

LIV.

" Only wiſe counſel hath contriv'd this thing,
" For which we wiſh'd ſo many a woful day,
" Of which the clear and perfect managing
" Is that ſtrong prop, whereon our hopes may ſtay:
" Which in itſelf th' authority doth bring,
" That weak opinion hath not power to ſway,
" Confuting thoſe, whoſe ſightleſs judgments ſit
" In the thick rank with ev'ry common wit.

LV.

" Then ſince th' aſſay our good ſucceſs aſſures,
" And we her fav'rites lean on Fortune's breaſt,
" That ev'ry hour new comfort us procures,
" Of theſe her bleſſings let us chuſe the beſt;
" And whilſt the day of our good hap endures,
" Let's take the bounteous benefits of reſt:
" Let's fear no ſtorm before we feel a ſhow'r,
" My ſon a King, two Kingdoms help my dow'r.

LVI.

" Of wanton EDWARD when I firſt was woo'd,
" Why cam'ſt thou not into the court of FRANCE?
" Before thy King, thou in my grace hadſt ſtood:
" O MORTIMER, how good had been thy chance!
" My love attempted in that youthful mood,
" I might have been thine own inheritance;
" Where ent'ring now by force, thou hold'ſt by [might,
" And art diſſeiſor of another's right.

LVII.

" Thou idol, Honour, which we fools adore,
" (How many plagues do reſt in thee to grieve us?)
" Which when we have, we find there is much more,
" Than that which only is a name can give us;
" Of real comforts thou doſt leave us poor,
" And of thoſe joys thou often doſt deprive us,
" That with ourſelves doth ſet us at debate,
" And makes us beggers in our greateſt ſtate."

LVIII.

LVIII.

With ſuch brave raptures from her words that riſe,
She made a breach in his impreſſive breaſt,
And all his pow'rs ſo fully did ſurprize,
As ſeem'd to rock his ſenſes to their reſt,
So that his wit could not that thing deviſe,
Of which he thought his ſoul was not poſſeſt:
Whoſe great abundance, like a ſwelling flood
After a ſhow'r, ran through his raviſh'd blood.

LIX.

Like as a lute, that's touch'd with curious ſkill,
Each ſtring ſtretch'd up his right tone to retain,
Muſick's true language that doth ſpeak at will,
The baſe and treble married by the mean,
Whoſe ſounds each note with harmony do fill,
Whether it be in deſcant or on plain;
So their affections, ſet in keys alike,
In true concent meet, as their humours ſtrike.

LX.

As the plain path to their deſign appears,
Of whoſe wiſh'd ſight they had been long debarr'd,
By the diſſolving of thoſe threat'ning fears,
That many a purpoſe, many a plot had marr'd;
Their hope at full ſo heartily them chears,
And their protection by a ſtronger guard,
Lends them that leiſure, the events to caſt
Of things to come, by thoſe already paſt.

LXI.

For this great bus'neſs eas'ly ſetting out,
By due proportion meaſuring ev'ry pace,
T' avoid the cumbrance of each hindering doubt;
And not to fail of comelineſs and grace,
They came with every circumſtance about,
Obſerve the perſon, as the time and place:
Nor leave they aught, that in diſcretion's laws
They could but think might beautify the cauſe.

LXII. Their

LXII.

Their embaſſy deliv'ring in that height,
As of the ſame the dignity might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that weight
In ceremony well beſeeming it;
And that it ſhould go ſteadily and right,
They at their audience no one point omit,
As to the full each tittle to effect,
That in ſuch caſes wiſdom ſhould reſpect.

LXIII.

Nor to negotiate never do they ceaſe,
Till they again that antient league combine;
Yet ſo, that EDWARD ſhould his right releaſe,
And to his ſon the provinces reſign:
With whom King CHARLES concludes the happy peace,
Having the homage due to him for GUIEN;
And that both realms ſhould ratify their deed,
They for both Kings an interview decreed.

LXIV.

Yet in this thing, which all men thought ſo plain,
And to have been accompliſh'd with ſuch care,
Their inward falſhood hidden did remain,
Quite from the colour that the outſide bare:
For only they this interview did gain
T' intrap the King, ſo trained to their ſnare;
For which they knew that he muſt paſs the ſeas,
Or elſe the Prince, which better would them pleaſe.

LXV.

Which by the SPENSERS was approved, who
(As in his counſels they did chiefly guide)
With him their ſov'reign nor to France durſt go,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide.
Whilſt the weak King ſtood doubtful what to do,
His liſt'ning ears they with perſwaſions ply'd,
That he to ſtay was abſolutely won,
And for that buſ'neſs to diſpatch his ſon.

LXVI. Thus

LXVI.

Thus is the King encompaſs'd by their ſkill,
And made to act what TORLTON did deviſe,
Who thruſt him on, to draw them up the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get power to riſe,
For they in all things were before him ſtill:
That perfect ſteerſman in all policies
Had caſt to walk where EDWARD bare the light,
And by his aim he levelled their ſight.

LXVII.

Thus having made, what EDWARD moſt did will
For his advantage, further their intent,
With ſeeming good ſo varniſhing their ill,
That it went current by the fair event,
And of their hopes the utmoſt to fulfill:
Things in their courſe came in ſo true conſent,
To bring their bus'neſs to that happy end,
That they the ſame might publickly defend.

LXVIII.

The precious time no longer they protract,
Nor in ſuſpenſe their friends at home do hold,
Being abroad ſo abſolutely backt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publiſhing their act;
Nor did they fear to whom report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
T' abet their own did abſolutely ſtand.

LXIX.

And that baſe Biſhop then of EXETER,
A man experienc'd in their counſels long,
(Thinking perhaps his falſhood might prefer
Him, or elſe moved with King EDWARD's wrong;
Or whether that his frailty made him err,
Or other fatal accident among:)
But he from France and them, to England flew,
And knowing all, diſcover'd all he knew.

LXX. Their

LXX.

Their treaſons, long in hatching, thus diſclos'd,
And TORLTON's drift by circumſtances found,
With what conveyance things had been diſpos'd,
The cunning us'd in caſting of their ground,
The frame as fit in every point compos'd,
When better counſel coldly came to ſound,
Awak'd the King to ſee his weak eſtate,
When the prevention came a day too late.

LXXI.

Yet her departing whilſt ſhe doth adjourn,
CHARLES, as a brother, by perſuaſion deals;
EDWARD with threats would force her to return,
Pope JOHN her with his dreadful curſe aſſails:
But all in vain againſt her will they ſpurn,
Perſuaſion, threat, nor curſe with her prevails:
CHARLES, EDWARD, JOHN, ſtrive all to do your wo
The Queen fares beſt when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

LXXII.

Which to the SPENSERS ſpeedily made ſeen,
With what clean ſlight things had been brought about
And that thoſe here, which well might rul'd have bee
Quickly had found that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their wit, their pow'r and ſpleen,
Of their own ſafeties much began to doubt,
And therefore muſt ſome preſent means invent,
T' avoid a danger, elſe moſt imminent.

LXXIII.

When they, who had the Frenchmen's humours felt,
And knew the bait wherewith they might be caught,
By promiſe of large penſions with them dealt,
If that King CHARLES might from her aid be wrought
What mind ſo hard that money cannot melt?
Which they to paſs in little time had brought;
That ISABEL, too eas'ly over-weigh'd
By their great ſums, was fruſtrate of her aid.

LXXIV. Y

LXXIV.

Yet could not this amate that mighty Queen,
(Whom ſad affliction never had controul'd,
Never ſuch courage in that ſex was ſeen,
She was not caſt in other women's mold)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high ſpleen,
Who could endure war, travel, want, and cold,
Struggling with Fortune, near by her oppreſt,
Moſt cheerful ſtill when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

LXXV.

But then reſolv'd to leave ungrateful FRANCE,
And in the world her better fate to try,
Changing the air, hopes time may alter chance,
Under her burthen ſcorning ſo to lie,
Her weaken'd ſtate ſtill ſtriving to advance,
Her mighty mind flew in a pitch ſo high:
Yet ere ſhe went, her vex'd heart that did ake,
Somewhat to eaſe, thus to the King ſhe ſpake:

LXXVI.

"Is this a King's, a Brother's part (quoth ſhe?)
"And to this end did I my grief unfold?
"Came I to heal my wounded heart to thee,
"Where ſlain outright I now the ſame behold?
"Be theſe thy vows, thy promiſes to me?
"In all this heat art thou become ſo cold,
"To leave me thus forſaken at the worſt,
"My ſtate at laſt more wretched than at firſt?

LXXVII.

"Thy wiſdom weighing what my wants require,
"To thy dear mercy might my tears have ty'd,
"Our bloods receiving heat both from one fire;
"And we by fortune as by birth ally'd,
"My ſute ſupported by my juſt deſire,
"Were arguments not to have been deny'd:
"The grievous wrongs that in my boſom be,
"Should be as near thy care as I to thee.

LXXVIII.

" Nature too eas'ly working on my ſex,
" Thus at thy pleaſure my poor fortune leaves,
" Which being intic'd with hopes of due reſpects
" From thee, my truſt diſhoneſtly deceives,
" Who me and mine unnaturally neglects,
" And of all comfort laſtly us bereaves:
" What 'twixt thy baſeneſs and thy beaſtly will,
" T' expoſe thy ſiſter to the worſt of ill.

LXXIX.

" But for my farewel thus I propheſy:
" That from my womb he's ſprung, or he ſhall ſpring,
" Who ſhall ſubdue thy next poſterity,
" And lead a captive thy ſucceeding King,
" The juſt revenge of thy vile injury:
" To fatal FRANCE I as a SIBYL ſing
" Her cities ſack, the ſlaughter of her men,
" Of whom one Engliſhman ſhall conquer ten."

LXXX.

The Earl of HAINAULT, in that ſeaſon great,
The wealthy Lord of many a warlike tower,
Who, for his friendſhip, Princes did intreat,
As fearing both his policy and power,
Having a brother wond'rouſly compleat,
Call'd JOHN of BEAUMONT (in a happy hour,
As for the diſtreſſed Queen did chance)
That time abiding in the court of FRANCE.

LXXXI.

He, there the while this ſhuffling that had ſeen,
Who to her party ISABEL had won,
To paſs for HAINAULT humbly prays the Queen,
Prompting her ſtill what good might there be done,
To eaſe the anguiſh of her tumorous ſpleen,
Off'ring his fair niece to the Prince her ſon,
The only way to win his brother's might,
Againſt the King to back her in her right.

LXXXII.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the ſoldiers of that time did throng,
The pattern to all other of his ſort,
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,
With that brave Queen long trained up in court,
And conſtantly confirmed in her wrong:
Beſides all this, croſs'd by the adverſe part,
In things that ſate too near to his great heart.

LXXXIII.

Sufficient motives to invite diſtreſs,
To apprehend ſo excellent a mean,
(Againſt thoſe ills that did ſo ſtrongly preſs)
Whereon the Queen her weak eſtate might lean,
And at that ſeaſon, tho' it were the leſs,
Yet for a while it might her want ſuſtain;
Until th' approaching of more proſp'rous days,
Her drooping hopes to their firſt height might raiſe.

LXXXIV.

When they at large had leiſure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleaſed face,
From thoſe diſhonours ſhe received late,
For there ſhe wanted no obſequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they imbrace;
And to conclude, all ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affies fair PHILIP at the laſt.

LXXXV.

All covenants betwixt them ſurely ſeal'd,
Each to the other laſtingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,
And ſuiting well with HAINAULT's mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveal;
The eaſe the Queen was thereby like to find,
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,
Prince EDWARD pleas'd, and joy on every ſide.

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

The Queen in HAINAULT *mighty friends doth win,*
In HARWICH *haven ſafely is arriv'd,*
Garboils in ENGLAND *more and more begin,*
King EDWARD *of his ſafety is depriv'd,*
Flieth to WALES, *at* NEATH *received in,*
Whilſt many plots againſt him are contriv'd:
Laſtly betray'd, the SPENSERS *and his friends*
Are put to death, with which this Canto ends.

I.

NOW ſeven times PHOEBUS had his welked wain
Upon the top of Cancer's tropick ſet,
And ſeven times in his deſcent again,
His fiery wheels had with the Fiſhes wet,
In the occurrents of King EDWARD's reign,
Since miſchief did theſe miſeries beget;
Which through more ſtrange varieties had run,
Than he that while celeſtial ſigns had done.

II. Whilſt

II.

Whilſt our ill-thriving in thoſe SCOTTISH broils,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly did advance,
In a ſmall time made wealthy by our ſpoils;
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,
Were well-near quite diſhearten'd by our foils:
But at theſe things the Muſe muſt only glance,
And HERCKLEY's treaſons haſte to bring to view,
Her ſerious ſubject ſooner to purſue.

III.

When ROBERT BRUCE with his brave Scottiſh band,
By other inroads on the borders made,
Had well-near waſted all Northumberland,
Whoſe towns he level with the earth had laid;
And finding none his pow'r there to withſtand,
On the North part of ſpacious Yorkſhire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,
As fate to him did our laſt fall allot.

IV.

For which that HERCKLEY by his Sov'raign ſent,
T' intreat a needful, though diſhonour'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the war, in a fair way to ceaſe,
And with King ROBERT did a courſe invent,
His homage due to EDWARD to releaſe:
Beſides, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and war to join with all their might.

V.

Yet more, King ROBERT (things being carried ſo)
His ſiſter to that treach'rous Earl affy'd,
Which made too plain and evident a ſhow
Of what before his truſt did cloſely hide:
But the cauſe found from whence this league ſhould grow,
By ſuch as near into their actions pry'd,
Diſcover'd treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Had ſhed more blood than all the wars had coſt.

VI.

Whether the King's weak counſels cauſes are,
That ev'ry thing ſo badly falleth out,
Or that the Earl did of our ſtate deſpair,
When nothing proſper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careleſs how the Engliſh fare,
I'll not diſpute, but leave it as a doubt;
Or ſome vain title his ambition lackt,
But ſomething hatcht this treaſonable act.

VII.

Which once revealed to the jealous King,
The apprehenſion of that trait'rous Peer
He left to the Lord LUCY's managing,
(One whoſe prov'd faith he had held ever dear)
By whoſe brave carriage in ſo hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his truſt appear;
Who in his caſtle, careleſly defended,
That crafty CARLEL cloſely apprehended.

VIII.

For which, ere long, to his juſt trial led
In all the robes befitting his degree,
Where SCROOP, chief Juſtice in that dang'rous ſtead,
Commiſſion had his lawful judge to be;
And on the proofs of his indictment read,
His treaſons all ſo eaſily might ſee:
Which ſoon themſelves ſo plainly did expreſs,
As might aſſure them of his ill ſucceſs.

IX.

His ſtile and titles to the King reſtor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and ſcorn,
And next diſarmed of his Knightly ſword,
On which before his fealty he had ſworn,
Then, by a varlet of his ſpurs diſ-ſpurr'd,
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn;
And to the hurdle laſtly he was ſent
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rouſly had meant.

X. Where-

X.

Whereon the King a parliament procur'd,
To fix ſome things, whoſe fall he elſe might fear;
Whereby he hop'd the Queen to have abjur'd,
His ſon, and ſuch as their adjutors were:
But thoſe, of whom himſelf he moſt aſſur'd,
What they had ſeem'd, the ſame did not appear;
When he ſoon found he had his purpoſe miſt,
For there were thoſe that durſt his power reſiſt.

XI.

For HEREFORD, in parliament accus'd
Of ſundry treaſons, wherein he was caught
By ſuch his courſes ſtrictly as perus'd,
Whereby ſubverſion of the realm was ſought,
His holy habit and his truſt abus'd;
Who, to his anſwer when he ſhould be brought,
Was by the Clergy (in the King's deſpight)
Seiz'd under colour of the Church's right.

XII.

When ſome, the fav'rers of this fatal war,
Whom this example did more ſharply whet,
Thoſe for the cauſe that then impriſon'd were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to ſet;
Whoſe purpoſe fruſtrate by their enemies care,
New garboils doth continually beget,
Bidding the King with care to look about,
Thoſe ſecret fires ſo hourly breaking out.

XIII.

And th' Earl of KENT, who was by EDWARD plac'd
As the great Gen'ral of his force in GUIEN,
Was in his abſence here at home diſgrac'd,
And fruſtrated both of ſupplies and coin,
By ſuch lewd perſons to maintain their waſte,
As from his treaſures ceas'd not to purloin:
Nor could the King be mov'd, ſo careleſs ſtill
Both of his own loſs and his brother's ill.

XIV.

Whoſe diſcontent too quickly being found,
By ſuch as all advantages did wait,
Who ſtill apply'd ſtrong cor'ſives to the wound,
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,
Hinder'd thoſe means that hap'ly might redound
That faſt-ariſing miſchief to defeat:
Till EDMUND's wrongs were to that ripeneſs grown,
That they had made him abſolute their own.

XV.

With all his faithful followers in thoſe wars,
Men well-experienc'd and of worthieſt parts,
Who for their pay received only ſcarrs,
Whilſt the inglorious had their due deſerts;
And minions hate of other hope debars,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their Gen'ral for revenge they cry,
Joining with BEAUMONT, giving him ſupply.

XVI.

Theſe great Commanders, and with them combine
The Lord POCELLES, SARES, and BOYSEERS,
DAMBRETTICOURT, the young and valiant HEIN,
ESTOTIVYLE, COMINES, and VILLEERS;
The valiant Knights, Sir MICHAEL DE LA LYNE,
Sir ROBERT BALIOL, BOSWIT, and SEMEERS;
Men of great ſkill, whom ſpoil and glory warms,
Such as indeed were dedicate to arms.

XVII.

Leading three thouſand muſter'd men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swiſſer, and the Dutch;
Of native Engliſh, fled beyond the ſea,
Whoſe number near amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for that day,
Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch:
Beſides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

XVIII. Whilſt

XVIII.

Whilſt the wiſe Queen, from ENGLAND day by day,
Of all thoſe doings that had certain word,
Whoſe friends much blam'd her over-long delay,
When as the time ſuch fitneſs did afford,
Doth for her paſſage preſently purvey,
Bearing proviſion ev'ry hour aboard;
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invaſion, to tranſport a war.

XIX.

When ſhe for ENGLAND fairly ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud ſails on the wat'ry plain,
Steereth her courſe directly to the North,
With her young EDWARD Duke of AQUITAIN,
With other three of ſpecial name and worth,
(The deſtin'd ſcourges of King EDWARD's reign)
Her ſoldier BEAUMONT, and the Earl of KENT,
With MORTIMER, that mighty malcontent.

XX.

For HARWICH road a fore-wind finely blows,
But blew too faſt, to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full ſail and the ſtiff tide ſhe goes;
It ſhould have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The fleet it drove was fraughted with our woes;
But ſeas and winds do EDWARD's wrack conſpire:
For when juſt Heav'n to chaſtiſe us is bent,
All things convert to our due puniſhment.

XXI.

The coaſts were kept with a continual ward,
The beacons watch'd her coming to deſcry;
Had but the love of ſubjects been his guard,
'T had been t'effect that he did fortify:
But whilſt he ſtood againſt his foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home-enemy.
Small help by this he was but like to win;
Shutting war out, he lockt deſtruction in.

XXII. When

XXII.

When HENRY, brother to that luckleſs Prince,
The firſt great mover of that civil ſtrife;
THOMAS, whom law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:
That HENRY, in whoſe boſom ever ſince
Revenge lay covered, watching for relief,
Like fire in ſome fat min'ral of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

XXIII.

And being Earl-Marſhal, great upon that coaſt,
With bells and bonfires welcomes her aſhore;
And by his office gath'ring up an hoſt,
Shew'd the great ſpleen that he to EDWARD bore,
Nor of the ſame abaſh'd at all to boaſt;
The Clergy's power in readineſs before,
And on their friends a tax as freely laid,
To raiſe munition for their preſent aid.

XXIV.

And to confuſion all their powers expoſe,
On the rent boſom of the land, which long
War, like the ſea, on each ſide did incloſe,
A war from our own home-diſſenſions ſprung,
In little time which to that greatneſs roſe,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring ſtates among:
But this invaſion, that they hither brought,
More miſchief far than all the former wrought.

XXV.

Beſides, this innovation in the ſtate
Lent their great action ſuch a violent hand,
When it ſo boldly durſt inſinuate
On the cold faintneſs of th' infeebled land;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regain that height, from whence they lately fell.

XXVI. Bu

XXVI.

Their ſtrengths together in this mean time met,
All helps and hurts by war's beſt counſels weigh'd,
As what might further, what their courſe might let,
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,
As where they hop'd ſecurity to get,
Whereon at worſt their fortunes might be ſtay'd:
So fully furniſh'd, as themſelves deſir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

XXVII.

When at ST. EDMUND'S they a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelves and their ſea-beaten force,
Better to learn the manner of their foes,
To th' end not idly to direct their courſe;
And ſeeing daily how their army grows,
To take a full view of their foot and horſe:
With much diſcretion managing the war,
To let the world know what to do they dare.

XXVIII.

When as the King of their proceedings heard,
And of the routs that daily to them run:
But little ſtrength at LONDON then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd moſt favour to have won:
He left the City to the watchful guard
Of his approv'd, moſt-truſted STAPLETON;
To JOHN of ELTHAM, his dear ſon, the Tow'r,
And goes himſelf tow'rds WALES, to raiſe him pow'r.

XXIX.

Yet whilſt his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,
Or who would have a ſubject's benefit,
Should bend themſelves againſt his ſon and wife,
And doth all ſlaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this ſtrife;
As who could bring in MORTIMER's proud head,
Should freely take th' revenues of the dead.

XXX. To

XXX.

Which was encounter'd by the Queen's edict,
By publiſhing the juſtneſs of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T' uphold their ancient liberties and laws:
And that on EDWARD ſhe did nought inflict
For private hate, or popular applauſe;
Only the SPENSERS to account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

XXXI.

Which ballaſted the multitude, that ſtood
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, oppoſed by the flood,
Nought therein left, to land the ſame to guide:
Thus floated they in their unconſtant mood,
Till that the weakneſs of King EDWARD's ſide
Suffer'd a ſeiſure of itſelf at laſt,
Which to the Queen a free advantage caſt.

XXXII.

Thus EDWARD left his ENGLAND to his foes,
Whom danger did to recreant flight debaſe,
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,
Depriv'd of Princely ſov'raignty and grace,
Yet ſtill grew leſs, the farther that he goes,
His ſafety ſoon ſuſpecting ev'ry place:
No help at home, nor ſuccour ſeen abroad,
His mind wants reſt, his body ſafe abode.

XXXIII.

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done,
Of HAINAULT's pow'r, and what the Queen intends;
But whilſt he ſpeaks, another hath begun:
A third then takes it, where the ſecond ends,
And tells what rumours through the countries run,
Of thoſe new foes, of thoſe revolted friends:
Strait came a fourth, in poſt that thither ſped,
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

XXXII

XXXIV.

What plagues did EDWARD for himſelf prepare?
Forſaken King, O whither did'ſt thou flie!
Changing the clime, thou couldſt not change thy care;
Thou fledd'ſt thy foes, but followedſt miſery.
Thoſe evil lucks in numbers many are,
That to thy footſteps do themſelves apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience, corroſiv'd with grief,
Thou but purſu'ſt thyſelf, both robb'd and thief.

XXXV.

Who ſeeking ſuccour offer'd next at hand,
At laſt for WALES he takes him to the ſeas,
And ſeeing LUNDY, that ſo fair did ſtand,
Thither would ſteer, to give his ſorrows eaſe;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dream, his fancy ſeem'd to pleaſe:
For fain he would be King (yet) of an Iſle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

XXXVI.

But when he thought to ſtrike his proſp'rous ſail,
As under lee, paſt danger of the flood,
A ſudden ſtorm of mixed ſleet and hail
Not ſuffer'th him to rule that piece of wood.
What doth his labour, what his toil avail,
That is by the celeſtial pow'rs withſtood?)
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,
By God and men inceſſantly purſu'd.

XXXVII.

In that black tempeſt long turmoil'd and toſt
Quite from his courſe, and well he knew not where,
Mongſt rocks and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear;
At length perceiving he was near ſome coaſt,
And that the weather ſomewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas WALES; and by the mountains tall,
That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

In NEATH, a caſtle next at hand, and ſtrong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The Earl of GLO'STER, worker of much wrong,
His Chancellor BALDOCK, which much evil knew,
READING his Marſhal, other friends among;
Where cloſely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muſe a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great ſlaughter ſhapes herſelf to tell.

XXXIX.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone,
Your paſſion poor yields matter much too ſlight:
To write thoſe plagues that then were coming on,
Doth aſk a pen of ebon and the night.
If there be ghoſts, their murther that bemoan,
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight
Howl, and about me with black tapers ſtand,
To lend a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

XL.

Each line ſhall lead to ſome one weeping woe,
And ev'ry cadence as a tort'red cry,
Till they force tears in ſuch exceſs to flow,
That they ſurround the circle of each eye:
Then whilſt theſe ſad calamities I ſhow,
All looſe affections ſtand ye idly by,
Deſtin'd again to dip my pen in gore,
For the ſad'ſt tale that time did e'er deplore.

XLI.

New ſorts of plagues were threaten'd to the earth,
The raging ocean paſt his bounds did riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard of ſickneſs and calamities,
More unaccuſtomed and unlook'd-for dearth,
New ſorts of meteors gazing from the ſkies:
As what before had ſmall or nothing been,
And only then their plagues did but begin.

XLII.

And whilſt the Queen did in this courſe proceed,
The land lay open to all offer'd ill:
The lawleſs exile did return with ſpeed,
Not to defend his country, but to kill.
Then were the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and town with wretchedneſs to fill:
LONDON, as thou waſt author of ſuch ſhame,
Even ſo waſt thou moſt plagued with the ſame.

XLIII.

Whoſe giddy commons, mercileſs and rude,
Let looſe to miſchief on that diſmal day,
Their hands in blood of EDWARD's friends imbru'd;
Which in their madneſs having made away,
Th' implacable, the monſtrous multitude,
On his Lieutenant STAPLETON did prey;
Who dragg'd by them o'er many a loathſome heap,
Beheaded was before the croſs in Cheap.

XLIV.

Here firſt ſhe read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her ſad deſtruction, which was but too nigh,
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomy,
Which for her errors did that reck'ning call,
As might have wraught tears from her ruthleſs eye;
And if the thick air dimn'd her hateful ſight,
Her buildings were on fire, to give her light.

XLV.

Her channels ſerv'd for ink, her paper ſtones,
Whereon to write her murther, inceſt, rape;
And for her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,
To make each letter in ſome monſtrous ſhape;
And for her accents, ſad departing groans:
And that to time no deſp'rate act ſhould 'ſcape,
If ſhe with pride again ſhould be o'ergone,
To take that book, and ſadly look thereon.

XLVI.

XLVI.

The tender girl, ſpoil'd of her virgin ſhame,
Yet for that ſin no raviſher was ſhent:
Black is my ink, more black was her defame,
None to revenge, ſcarce any to lament;
Nought could be done to remedy the ſame,
It was too late thoſe miſchiefs to prevent:
Againſt thoſe horrors ſhe did idly ſtrive,
But ſaw herſelf to be devour'd alive.

XLVII.

She wants redreſs, and raviſhment remorſe,
None would be found to whom ſhe could complain;
And crying out againſt th' adult'rer's force,
Her plaints untimely did return in vain;
The more ſhe griev'd, her miſery the worſe:
Only to her this help there did remain,
She ſpoil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,
And made her life clear by her reſolute death.

XLVIII.

Then of that world men did the want complain,
When they might have been buried, when they dy'd;
Young children ſafely in their cradles lain,
The man new-married have enjoy'd his bride,
When in ſome bounds ill could itſelf contain;
The ſon kneel'd by his father's death-bed ſide,
The living wrong'd, the dead no right could have,
The father ſaw his ſon to want a grave.

XLIX.

But 'twas too late thoſe courſes to recall,
None have external nor internal fear;
Thoſe deadly ſounds, by their continual fall,
Settle confuſion in each deafen'd ear.
Of our ill times this was the worſt of all,
Only of garboils that did love to hear;
Arms our attire, and wounds were all our good,
Branded the moſt with rapine and with blood.

L. Inglo-

L.

Inglorious age, of whom it ſhould be ſaid,
That all theſe miſchiefs ſhould abound in thee!
That all theſe ſins ſhould to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free!
O let not Time us with thoſe ills upbraid,
Leſt fear what hath been, argue what may be,
And faſhioning ſo a habit in the mind,
Make us alone the haters of our kind!

LI.

O pow'rful Heav'n, in whoſe moſt ſov'reign reign
All thy pure bodies move in harmony,
By thee in an inviolable chain
Together link'd; ſo ty'd in unity,
That they therein continually remain,
Sway'd in one certain courſe eternally:
Why his true motion keepeth every ſtar,
Yet, what they govern, ſo irregular?

LII.

But in the courſe of this unnatural war,
Muſe, ſay from whence this height of miſchief grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpread itſelf ſo far,
From whence ſo ſundry bloodſheds did enſue,
The cauſe, I pray thee, faithfully declare.
What, men Religious, was the fault in you?
Which, reſty grown with your much pow'r, withdraw
Your ſtiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

LIII.

No wonder though the people grew profane,
When Churchmen's Lives gave Laymen leave to fall,
And did their former humbleneſs diſdain;
The ſhirt of hair turn'd coat of coſtly pall,
The holy ephod made a cloak for gain:
What done with cunning, was canonical,
And blind promotion ſhun'd that dang'rous road,
Which the old Prophets diligently trode.

LIV.

Hence 'twas, that GOD ſo ſlightly was ador'd;
That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was grounded,
Conſcience eſteem'd but as an idle word,
And being weak, by vain opinions wounded:
Profeſſors Lives did little fruit afford,
And in her ſects Religion lay confounded;
Moſt ſacred things were merchandize become,
None talk'd of texts, but propheſying dumb.

LV.

The Church then rich, and with ſuch pride poſſeſt,
Was like the poiſon of infectious air,
That having found a way into the breaſt,
Is not preſcrib'd, nor long time ſtays it there,
But through the organs ſeizeth on the reſt,
The rank contagion ſpreading ev'ry where;
So, from that evil by the Church begun,
The Commonwealth was laſtly over-run.

LVI.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholſom laws,
Which faſt'ning once on the defective weal,
Where doubts ſhould ceaſe, they roſe in ev'ry clauſe,
And made them hurt, which firſt were made to heal.
One evil ſtill another forward draws:
For when diſorder doth ſo far prevail,
That conſcience is caſt off as out of uſe,
Right is the cloak of wrong, and all abuſe.

LVII.

Mean while the King thus keeping in his hold,
(In that his poor impriſon'd liberty,
Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Almoſt beyond imagin'd miſery)
By hateful treaſon ſecretly was ſold,
Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.
For when th' oppreſs'd is once up to the chin,
Quite over head all help to thruſt him in.

LVIII. The

LVIII.

The dire diſaſter of that captiv'd King,
So ſurely ſeiz'd on by the adverſe part,
(To his few friends ſad matter menacing)
Struck with pale terror ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation clean diſcouraging,
Him no evaſion left whereby to ſtart;
And the black cloud, which greatlieſt did them fear,
Roſe where their hopes once brighteſt did appear.

LIX.

For firſt, their envy with unuſual force
Fell on the SPENSERS, from whoſe only hate
The war firſt ſprung; who found their lawleſs courſe
Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom there was not any took remorſe,
But as pernicious cankers of the ſtate,
The father firſt to BRISTOL being led,
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quartered.

LX.

When as the heir to WINCHESTER then dead,
The lot ere long to his ſon GLO'STER fell:
READING the Marſhal the like way was led,
And after him the Earl of ARUNDEL,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then MUCHELDEN, and with him DANIEL;
Theſe following him in his laſcivious ways,
Then went before him to his fatal days.

LXI.

Like ſome large pillar of a lordly height,
On whoſe proud top ſome huge frame doth depend,
By time diſabled to uphold the weight,
And that with age his back begins to bend,
Shrinks to his firſt ſeat, and in piteous plight
The leſſer props with his ſad load doth ſpend;
So far'd it with King EDWARD, cruſhing all
That had ſtood near him, in his violent fall.

LXII.

The ſtate whereon theſe Princes proudly lean,
Whoſe high aſcent men trembling ſtill behold,
From whence oft-times with inſolent diſdain
The kneeling ſubject hears himſelf controul'd,
Their earthly weakneſs truly doth explain,
Promoting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould;
When as their fall ſhews how they foully err'd,
Procur'd by thoſe whom fondly they prefer'd.

LXIII.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,
And by her fautors ignorance held in,
And paraſites in good men's rooms are plac'd,
Only to ſooth the higheſt in their ſin,
From thoſe whoſe ſkill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many ſtrange enormities begin.
For great wits forged into factious tools,
Prove great men (oft) to be the greateſt fools.

LXIV.

But why ſo vainly time do I beſtow,
The baſe abuſe of this vile world to chide?
Whoſe blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth ſhow
What folly weak mortality doth guide.
Wiſe was that man which laugh'd at human woe;
My ſubject ſtill more ſorrow doth provide,
And theſe deſigns more matter ſtill do breed,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceed.

The End of the FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Th' impriſon'd King his ſcepter doth forſake,
To quit himſelf of what he was accus'd:
His foes him from the Earl of LEI'STER *take,*
Who their commiſſion fain would have refus'd:
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,
And baſely and reproachfully abus'd,
By ſecret ways to BERKELEY *he is led,*
And there in priſon laſtly murthered.

I.

THE wretched King unnaturally betray'd,
By too much truſting to his native land,
From Neath in WALES to Kenelworth convey'd
By th'Earl of LEI'STER with a mighty band;
Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd:
When ſtraight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For reſignation of his government.

II.

Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it ſo weakly far'd,
To undergo that unexpected ill,
For his deſerved puniſhment prepar'd;
Paſt meaſure, as thoſe miſeries to fill
To him allotted as his juſt reward:
All arm'd with malice, either leſs or more,
To ſtrike at him who ſtruck at all before.

III.

It being a thing the Commons ſtill did crave,
The Barons thereto reſolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry ſide to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect ſpeed to their great action gave,
Eſtabliſh'd by the general conſent:
On EDWARD that ſuch miſeries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a King.

IV.

Earls, Biſhops, Barons, and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their ſtate,
By Heralds placed in the Caſtle hall;
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
(Whom the great bus'neſs at that time did call)
For the Cinque Ports the Barons convocate,
With the Shire Knights for the whole body ſent,
Both for the South and for the North of Trent.

V.

When EDWARD, cloathed mournfully in black,
Was forth before the great aſſembly brought,
A doleful hearſe upon a dead man's back,
Whoſe heavy looks expreſs'd his heavy thought,
In which there did no part of ſorrow lack;
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:
His funeral ſolemniz'd in his cheer,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the beer.

VI. TORL-

VI.

TORLTON, as one ſelect to that intent,
The beſt experienc'd in that great affair,
A man grave, ſubtle, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt with fair ſpeech th' aſſembly doth prepare;
Then with a grace auſtere and eminent,
Doth his abuſe effectually declare,
Winning each ſad eye to a reverend fear,
To due attention drawing every ear.

VII.

Urging th' exactions raiſed by the King,
With whoſe full plenty he his minions fed,
Him and his ſubjects ſtill impoveriſhing;
And the much blood he laviſhly had ſhed,
A deſolation on the land to bring:
As under him, how ill all bus'neſs ſped;
The loſs in war, ſuſtained through his blame,
A laſting ſcandal to the Engliſh name.

VIII.

Withall, proceeding with the future good
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what upright policy it ſtood,
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;
The reſignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend;
The preſent want, that will'd it to be ſo,
Whoſe impoſition they might not foreſlow.

IX.

Much more he ſpake; but fain would I be ſhort,
To this intent a ſpeech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report
What toucheth the depoſing of a King:
Wherefore I warn thee, Muſe, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reaſons for it by the Biſhop laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have ſaid.

X.

The grave delivery of whoſe vehement ſpeech,
Grac'd with a dauntleſs uncontracted brow,
Th' aſſembly with ſeverity did teach,
Each word of his authentick to allow,
That in the bus'neſs there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow:
Which they in publick gen'rally proteſt,
Calling the King to conſummate the reſt.

XI.

Whoſe fair cheeks cover'd with pale ſheets of ſhame,
Near in a ſwoon he his firſt ſcene began,
Wherein his paſſions did ſuch poſtures frame,
As ev'ry ſenſe play'd the tragedian,
Truly to ſhew from whence his ſorrows came,
Far from the compaſs of a common man:
As nature to herſelf had added art,
To teach deſpair to act a Kingly part.

XII.

O Pity, didſt thou live, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by ſuch ſights have to ſtone been turn'd)
Or, what men have been, had their ſeed forgot?
Or that for one, another never mourn'd?
In what ſo ſtrangely were ye over-ſhot,
Againſt yourſelves that your own frailty ſpurn'd?
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,
That there was none to pity miſeries?

XIII.

His paſſion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,
With a ſlight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were ſenſeleſs that it ſhould forego him;
And then he caſts a ſcornful eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him:
Then ſnatching at it, loth to have foregone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not ſo,
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

XIV. In

XIV.

In this confuſed conflict in his mind,
Tears drowning ſighs, and ſighs repelling tears:
But when in neither that he eaſe could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appears,
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,
Beſides, the time to him prefixed wears;
As then his ſorrow ſomewhat 'gan to ſlake,
From his full boſom thus he them beſpake.

XV.

" If firſt my title ſtedfaſtly were planted
" Upon a true indubitate ſucceſſion,
" Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,
" Which lawfully deliver'd me poſſeſſion;
" You muſt think heav'n ſufficiency hath wanted,
" And ſo deny it power, by your oppreſſion,
" That into queſtion dare thus boldly bring
" The awful right of an anointed King.

XVI.

" That hallowed unction by a ſacred hand,
" Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,
" And of this kingdom gave me the command,
" When it about me the rich verdure ſpread,
" Either my right in greater ſtead ſhould ſtand,
" Or wherefore then was it ſo vainly ſhed?
" Whoſe profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
" Juſt Heaven hath often puniſh'd, always much.

XVII.

" As from the Sun, when from our Sov'reign due,
" Whoſe virtual influence, as the ſource of right,
" Lends ſafety of your livelihood to you,
" As from our fulneſs taking borrow'd light;
" Which to the ſubject being ever true,
" Why thus oppugn you by prepoſt'rous might?
" But what Heaven lent me, wiſely to have uſed,
" It gives to him that vainly I abuſed.

XVIII. " Then

XVIII.

" Then here I do reſign it to your King ;
[Pauſing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With griping throws ſeem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O how that ſound his grieved heart did wring !
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]
" Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
" But griefs that touch the heart are hardly told.

XIX.

[Which ſaid, his eyes ſeem'd to diſſolve to tears,
After ſome great ſtorm like a ſhow'r of rain,
As his tongue ſtrove to keep it from his ears,
Or he had ſpoke it with exceeding pain ;
Oh, in his lips how vile that word appears,
Wiſhing it were within his breaſt again !]
" Yet, ſaith he, ſay ſo to the man you bear it,
" And thus ſay to him that you mean ſhall wear it:

XX.

" Let him account his bondage from that day,
" That he is with a diadem inveſted ;
" (A glittering crown hath made this hair ſo gray)
" Within whoſe circle he is but arreſted,
" To true content this is no certain way ;
" With ſweeter cates the mean eſtate is feaſted :
" For when his proud feet ſcorn to touch the mold,
" His head's a priſoner in a gaol of gold.

XXI.

" In numb'ring ſubjects, he but numbers care ;
" And when with ſhouts the people do begin,
" Let him ſuppoſe, th' applauſe but prayers are,
" That he may 'ſcape the danger he is in,
" Wherein t' adventure he ſo boldly dares :
" The multitude hath multitudes of ſin,
" And he that firſt doth cry God ſave the King,
" Is the firſt man him evil news doth bring.

XXII. " Loſt

XXII.

" Loſt in his own, miſ-led in others ways,
" Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
" Himſelf diſpleaſing, wicked men to pleaſe;
" Obey'd no more than he ſhall tyrannize,
" The leaſt in ſafety, being moſt at eaſe,
" With one friend winning many enemies:
" And when he ſitteth in his greateſt ſtate,
" They that behold him moſt, bear him moſt hate.

XXIII.

" A King was he but now, that now is none,
" Diſarm'd of power, and here dejected is;
" By whoſe depoſing he enjoys a throne,
" Who, were he natural, ſhould not have done this:
" I muſt confeſs th' inheritance his own;
" But, whilſt I live, it ſhould be none of his:
" But the ſon climbs, and thruſts the father down,
" And thus the crowned goes without a crown."

XXIV.

Thus having play'd his hard conſtrained part,
His ſpeech, his reign, the day together ended,
His breaſt ſhot through with ſorrow's deadlieſt dart,
Car'd for of none, nor look'd on, unattended,
Sadly returning with a heavy heart,
To his ſtrait lodging ſtrictly recommended,
Left to bemoan his miſerable plight
To the deaf walls, and to the darkſom night.

XXV.

Whilſt things were thus diſaſt'rouſly decreed,
Seditious libels every day were ſpred,
(By ſuch as lik'd not of the violent deed)
That he by force ſhould be delivered:
Whether his wrong remorſe in ſome did breed,
That him (alas!) untimely pitied;
Who knew: or whether but devis'd by ſome,
To cloak his murther, afterward to come.

XXVI. And

XXVI.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning ſtill did lurk,
And ſtill ſuſpicious EDWARD was not ſure,
Fearing that blood with LEICESTER might work,
Or that him friends his name might yet procure,
Which the Queen's faction mightily did irk:
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer ſtay, but caſt to have him laid,
Where his friends leaſt might hope to lend him aid.

XXVII.

Of which when as they had debated long,
Of Berkeley caſtle they themſelves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous ſtrong,
And yet far ſtronger eas'ly might be wrought:
Beſides, it ſtood their chiefeſt friends among,
And where he was unlikelieſt to be ſought;
And for their men, to work what they deſir'd,
They knew where villains were that might be hir'd.

XXVIII.

For though the great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a deviliſh inſtrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men theſe had, to miſchief wholly bent,
In villany notorious for their ſkill,
Diſhoneſt, deſp'rate, mercileſs and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

XXIX.

Vile GURNEY and MATREVERS were the men,
Of this black ſcene the actors choſe to be,
Whoſe hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen:
But, I beſeech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have theſe names now, that were famous then,
Some boughs grow crooked from the ſtraiteſt tree:
Ye are no way partakers of their ſhame;
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

XXX. To

XXX.

To Kenelworth they ſpeedily diſpatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could deſire,
At ſuch a time as few their coming watch'd,
When of their bus'neſs none was to enquire:
Well were the men and their commiſſion match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the King, his guardian to acquit,
And to beſtow him where they thought it fit.

XXXI.

This crew of ribalds, villanous and nought,
With their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble LEI'STER their commiſſion brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the King;
Which (with much grief) they laſtly from him wrought;
About the caſtle cloſely hovering,
Watching a time, when ſilence and the night
Could with convenience privilege their flight.

XXXII.

With ſhameful ſcoffs, and barbarous diſgrace,
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they ſet,
In a vile garment, beggarly and baſe,
Which (it ſhould ſeem) they purpoſely did get;
So carrying him in a moſt wretched caſe,
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repoſe and natural reſt,
With thirſt and hunger grievouſly oppreſs'd.

XXXIII.

Yet ſtill ſuſpicious that he ſhould be known,
From beard and head they ſhav'd away the hair,
Which was the laſt that he could call his own:
Never left Fortune any wight ſo bare,
Such tyranny on King was never ſhown,
And till that time with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death his ſorrows did not leave him.

XXXIV. For

XXXIV.

For when they had him far from all reſort,
They took him down from his poor weary beaſt,
And on a mole-hill (for a ſtate in court)
With puddle water him they lewdly dreſt,
Then with his woful miſeries made ſport;
And for his baſon, fitting with the reſt,
A ruſty iron ſcull:—O wretched ſight!
Was ever man ſo miſerably dight?

XXXV.

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a pool riſing with a ſudden rain,
Which wreſtled with the puddle, and withall
A troubled circle made it to retain;
His endleſs grief which to his mind did call,
His ſighs made billows like a little main;
Water and tears contending whether ſhould
The maſt'ry have, the hot ones or the cold.

XXXVI.

Vile traitors, hold off your unhallow'd hands,
His brow upon it Majeſty ſtill bears:
Dare you thus keep your Sov'reign Lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th'Anointed's tears?
Or if your ſight all pity thus withſtands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced through your ears?
The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;
A King's a King, do Fortune what ſhe can.

XXXVII.

Dare Man take that which GOD himſelf hath given?
Or mortal ſpill the ſpir't by him infus'd,
Whoſe pow'r is ſubject to the pow'r of heaven?
Wrongs paſs not unreveng'd, although excus'd.
Except that thou ſet all at ſix and ſeven,
Riſe, Majeſty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
When in this ſort thou doſt thy ſelf forſake?

XXXVIII.

ıen in deſpite and mock'ry of a crown,
wreath of graſs they for his temples make:
hich when he felt, then coming from a ſwoon,
d that his ſpirits a little 'gan to wake:
Fortune, quoth he, thou doſt not always frown;
I ſee thou giv'ſt, as well as thou doſt take;
" That wanting natural covert for my brain,
" For that defect thou lend'ſt me this again.

XXXIX.

To whom, juſt Heaven, ſhould I my grief complain,
Since it is only thou that workeſt all?
How can this body natural ſtrength retain,
To ſuffer things ſo much unnatural?
My cogitations labour, but in vain:
'Tis from thy juſtice that I have my fall,
" That when ſo many miſeries do meet,
" The change of ſorrow makes my torment ſweet."

XL.

ıus they to Berkeley brought the wretched King,
hich for their purpoſe was the place fore-thought.
: heavenly pow'rs, do ye behold this thing,
ıd let this deed of horror to be wrought,
ıat might the nation into queſtion bring?
t oh, your ways with juſtice ſtill are fraught:
But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world farewel.

XLI.

ey lodg'd him in a melancholic room,
here through ſtrait windows the dull light came far,
which the ſun did at no ſeaſon come)
hich ſtrengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
te to a vault under ſome mighty tomb,
here night and day wag'd a continual war;
Under whoſe floor the common ſewer paſs'd,
Up to the ſame a loathſome ſtench that caſt.

XLII. The

XLII.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
With croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting ſtrange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to paſſing-bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As though they chim'd his laſt ſad burying knells:
Under his eave the buzzing ſcritch-owl ſings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

XLIII.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets;
Of falling down from ſteep rocks into ſtreams;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding-ſheets;
Of wand'ring helpleſs in far foreign realms;
Of ſtrong temptations by ſeducing ſprights:
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himſelf afraid.

XLIV.

Then came the viſion of his bloody reign,
Marching along with LANCASTER's ſtern ghoſt;
Twenty-eight Barons, either hang'd or ſlain,
Attended with the rueful mangled hoſt,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At BURTON-bridge and fatal BOROUGH loſt;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking ev'ry limb,
As though that piece-meal they would torture him.

XLV.

And if it chanc'd that from the troubled ſkies
The leaſt ſmall ſtar through any chink gave light,
Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did riſe,
As though that heaven were angry with the night,
That it ſhould lend that comfort to his eyes:
Deformed ſhadows glimpſing in his ſight,
As darkneſs, that it might more ugly be,
Through the leaſt cranny would not let him ſee.

XLVI. When

XLVI.

When all th'affliction that they could impoſe
Upon him, to the utmoſt of their hate,
Above his torments yet his ſtrength ſo roſe,
As though that Nature had conſpir'd with Fate;
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not ſtill his woes to aggravate,
His further helps ſuſpected, to prevent,
To take away his life to Berkely ſent.

XLVII.

And to that end a letter faſhioning,
Which in the words a double ſenſe did bear;
Which ſeem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
Shewing withall how vile a thing it were;
But, by the pointing, was another thing,
And to diſpatch him bids them not to fear:
Which taught to find, the murth'rers need no more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

XLVIII.

When EDWARD hap'd a chronicle to find,
Of thoſe nine Kings which did him there precede,
Which ſome there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which, to paſs the hours, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breaſt that did ſore conflicts breed:
For when true ſorrow once the fancy ſeizeth,
What ere we ſee, our miſery increaſeth.

XLIX.

And to that Norman ent'ring on this iſle,
Call'd WILLIAM CONQUEROR, firſt his time he plies;
The fields of Haſtings how he did defile
With Saxon blood, and HAROLD did ſurprize;
And thoſe which he ſo could not reconcile,
How over them he long did tyrannize:
Where he read, how the ſtrong o'ercame the ſtrong,
As God oft-times makes wrong to puniſh wrong.

L.

How ROBERT then his eldeſt ſon abroad,
RUFUS his ſecond ſeiz'd on his eſtate,
His father's ſteps apparently that trode,
Depreſſing thoſe who had been conquer'd late;
But as on them he laid a heavy load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartial fate;
For whilſt men's rooms for beaſts he did intend,
He in that foreſt had a beaſtly end.

LI.

HENRY, his young'ſt, his brother WILLIAM dead,
Taketh the crown from his uſurping hand,
Due to the eldeſt, good Duke ROBERT's head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land:
Whoſe pow'r was there ſo much diminiſhed,
That he his foe not able to withſtand,
Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes out-done,
For which, the ſeas left HENRY not a ſon.

LII.

To MAUD the Empreſs he the ſcepter leaves,
His only daughter, whom (through falſe pretext)
STEPHEN Earl of BULLOIN from the kingdom heaves,
The Conqueror's nephew, in ſucceſſion next,
By which the land a ſtranger war receives,
Wherewith it long was miſerably vext:
Till STEPHEN failing, and his iſſue gone,
The heir of MAUD ſteps up into the throne.

LIII.

HENRY the ſecond, MAUD the Empreſs' ſon,
Of th' Engliſh Kings PLANTAGENET the firſt,
By STEPHEN's end a glorious reign begun;
But yet his greatneſs ſtrangely was accurſt,
By his ſon HENRY's coronation:
Which to his age much woe and ſorrow nurſt,
When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,
Abroad his towns, at home uſurp'd his ſeat.

LIV. RI-

LIV.

RICHARD, his ſon, him worthily ſucceeds,
Who not content with what was ſafely ours,
(A man whoſe mind ſought after glorious deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports the Engliſh pow'rs;
Where, with his ſword while many a pagan bleeds,
Relentleſs fate doth haſte on his laſt hours,
By one, whoſe ſire he juſtly there had ſlain,
With a ſharp arrow ſhot into the brain.

LV.

Next follow'd him his faithleſs brother JOHN,
By ARTHUR's murther (compaſs'd by his might)
His brother GEFFREY, th' Earl of Britain's ſon;
But he by poiſon was repay'd his ſpight:
For whilſt he ſtrove to have made all his own,
(For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
And on the Clergy tyrannouſly fed,
Was by a Monk of Swinſted poiſoned.

LVI.

HENRY his ſon, then crowned very young,
For hate the Engliſh to the father bare,
The ſon's here reigning was in queſtion long,
Who thought on FRANCE t' have caſt the kingdom's care;
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old charter in commotion were:
Which his long reign did with much care moleſt,
Yet with much peace went laſtly to his reſt.

LVII.

Of him deſcends a Prince, ſtout, juſt, and ſage,
(In all things happy, but in him, his ſon)
In whom wiſe nature did herſelf engage,
More than in man, in EDWARD to have done;
Whoſe happy reign recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his empire won:
"O God! quoth he, had he my pattern been,
"Heav'n had not pour'd theſe plagues upon my ſin.

LVIII.

Turning the leaf, he found at unawares,
What day young EDWARD Prince of Wales was born;
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to deſpight him they were ſet in ſcorn,
Blotting the paper like disfig'ring ſcars.
" O let that name (quoth he) from books be torn,
" Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth
" Doth loath itſelf, as ſlander'd with my birth.

LIX.

" Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
" Sunk to a lake, or ſwallow'd by the ſea;
" And future ages aſking for that child,
" Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas ſtol'n away:
" And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
" In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day;
" Let all be done that pow'r can bring to paſs,
" To make forgot that ſuch a one there was."

LX.

The troubled tears then ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which he did upon the letters look,
Made them to ſeem like roundlets, that ariſe
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding brook,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions took,
As like deluding goblins did affright,
And with their foul ſhapes terrify his ſight.

LXI.

And on his death-bed ſits him down at laſt,
His fainting ſpirits foreſhewing danger nigh,
When the doors forth a fearful howling caſt,
To let thoſe in by whom he was to die:
At whoſe approach, whilſt there he lay aghaſt,
Thoſe ruthleſs villains did upon him fly;
Who ſeeing none to whom to call for aid,
Thus to theſe cruel regicides he ſaid:

LXII.

" O be not authors of ſo vile an act,
" My blood on your poſterity to bring,
" Which after-time with horror ſhall diſtract,
" When fame ſhall tell it, how you kill'd a King:
" And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
" Mortality ſo much aſtoniſhing,
" That they ſhould count their wickedneſs ſcarce ſin,
" Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

LXIII.

" And ſince you deadly hate me, let me live;
" Yea this advantage angry heaven hath left,
" Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give:
" But that revenge from you ſhould not be reft,
" Me yet with greater miſery to grieve,
" Hath ſtill reſerv'd this from its former theft;
" That this, which might of all theſe plagues prevent me,
" Were I depriv'd it, laſteth to torment me."

LXIV.

Thus ſpake this woful and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage to and fro,
With many a ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore groan, many a grievous throw,
Whilſt him his ſpirit could any ſtrength afford,
To his laſt gaſp to move them with his woe;
Till over-maſter'd by their too much ſtrength,
His ſickly heart ſubmitted at the length.

LXV.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd his weary'd coarſe,
Baſely uncovering his moſt ſecret part,
And without human pity or remorſe,
With a hot ſpit they thruſt him to the heart.
O that my pen had in it but that force,
T' expreſs the pain! but that ſurpaſſeth art;
And that the ſoul muſt ev'n with trembling do,
For words want weight, nor can they reach thereto.

LXVI.

When thoſe (i' th' depth and dead time of the night)
Poor ſimple people, that then dwelled near,
Whom that ſtrange noiſe did wond'rouſly affright,
That his laſt ſhriek did in his parting hear,
As pitying that moſt miſerable wight,
(Betwixt compaſſion and obedient fear)
Turn'd up their eyes, with heavineſs oppreſt,
Praying to heaven to give the ſoul good reſt.

LXVII.

BERKLEY, whoſe fair ſeat hath been famous long,
Let thy ſad echoes ſhriek a deadly ſound,
To the vaſt air complain his grievous wrong,
And keep the blood that iſſued from his wound,
The tears that drop'd from his dead eyes among,
In their black footſteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the ages that ſucceed,
May call to mind the foulneſs of their deed.

LXVIII.

When now the Genius of this woful place,
Being the guide to his affrightful ghoſt,
With hair diſhevell'd and a ghaſtly face,
Shall haunt the priſon where his life was loſt;
And as the den of horror and diſgrace
Let it be fearful unto all the coaſt,
That thoſe hereafter that do travel near,
Never behold it but with heavy chear.

The End of the FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Lord MORTIMER *made Earl of* MARCH ; *when he*
And the fair Queen rule all things by their might.
The pomp wherein at Nottingham *they be* ;
The coſt wherewith their amorous court is dight,
Envy'd by thoſe their hateful pride that ſee.
The King attempts the dreadful cave by night ;
Ent'ring the caſtle, taketh him from thence,
And MARCH *at* London *dies for the offence.*

I.

INforc'd of other accidents to ſing,
(Bearing fair ſhows of promiſed delight,
Somewhat to ſlack this melancholy ſtring)
That new occaſions to our Muſe excite,
To our conceit ſtrange objects faſhioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally invite :
Matter of moment much to be reſpected,
Muſt by our pen be ſeriouſly directed.

II.

And now the time more cunningly redeeming,
Theſe fraudful courſes fitly to contrive,
How ill ſoe'er, to bear the faireſt ſeeming,
For which they now muſt diligently ſtrive,
Caſting all ways to gain the ſame eſteeming,
That to the world it proſp'rouſly might thrive;
This far gone on, now with the hand of might,
Upon this wrong to build a laſting right.

III.

The pompous ſynod of theſe earthly Gods
At Sal'ſbury ſelected by their King,
To ſet all even that had been at odds,
And into faſhion their deſigns to bring,
And ſtrongly now to ſettle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions ſpring,
Firmly t' eſtabliſh what was well begun,
Under which colour mighty things were done.

IV.

When MORTIMER purſuing his deſire,
Whilſt ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,
To b' Earl of MARCH doth ſuddainly aſpire,
T' increaſe the honour of his ancient ſeat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now, but only MORTIMER, is great?
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,
Which having all, would never ſtarve her own.

V.

Now ſtand they firm as thoſe celeſtial poles,
'Twixt which the ſtars in all their courſe do move,
Whoſe ſtrength this frame of government upholds,
An argument their wiſdoms to approve,
Which way ſoe'er the time in motion rolls,
So perfect is the union of their love.
For might is ſtill moſt abſolute alone,
Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

VI. Whilſt

VI.

Whilſt EDWARD's nonage gives a further ſpeed
To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,
Which to prevent they muſt have ſpecial heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwiſe if their neglect ſhould breed,
Nothing yet made, it might not eaſily mar;
Which with the moſt, reſerving their eſtate,
Inforc'd to purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

VII.

So much t' releaſe the homage as ſuffic'd,
'Mongſt which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renown,
By which the Kings of Scotland had devis'd
Their fealty unto the Engliſh crown,
With other reliques that were highly priz'd,
Was that which forc'd the greateſt part to frown:
Th' black croſs of Scotland men did ominous deem,
Being a relique of ſo high eſteem.

VIII.

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,
They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,
To give more ſtrength unto this ſtrange releaſe,
Which unto all men ſeem'd ſo dangerous
Whilſt ROBERT's reign, and after his deceaſe,
The league might ever be continued thus;
DAVID the Prince the Lady JANE ſhould take,
Which 'twixt the realms a laſting bond ſhould make.

IX.

When th' Earl of KENT, that being one of thoſe
Which in their actions had a pow'rful hand,
Perceiving them of matters to diſpoſe
To the ſubjection of ſo great a land,
Finding the inconvenience that grows
Under the guidance of their wilful hand,
To ſhake their pow'r whilſt he ſtrangely doth caſt,
His fatal end too violently doth haſte.

X. Which

X.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,
(Long now ſuppoſed the deceaſed King)
Unto his nephew might that ſcandal give,
As into queſtion might his title bring;
Ill this report began, and worſe it thrive,
Being ſo foul and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motive of inteſtine ſtrife,
The time not long ere it bereft his life.

XI.

Whilſt EDWARD takes what late their pow'r did give,
Whoſe nonage craves their bountiful protection,
Which know to rule, whilſt he muſt learn to live,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive,
When born to reign, yet crown'd by their election,
Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,
Now makes their faction abſolutely ſtrong.

XII.

Providing for protection of the King,
Men of moſt power, and nobleſt of the Peers,
That no diſtaſte unto the realm might bring,
For ripen'd judgment, or well-ſeaſon'd years,
With comelineſs all matters managing:
Yet whilſt they row, 'tis MORTIMER that ſteers.
Well might we think the man were worſe than blind,
That wanted ſea-roomth, and could rule the wind.

XIII.

To ſmooth the path wherein this courſe was gone,
Which as a teſt might to their actions ſtand,
And give more full poſſeſſion of their own,
In being received from a ſovereign hand,
Into their boſoms abſolutely thrown,
Both for the good and ſafety of the land;
When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the world's eye ſo fair an out-ſide bare.

XIV. All

XIV.

All complement that appertain'd to ſtate,
By giving greatneſs every honour'd rite,
To feed thoſe eyes that did their hours await,
And by all means to nouriſh their delight;
That entertaining love, they welcome hate,
And with free bounty equally invite.
A prince's wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpread,
Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

XV.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,
Which as a Pharus guards the goodly ſoil,
And arm'd by nature danger to defy,
There to repoſe him ſafely after toil,
Where treaſon leaſt advantage might eſpy,
Cloſely conveys this great invalued ſpoil;
That by reſiding from the publick ſight,
He might more freely reliſh his delight.

XVI.

Nine ſcore in check attending in their court,
Whom honour'd Knighthood knits in mutual bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpecial worth and ſort;
Much might they do that have ſo many hands.
Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?
This high-rear'd caſtle ev'ry way commands;
Thus like thoſe giants, 'gainſt great heav'n they riſe,
Which darted rocks at th'empyréal ſkies.

XVII.

It ſeems in him Fame means her pow'r to ſhow,
And 'twixt her wings to bear him thro' the ſky,
He might more eas'ly ſee the things below,
Having above them mounted him ſo high,
Unto whoſe will they meekly ſeem to bow,
Under whoſe greatneſs meaner pow'rs do lie:
All things concur with fair ſucceſsful chance,
To raiſe that man whom Fortune will advance.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Here, all along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,
The ſilver Trent on pearly ſands doth ſlide,
And to the meadows telling wanton tales,
Her cryſtal limbs laſciviouſly in pride
(As raviſhed with the enamour'd gales)
With often turnings caſts from ſide to ſide,
As loth ſhe were the ſweet ſoil to forſake,
And caſt herſelf into the German lake.

XIX.

Near whom fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,
Twines her looſe arms about the flatt'ring tow'rs,
By the mild ſhadows of her ſcatter'd grove,
Lends Winter ſhelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,
As with the flood in courteſy it ſtrove;
And by repulſing the ſharp northern ſhow'rs,
Courts the proud caſtle, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th'laſcivious wood-nymph woo her.

XX.

Who being retir'd ſo ſtrictly to this place,
To this fair ſted the Princeſs' perſon draws,
When fortune ſeems their greatneſs to embrace,
That as a working and eſpecial cauſe,
Effects each formal ceremonious grace,
As by her juſt and neceſſary laws,
That in the town retains his kingly ſeat,
With MARCH's court the caſtle is replete.

XXI.

Occaſion'd where, in counſels to debate,
And by the King conveniently is met,
So ſovereign and magnificent in ſtate,
As might all eyes upon his greatneſs ſet,
Prizing his honour at that coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due reverence might beget,
Which as the object ſundry paſſions wrought,
Stirring ſtrange forms in many a wand'ring thought.

XXII. Could

XXII.

Could blind ambition find the meaneſt ſtay
His diſproportion'd and vain courſe to guide,
T' aſſure ſome ſafety in that ſlippery way
Where the moſt worldly provident do ſlide,
Feeling the ſteep-fall threat'ning ſure decay,
Beſotted in the wantonneſs of pride,
The mind aſſuming abſoluter pow'rs,
Might check the frail mortality of ours.

XXIII.

But ſtill in pleaſure ſitting with exceſs,
His ſavory junkets taſted with delight,
Ne'er can that glutton appetite ſuppreſs,
Where ev'ry diſh invites a liqu'riſh ſight.
Nor having much, is his deſire the leſs,
Till tempted paſt the compaſs of his might,
The pamper'd ſtomach more than well ſuffic'd,
Caſts up the ſurfeit lately gormandiz'd.

XXIV.

As when ſome brook from th' ovet-moiſten'd ground
By ſwelling waters proudly overflow'd,
Stoppeth his current, ſhould'reth down his mound,
And from his courſe doth quite himſelf unload,
The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where ſurround,
Diſperſing his own riches all abroad,
Spending the ſtore he was maintained by,
Leaves his firſt channel deſolate and dry.

XXV.

When now thoſe few that many tears had ſpent,
And long had wept on murther'd EDWARD's grave,
Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and diſcontent,
And finding ſome a willing ear that gave,
Still as they durſt bewraying what they meant,
Tending his pride and greatneſs to deprave;
Urging withall what ſome might juſtly do,
If things thus born were rightly look'd into.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Some give it out, that MARCH by blood to riſe
Had cut off KENT, the man might next ſucceed,
And his late treaſons falſly did ſurmiſe
As a meer colour to this lawleſs deed;
That his ambition only did deviſe,
In time the royal family to weed,
When in account there was but only one,
That kept him off from ſtepping to the throne.

XXVII.

And thoſe much buſied in the former times,
Then credulous that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults ſo carefully attend,
Perceiving how he diſſolutely climbs,
Having thus brought his purpoſe to an end,
With a ſevere eye now more ſtrictly look
Into the courſe that his ambition took.

XXVIII.

All fence the tree that ſerveth for a ſhade,
Whoſe large-grown body doth repulſe the wind,
Until his waſtful branches do invade
The ſtraiter plants, and them in priſon bind,
And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
When, like a foul devourer of his kind,
Unto his root all put their hands to hew,
Whoſe roomth but hinders other that would grow.

XXIX.

Thus at his eaſe whilſt he ſecurely ſate,
And to his will theſe things aſſured were
With a well-govern'd and contented fate,
Never ſo much freed from ſuſpicious fear,
Well fortify'd, and in ſo good eſtate,
As not admits of danger to be near.
But ſtill we ſee, before a ſudden ſhow'r,
The ſun ſhines hott'ſt, and hath the greateſt pow'r.

XXX.

XXX.

Within the caſtle hath the Queen devis'd
A chamber with choice rarities ſo fraught,
As in the ſame ſhe had imparadiz'd
Almoſt what man by induſtry hath ſought;
Where with the curious pencil was compriz'd
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the moſt ſure place of the caſtle there,
Which ſhe had nam'd the Tower of MORTIMER.

XXXI.

An orbal form with pillars ſmall compos'd,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compaſs where they were inclos'd,
Faſhioning the fair roof like the hemiſphere,
In whoſe partitions by the lines diſpos'd,
All the clear northern aſteriſms were
In their corporeal ſhapes with ſtars inchaſed,
As by th'old Poets they in heav'n were placed.

XXXII.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'ſt point and the baſe,
That as a zone the waiſt ingirdled,
That lends the ſight a breathing, or a ſpace,
'Twixt things near view and thoſe far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious ſkill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

XXXIII.

Here PHOEBUS clipping HYACINTHUS ſtood,
Whoſe life's laſt drops his ſnowy breaſt imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That ſhould't be blood or tears no ſight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they ſev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with balm,
To bring the ſweet boy from this deadly qualm.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

With the God's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle caſt upon the ground,
T' expreſs whoſe grief Art ev'n her beſt did ſhow,
The ſledge ſo ſhadow'd ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigor of the blow,
As ſtill to give new anguiſh to the wound;
The purple flower ſprung from the blood that run
That op'neth ſince and cloſeth with the ſun.

XXXV.

By which the heifer Io, JOVE's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water ſhadow'd to obſerve the ſhape
In the ſame form that ſhe on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'ſcape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture miſtook,
By perſpective devis'd beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't ſeem'd a cow.

XXXVI.

Swift MERCURY, like to a ſhepherd's boy,
Sporting with HEBE by a fountain brim,
With many a ſweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
He ſprinkling drops at her, and ſhe at him;
Wherein the painter ſo explain'd their joy,
As though his ſkill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whoſe brows the water hung ſo clear,
As through the drops the fair ſkin might appear.

XXXVII.

And ciſſy CYNTHUS with a thouſand birds,
Whoſe freckled plumes adorn his buſhy crown,
Under whoſe ſhadow graze the ſtraggling herds,
Out of whoſe top the freſh ſprings trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his ſhaggy beards,
With moſs and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock ſo lively done in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

XXXVIII.

The naked nymphs, ſome up and down deſcending,
Small ſcatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately ſprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, ſome making garlands by,
As with delight might ſatisfy the eye.

XXXIX.

There comes proud PHAETON tumbling thro' the clouds,
Caſt by his palfreys that their reigns had broke,
And ſetting fire upon the welked ſhrouds,
Now through the heav'n run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thruſt in crouds,
Both land and ſea hid in a reeking ſmoke;
Drawn with ſuch life, as ſome did much deſire
To warm themſelves, ſome frighted with the fire.

XL.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His ſeven ſiſters ſtanding in degrees,
Trees into women ſeeming to be turn'd,
As the Gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once ſo mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes;
The fire ſeem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in ſhowing of the ſame.

XLI.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it ſhould firſt a lateral courſe reflect,
Through a ſhort room into the window ſent,
Whence it ſhould come expreſſively direct,
Holding juſt diſtance to the lineament,
And ſhould the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condenſated and grave,
To ev'ry figure a ſure colour gave.

XLII.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whoſe broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, ſpread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themſelves in their laſcivious fall,
Whoſe rip'ned cluſters ſeeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked CUPIDS ſpraul,
Some at the ſundry-colour'd birds do ſhoot,
Some ſwarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

XLIII.

On which a tiſſue counterpane was caſt,
ARACHNE's web the ſame did not ſurpaſs,
Wherein the ſtory of his fortunes paſt
In lively pictures neatly handled was;
How he eſcap'd the Tow'r, in France how grac'd,
With ſtones embroider'd, of a wond'rous maſs;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impreſa's, hieroglyphicks ſet.

XLIV.

This flatt'ring ſun-ſhine had begot the ſhow'r,
And the black clouds with ſuch abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with ſuch a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they moſt in ſafety ſtand,
Their greateſt peril often is at hand.

XLV.

For to that largeneſs they increaſed were,
That EDWARD felt MARCH heavy on his throne,
Whoſe props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one ſeat, that over-great were grown,
Prepoſt'rouſly that moved in one ſphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young King down MORTIMER muſt ca
If he himſelf would e'er hope to ſit faſt.

XLVI.

Who finding the neceſſity was ſuch,
That urg'd him ſtill th' aſſault to undertake,
And yet his perſon it might nearly touch,
Should he too ſoon his ſleeping pow'r awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was ſo much,
Drove him at length a ſecret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprize effect,
And hurt him moſt, where he did leaſt ſuſpect.

XLVII.

Without the caſtle, in the earth is found
A cave, reſembling ſleepy MORPHEUS' cell,
In ſtrange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkneſs ſeeks continually to dwell,
Which with ſuch fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into Hell;
By architects to ſerve the caſtle made,
When as the DANES this iſland did invade.

XLVIII.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Riſing tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a ſmooth level then itſelf doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the courſe keeps any certain ſtay;
Till in the caſtle, in an odd by-place,
It caſts the foul maſk from its duſky face.

XLIX.

By which the King, with a ſelected crew
Of ſuch as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of EDWARD had not fainted,
That to their utmoſt would the cauſe purſue,
And with thoſe treaſons that had not been tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' aſſay,
To rouze the beaſt which kept them all at bay.

L.

Long after PHOEBUS took his lab'ring team,
To his pale ſiſter and reſign'd his place,
To waſh his cauples in the ocean ſtream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And PHOEBE, ſcanted of her brother's beam,
Into the Weſt went after him apace,
Leaving black darkneſs to poſſeſs the ſky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

LI.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance ſeemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er ſeen any light;
Which, ſtriving there preheminence to have,
Darkneſs therewith ſo daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkneſs light, and light but darkneſs were.

LII.

The craggy cliffs, which croſs them as they go,
Made as their paſſage they would have deny'd,
And threat'ned them their journey to foreſlow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And ſadly ſeem'd their diſcontent to ſhow
To the vile hand that did them firſt divide;
Whoſe cumb'rous falls and riſings ſeem'd to ſay,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

LIII.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their ſhadows then them following at their back,
Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, ſo were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodſhed and to wrack;
Whilſt the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
At their deformed ſhapes, whereon it gaz'd.

LIV. The

LIV.

The clatt'ring arms their maſters ſeem'd to chide,
As they would reaſon wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtruck the cave in paſſing on each ſide,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act ſo pitileſs ſhould hide;
Whoſe ſtony roof lock'd in their angry ſound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

LV.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of theſe things)
And to her chamber is the Queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice Muſician plays and ſings,
Whilſt ſhe ſat under an eſtate of lawn,
In night-attire more God-like glittering,
Than any eye had ſeen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her moſt-lov'd MORTIMER,
Whoſe voice, more than the muſick, pleas'd her ear.

LVI.

Where her fair breaſts at liberty were let,
Whoſe violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And VENUS' ſwans and milky doves were ſet
Upon thoſe ſwelling mounts of driven ſnow;
Whereon whilſt LOVE to ſport himſelf doth get,
He loſt his way, nor back again could go;
But with thoſe banks of beauty ſet about,
He wander'd ſtill, yet never could get out.

LVII.

Her looſe hair look'd like gold (O word too baſe!
Nay, more than ſin, but ſo to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiſs her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing ſo fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praiſing which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot ſhew it,
Only the ſoul may be ſuppos'd to know it.

LVIII.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods pure ſcepters and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tigre meek,
Or might great ATLAS from his ſeat remove;
So white, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo ſleek,
As ſhe had worn a lilly for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a ſpirit into the hardeſt ſtone.

LIX.

The fire, of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a ſweetneſs on each thing it ſhone,
As ev'ry thing did to itſelf aſſume
The ſcent from them, and made the ſame their own:
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were ſweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave ſmell.

LX.

When on thoſe ſundry pictures they deviſe,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, thoſe eyes,
Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was done;
How this part ſhadow'd, and how that did riſe,
This top was clouded, how that trail was ſpun,
The landſchape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thouſand curious things:

LXI.

Looking upon proud PHAËTON wrapt in fire,
The gentle Queen did much bewail his fall;
But MORTIMER commended his deſire,
To loſe one poor life, or to govern all:
"What though (quoth he) he madly did aſpire,
"And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall?
"Yet in deſpight, when ſhe her worſt had done,
"He periſh'd in the chariot of the Sun."

LXII. 'PHOE-

LXII.

'PHOEBUS (ſhe ſaid) was over-forc'd by art;
'Nor could ſhe find how that embrace could be.
But MORTIMER then took the painter's part:
"Why thus, bright Empreſs, thus and thus, (quoth he:)
"That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;
"Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you ſee:
"Now are you PHOEBUS, HYACINTHUS I;
"It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die.

LXIII.

When, by that time, into the caſtle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within ſuſpecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how miſchances ſuddenly do fall,
And ſteal upon us, being farth'ſt from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is ſure,
And tow'rds moſt peril man is moſt ſecure.

LXIV.

Whilſt youthful NEVIL and brave TURRINGTON,
To the bright Queen that ever waited near,
Two with great MARCH much credit that had won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilſt time away did run,
With ſuch diſcourſe as women love to hear;
Charg'd on the ſudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miſerably ſlain.

LXV.

When, as from ſnow-crown'd SKIDOW's lofty cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her preying hour,
Amongſt the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth ſcow'r,
Whilſt to regain her former height ſhe ſtrives,
The fearful fowl all proſtrate to her pow'r:
Such a ſharp ſhriek did ring throughout the vault,
Made by the women at the fierce aſſault.

LXVI.

Unarm'd was MARCH (ſhe only in his arms,
Too ſoft a ſhield to bear their boiſt'rous blows)
Who leaſt of all ſuſpected ſuch alarms,
And to be ſo encounter'd by his foes,
When he was moſt improvident of harms.
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her ſight dy'd happily eſteem'd.

LXVII.

But there, about him looking for the King,
Whom he ſuppos'd his judgment could not miſs;
Which when he found, by his imagining
Of thoſe moſt perfect lineaments of his:
Quoth he, "The man that to thy crown did bring
"Thee, at thy hands might leaſt have look'd for this;
"And in this place the leaſt of all the reſt,
"Where only ſacred Solitude is bleſt.

LXVIII.

"Her preſence frees th'offender of this ill,
"Whoſe Godlike greatneſs makes the place divine;
"And canſt thou, King, thus countermand her will,
"Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is thine,
"And in her arms in ſafety kept thee ſtill,
"As in a moſt inviolated ſhrine?
"Yet dar'ſt thou irreligiouſly deſpiſe,
"And thus profane theſe ſacred liberties?

LXIX.

But ev'n as when old ILION was ſurpriz'd,
The Grecians iſſuing from the wooden horſe,
Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before deviſ'd,
Without all human pity or remorſe;
Ev'n ſo did they, with whoſe confuſed ſound
Words were not heard, & poor complaints were drown'd.

LXX. Diſ-

LXX.

Diſſolv'd to tears, ſhe follow'd him: (O tears!
Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch;
To weep with her, the hard wall ſcarce forbears,
The woful words ſhe uttered were ſuch,
Able to wound th' impenetrableſt ears,
Her plaints ſo piercing, and her grief ſo much:)
And to the King, when ſhe at laſt could come,
Thus to him ſpake, though he to her were dumb.

LXXI.

" Dear ſon, quoth ſhe, let not his blood be ſpilt,
" So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.
" In all his life can there be found that guilt?
" Think of his love, on which thou once ſhouldſt frown:
" 'Twas he thy Seat that ſo ſubſtantial built,
" Long with his ſhoulder ſav'd from ſhaking down;
" 'Twas he the means that firſt for thee did find,
" To paſs for France, to exerciſe thy mind.

LXXII.

" Ev'n for the love thou bear'ſt to that dear blood,
" From which (my ſon) thou didſt receive thy life,
" Play not the niggard in ſo ſmall a good,
" With her to whom thy bounties ſhould be rife,
" Begg'd on thoſe knees at which thou oft haſt ſtood:
" O, let my up-held hands appeaſe this ſtrife!
" Let not the breath, from this ſad boſom ſent,
" Without thy pity be but vainly ſpent.

LXXIII.

When in the tumult, with the ſudden fright,
Whilſt ev'ry one for ſafety ſought about,
And none regarded to maintain the light,
Which being over-waſted, was gone out,
It being then the mid-time of the night,
Ere they could quit the caſtle of the rout;
The Queen alone (at leaſt, if any near,
They were her women, almoſt dead with fear:)

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

When horror, darkneſs, and her inward woe,
Began to work on her afflicted mind,
Upon her weakneſs tyrannizing ſo,
As they would do their utmoſt in their kind;
And as then thoſe, ſhe need no other foe,
Such pow'r her fortune had to them aſſign'd,
To rack her conſcience (by their torture due)
Itſelf t' accuſe of whatſoe'er it knew.

LXXV.

O God! (thought ſhe) is yet an hour ſcarce paſt,
Since that my greatneſs, my command more high,
And eminency wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me reſpect in ev'ry humble eye?
How am I now abuſed! how diſgrac'd!
Did ever Queen in my dejection lie?
Theſe things ſhe ponder'd, as deſpair ſtill brought
Their ſundry forms into her troubled thought.

LXXVI.

To London thus they MARCH a pris'ner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the Queen,
From whom his friends and his late foll'wers fled,
Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durſt ſhew his head,
Much leſs t' abet his ſide, that durſt be ſeen;
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
Who ſaw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

LXXVII.

O Miſery! where once thou art poſſeſt,
See but how quickly thou canſt alter kind,
And, like a CIRCE, metamorphoſeſt
The man that hath not a moſt Godlike mind:
The fainting ſpirit, O how thou canſt infeſt!
Whoſe yielding frailty eas'ly thou canſt find,
And by thy vicious preſence, with a breath,
Gives him up fetter'd, baſely fear'd, to death.

LXXVIII.

When ſoon the King a parliament decreed,
Ne'er till that time ſole maſter of his crown)
And againſt MARCH doth legally proceed,
Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,
To which both high and low took ſpecial heed:
He ne'er had fawn, but then he had a frown,
King EDWARD's blood, with both the SPENSERS, call
For vengeance on him, by the voice of all.

LXXIX.

With dear KENT's death his credit next they blot,
Then on him lay the Wards and Liveries,
Which he by craft into his hands had got,
The ſums then ſeized to his treaſuries:
Then JOAN the Princeſs marry'd to the SCOT,
The ſign at Stanhope to the enemies;
With all things ripp'd from the records of time,
That any way might aggravate his crime.

LXXX.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd
Out of the aſhes which have hid thee long,
(Wherein thou laidſt as thou hadſt quite been ſlak'd)
And becom'ſt kindled with the breath of wrong,
How ſoon thy hideous fury is awak'd!
From thy poor ſparks what flames are quickly ſprung!
To waſte their tops how ſoon doſt thou aſpire,
Whoſe weight and greatneſs once repreſt thy fire!

LXXXI.

And what avail'd his anſwer in that caſe?
Which the time then did utterly diſtaſte,
And look'd upon him with ſo ſtern a face,
As it his actions utterly diſgrac'd:
No friendly boſom gave him any place,
Who was clean out of all opinion caſt;
Taking his pen, his ſorrows to deceive,
Thus of the Queen he laſtly took his leave.

LXXXII.

LXXXII.

" Bright Empreſs, yet be pleaſed to peruſe
" The ſwan-like Dirges of a dying man,
" Altho' not like the raptures of the Muſe
" In our freſh youth, when our love firſt began,
" Into my breaſt that did the fire infuſe,
" That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,
" And in my courſe a flame of light'ning beat,
" Out of proud HERTFORD's high-plum'd burgonet.

LXXXIII.

" As for your ſon, that haſt'neth on my death,
" Madam, you know I lov'd him as mine own;
" And when I could have graſped out his breath,
" I ſet him eas'ly on his father's throne;
" Which now his pow'r too quickly witneſſeth,
" Who to this height in tyranny is grown:
" But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
" As after death I wiſh to be in heaven.

LXXXIV.

" And for the ſole rule, whereon ſo he ſtands,
" Came baſtard WILLIAM but himſelf to ſhore?
" Or had he not our father's valiant hands,
" Who in that field our ancient enſign bore,
" (Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)
" Which then his leopards for their ſafety wore,
" Looking at HASTINGS like that ominous lake,
" From whoſe black depths our glorious name we take?

LXXXV.

" Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd horſe,
" On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
" Before the Belgick and Burgonian force,
" There challenging their countries combatant;
" Caſt from my ſeat in ſome robuſtious courſe,
" That they of me the victory might vaunt?
" Why ſunk I not under my batter'd ſhield,
" To grace a brave foe, and renown a field?

LXXXVI.

LXXXVI.

" Yet never ſerv'd I Fortune like a ſlave,
" Nor have, through baſeneſs, made her bounties leſs.
" In me her judgment poorly to deprave,
" Nought hath ſhe lent me that I'll not confeſs;
" Nay, int'reſt for her principal I gave.
" My mind hath ſuited with her mightineſs;
" " Her frowns with ſcorn and MORTIMER doth bear,
" " For nothing can ſhe do that he can fear.

LXXXVII.

" That ne'er quails me, at which your greateſt quake;
" Nor aught that's dreadful danger me can ſhow,
" Through ſword and fire ſo us'd my way to take:
" In death what can be, that I do not know,
" That I ſhould fear a covenant to make
" With it, which welcom'd, finiſheth my woe?
" " And nothing can th' afflicted conſcience grieve,
" " But he may pardon, who can all forgive.

LXXXVIII.

" And thus, thou moſt adored in my heart,
" The thoughts of whom my humbled ſpir't doth raiſe,
" Lady moſt fair, moſt dear, of moſt deſert,
" Worthy of more than any mortal praiſe,
" Condemned MARCH thus laſtly doth depart
" From the great'ſt Empreſs living in her days:
" " Nor with my duſt my honour I interr;
" " CÆSAR thus dy'd, and thus dies MORTIMER."

LXXXIX.

When ſecretly he ſent this letter to her,
Whoſe ſuperſcription was her princely ſtile,
She knew the hand, and thought it came to woo her;
With which conceit ſhe pleas'd herſelf a while,
Than which no one thing ſerv'd ſo to undo her,
By feeding her with flatt'ry and with guile,
To make her ſtill more ſenſible of pain,
Which her ſad heart was ſhortly to ſuſtain.

XC. Uſing

XC.

Uſing her fingers to rip up the ſeal,
Which help'd to hide theſe ill news from her eyes,
Loth as it were ſuch tidings to reveal,
As might her ſenſes ſuddenly ſurprize;
But when her white hand did ſo hardly deal
With the poor paper, that the wax muſt riſe,
It ſtuck upon her fingers bloody red,
As to portend ſome dear blood ſhould be ſhed.

XCI.

When by degrees ſhe eas'ly doth begin,
And as a fiſh plays with a baited hook,
So ſoftly yet ſhe ſwallow'd ſorrow in,
Till ſhe her bane into her bowels took;
And then ſhe ſees th' expences of her ſin,
Sadly ſet down in that black doomſday book,
And the dear ſums that were to be defray'd,
Before the debt were abſolutely paid.

XCII.

Whole hoſts of ſorrows her ſick heart aſſail,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving againſt her which ſhould moſt prevail,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:
Where one word might another's woe bewail,
And with its neighbour ſeem'd to bear a part,
Each line ſerv'd for ſo true a text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her err.

XCIII.

Grief bade her look, yet ſoon it bade her leave,
Wherewith o'ercharg'd ſhe neither ſees nor hears,
Her uſefull'ſt ſenſes ſooneſt her deceive,
The ſight ſhuts up her eyes, the ſound her ears,
And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a feſcue ſhe doth uſe her tears;
Which when ſome line ſhe looſely over-paſt,
The drops could tell her where ſhe left the laſt.

XCIV. Some-

XCIV.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her ſight,
Deeply ſhe curs'd her ſorrow-ſeeing eye,
And ſaid ſhe was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the orthography,
Or ſome one had deviſed it in ſpight,
Pointing it falſe her ſcholarſhip to try.
Thus when we fondly flatter our deſires,
Our beſt conceits do prove the greateſt liars.

XCV.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little ſtir,
Which, ſhe imagines, at her ſorrow ſhakes,
And pities it, which ſhe thinks pities her:
Each ſmall thing ſomewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour ſomething doth infer.
Her woe-ty'd tongue but when ſhe once could free,
"Sweet MORTIMER, my moſt-lov'd Lord (quoth ſhe:)

XCVI.

" For thy dear aſhes be my breaſt the urn,
" Which as a relique I of thee will ſave,
" Mix'd with the tears that I for thee ſhall mourn,
" Which in this boſom ſhall their burial have;
" Out of which place they never ſhall return,
" Nor give the honour to another grave;
" But here, as in a temple, be preſerv'd,
" Wherein thy image is moſt lively carv'd.

XCVII.

Then breaks ſhe out in curſing of her ſon;
But MORTIMER ſo runneth in her mind,
As that ſhe ended ere ſhe had begun,
Speaking before what ſhould have come behind:
From that ſhe to another courſe doth run,
To be reveng'd in ſome notorious kind,
By ſtab, or poiſon; and ſhe'll ſwear to both,
But for her life ſhe could not find an oath.

XCVIII.

XCVIII.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the King's cruel dealing to diſcover;
But ſoon forgetting what ſhe went about,
Poor Queen, ſhe fell to ſcribling to her lover:
Here ſhe put in, and there ſhe blotted out,
Her paſſion did ſo violently move her,
That turning back to read what ſhe had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

XCIX.

But from her paſſion being ſomewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a ſwound,
Or felt ſome ſtrange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from ſome blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had ſo ſtrongly ſeiz'd,
That for the ſame no remedy was found;
But at the very point their life to loſe,
As they their goods, ſhe doth her grief diſpoſe.

C.

Quoth ſhe, "King EDWARD, as thou art my ſon,
"Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee:
"My heart's true love, my MORTIMER hath won,
"And yet of all he ſhall not ſo bereave thee;
"But for this miſchief to thy mother done,
"Take thou my curſe, ſo that it may out-live thee,
"That as thy deed doth daily me torment,
"So may my curſe thee, by my teſtament.

CI.

"And henceforth in this ſolitary place,
"Ever reſiding from the publick ſight,
"A private life I willingly imbrace,
"No more rejoycing in the obvious light,
"To conſummate this too-long-ling'ring ſpace;
"Till death incloſe me in continual night,
"Let never ſleep more cloſe my wearied eye,
"So, ISABELLA, lay thee down and die.

The End of the BARONS WARS.

ENGLAND's HEROICAL EPISTLES.

By *MICHAEL DRAYTON*, Eſq;

WITH

Some ſhort ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory to the ſame, to which the Reader is directed by proper References from the Text, correſponding with thoſe in the Notes.

To the READER.

SEEING theſe Epiſtles are now to the world made public, it is imagined that I ought to e accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine own diſcharge, leſt being miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a juſt and univerſal reprehenſion: For,

———Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent,
In mala deriſum ſemel exceptumq; ſiniſtre.

Two points are eſpecially therefore to be explained: firſt, Why I entitle this work England's Heroical Epiſtles; *ſecondly, Why I have annexed Notes to every Epiſtle's end. For the firſt, the Title (I hope) carrieth reaſon in itſelf; for that the moſt and greateſt perſons herein were* Engliſh; *or elſe, that their loves were obtained in* England. *And tho' Heroical be properly underſtood of Demigods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whoſe parents were ſaid to be, the one celeſtial, the other mortal; yet is it alſo transferred to them, who for the greatneſs of mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a celeſtial Incubus, is nothing elſe, but to have a great and mighty ſpirit, far above the earthly weakneſs of men; in which ſenſe* Ovid *(whoſe imitator I partly profeſs to be) doth alſo uſe Heroical. For the ſecond, becauſe the work might in truth be judged brainiſh, if nothing but amo-*

rous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters hiſtorical, which, unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: As for example, in MARGARITE's *Epiſtle to* WILLIAM DE LA POOLE,

My daizy flow'r, which once perfum'd the air.

MARGARITE *in* French *ſignifies a Daizy, which for the alluſion to her name this Queen gave for her device; and this, as others more, have ſeem'd to me not unworthy the explaining.*

Now though no doubt I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; the reſt I overpaſs, to eſchew tedious recital. If they be as harmleſsly taken as I meant them, I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. DRAYTON.

To

To Mr. Michael Drayton.

LOng have I wiſh'd, and hop'd my weaker Muſe,
(In nothing ſtrong but my unhappy love)
Would give me leave my fortune to approve,
And view the world, as named Poets uſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſs boſom doth refuſe
To bleſs me with indifferency of praiſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe
That title which true worth ſhould only raiſe:
Thus bankrupt and deſpairing of mine own,
I ſet my wiſh and hope, kind Friend, on thee,
Whoſe fruit approv'd, and better fortune known,
Tells me, thy Muſe my love's ſole heir muſt be.
So barren wombs imbrace their neighbour's young;
So dumb men ſpeak by them that have a tongue.

Thomas Hassel, Gent.

To Mr. Michael Drayton.

NOW I perceive Pythagoras *divin'd,*
When he that mocked maxim did maintain,
That ſpirits, once ſpoil'd, reveſted were again,
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in mind.
Theſe love-ſick Princes paſſionate eſtates,
Who feeling reads, he cannot but allow,
That Ovid's *ſoul revives in* Drayton *now;*
Still learn'd in love, ſtill rich in rare conceits,
This pregnant ſpirit affecting farther ſkill,
Oft alt'ring form, from vulgar wits retir'd,
In diverſe idioms mightily admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred ſtudy ſtill;
While to a full perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly that himſelf is ſtain'd.

W. Alexander Knight, *Scotus.*

To Mr. Michael Drayton.

HOW can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, thrown his ink away,
Deteſts the world, and company of men,
Becauſe they grow more hateful day by day?
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated mind,
And what a juſtly-grieved thought can ſay,
I give the world to know, I ne'er could find
A work more like to live a longer day.
Go, Verſe, an object for the proudeſt eye,
Diſdain thoſe which diſdain to read thee over;
Tell them, they know not how they ſhould deſcry
The ſecret paſſions of a witty lover:
For they are ſuch as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom beauty ſchools to hold the blind boy's bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O, who can all vows keep?)
Henceforth to ſmother my unlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleep,
Yet now ſhe dies. Then do as kinsfolks uſe,
Cloſe up the eyes of my new-dying ſtile,
As I have open'd thy ſweet babe's erewhile.

Edmund Scory, Knt.

ENGLAND's
HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ROSAMOND to King *HENRY.*

The ARGUMENT.

HENRY *the Second keepeth (with much care)*
Lord CLIFFORD'S *daughter,* ROSAMOND *the Fair;*
And whilſt his ſons do Normandy *invade,*
He forc'd to France, *with wond'rous coſt hath made*
A labyrinth in Woodſtock, *where unſeen*
His love might lodge ſafe from his jealous Queen;
Yet when he ſtay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her penſive breaſt, his darling to unload,
In this epiſtle doth her grief complain;
And his reſcription tells her his again.

IF yet thine eyes (Great HENRY) may endure
Theſe tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,
(Which fain would bluſh, but fear keeps bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in deſpairing black)
Let me for Love's ſake their acceptance crave,
But that ſweet name vile I profaned have;
Puniſh my fault, or pity mine eſtate;
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.

If with my ſhame thine eyes thou fain would'ſt feed,
Here let them ſurfeit of my ſhame to read.
This ſcribled paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble me:
As this pure ground, whereon theſe letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,
So clear and ſpotleſs was mine innocence:
Now, like theſe marks which taint this hateful ſcroul,
Such the black ſins which ſpot my leprous ſoul.
What by this conqueſt canſt thou hope to win,
Where thy beſt ſpoil is but the act of ſin?
Why on my name this ſlander doſt thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
" Fame never ſtoops to things but mean and poor,
" The more our greatneſs, our fault is the more;
" Lights on the ground themſelves do leſſen far;
" But in the air each ſmall ſpark ſeems a ſtar.
Why on my woman-frailty ſhould'ſt thou lay
So ſtrong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawful pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy,
Both with thine own ſhame and my infamy?
'Twas not my mind conſented to this ill,
Then had I been tranſported by my will;
For what my body was inforc'd to do,
(Heaven knows) my ſoul yet ne'er conſented to:
For through mine eyes had ſhe her liking ſeen,
Such as my love, ſuch had my lover been.
" True love is ſimple, like his mother truth,
" Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;
" No greater cor'ſive to our blooming years,
" Than the cold badge of winter-blaſted hairs.
" Thy Kingly power makes to withſtand thy foes,
" But cannot keep back age, with time it grows:
" Though honour our ambitious ſex doth pleaſe,
" Yet, in that honour, age a foul diſeaſe:

" Nature hath her free courſe in all, and then
" Age is alike in Kings and other men.
Which all the world will to my ſhame impute,
That I my ſelf did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay, that gold was fuel to the fire,
Gray hairs in youth not kindling green deſire.
O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That ſubtle ſerpent, that ſeducing devil,
Which bade me taſte the fruit of good and evil:
That CIRCE, by whoſe magick I was charm'd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus transform'd:
That vip'rous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That dev'liſh ſpirit, to damn the weaker mind,
Our frailty's plague, our ſex's only curſe,
Hell's deep'ſt damnation, the worſt evil's worſe.
But HENRY, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſs name, with HENRY's name I found
Cut in the glaſs with HENRY's diamond;
That glaſs from thence fain would I take away,
But then I fear the air would me betray:
Then do I ſtrive to waſh it out with tears,
But then the ſame more evident appears.
Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,
Which that name's witneſs doth againſt me ſtand:
Once did I ſin, which memory doth cheriſh,
Once I offended, but I for ever periſh.
" What grief can be, but time doth make it leſs?
" But infamy time never can ſuppreſs.
Sometimes, to paſs the tedious irkſome hours,
I climb the top of Woodſtock's mounting tow'rs,
Where in a turret ſecretly I lie,
To view from far ſuch as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all caſt their eyes at me,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee;

And

And with ſuch hate the harmleſs walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hateful life,
Wronging a fair Queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wiſh I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode do flie.
(*a*) Well knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this labyrinth for me,
(*b*) Whoſe ſtrange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray;
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walk I circular in ſin.

As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman paſt the time away,
'Mongſt many pictures which were hanging by,
The ſilly girl at length hapt to eſpy
Chaſte LUCRECE' image, and deſires to know
What ſhe ſhould be, her ſelf that murder'd ſo?
Why, girl (quoth I) this is that Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltineſs betray;
With that I ſent the prattling wench away,
Leſt when my liſping guilty tongue ſhould halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is ſent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimſon tent,
In lovely ſanguine ſutes the lilly cheek,
Whilſt it but for a reſting-place doth ſeek;
And changing oftentimes with ſweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The bluſh with paleneſs for the place doth ſtrive,
The paleneſs thence the bluſh would gladly drive:
Thus in my breaſt a thouſand thoughts I carry,
Which in my paſſion diverſly do vary.

When as the Sun hales tow'rds the weſtern ſlade,
And the trees ſhadows hath much taller made,

Forth

Forth go I to a little current near,
Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,
Where with mine angle caſting in my bait,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
With fearful nibbling fly th' inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reaſonleſs thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,
The bubbling ſpring, which trips upon the ſtones,
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nigh,
I ſhould pollute that native purity.
(c) *Roſe of the World*, ſo doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the ſame:
And to th' unchaſte this name ſhall given be,
Of ROSAMOND, deriv'd from ſin and me.
The CLIFFORDS take from me that name of theirs,
Which hath been famous for ſo many years:
They blot my birth with hateful baſtardy,
That I ſprang not from their nobility;
They my alliance utterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall their name abuſe.
Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked DIANA in the fountain ſtands,
With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when ACTEON had by chance eſpy'd her:
This ſacred image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man purſu'd
By his own hounds, ſo by my thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſoe're I fly.
Touching the graſs, the honey-dropping dew,
Which falls in tears before my limber ſhoe,
Upon my foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou to this ill?
Thus to no place in ſafety can I go,
But every thing doth give me cauſe of woe.

In

In that fair caſket of ſuch wond'rous coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the night before mine honour loſt,
AMIMONE was wrought, a harmleſs maid,
By NEPTUNE that adult'rous God betray'd;
She proſtrate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
Wringing her hands, her eyes ſwoln up with tears:
This was not an intrapping bait from thee,
But by thy virtue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Leſt I therein ſhould ever keep my ſhame.
And in this caſket (ill I ſee it now)
That JOVE's love, IO, turn'd into a cow;
Yet was ſhe kept with ARGUS' hundred eyes,
So wakeful ſtill be JUNO's jealouſies:
By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T' have clear'd myſelf to thy ſuſpecting Queen,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,
Than had poor ARGUS ſingle eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt JOVE,
Into a beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy love;
Nay, worſer far (beyond their beaſtly kind)
A monſter both in body and in mind.

The waxen taper which I burn by night,
With the dull vap'ry dimneſs mocks my ſight,
As though the damp, which hinders the clear flame,
Came from my breath in that night of my ſhame:
When as it look'd with a dark lowring eye,
To ſee the loſs of my virginity.
And if a ſtar but by the glaſs appear,
I ſtraight intreat it not to look in here:
I am already hateful to the light,
And will it too betray me to the night?

Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
And let it juſtly to my charge be laid,
That I thy perſon meant to have betray'd:

Thou

Thou ſhalt not need by circumſtance t'accuſe me;
If I deny it, let the heavens refuſe me.
My life's a blemiſh, which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and clear ſhall ſhine thy fame:
Yield to my ſuit, if ever pity mov'd thee;
In this ſhew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Well knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this labyrinth for me.

In the Cretan labyrinth a monſter was incloſed called Minotaur, the hiſtory whereof is well known; but the labyrinth was framed by DEDALUS with ſo many intricate ways, that being entered, one could either hardly or never return, being in manner of a maze, ſave that it was larger, the ways being walled in on every ſide, out of which THESEUS by ARIADNE's help (lending him a clue of thread) eſcaped. Some report that it was a houſe, having one half beneath the ground, another above; the chamber-doors therein so deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open ſo many ways, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to return.

Some have held it to have been an allegory of man's life: true it is that the compariſon will hold; for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there was indeed ſuch a building, tho' DEDALUS, being a name applied to the workman's excelleney, make it ſuſpected: for DEDALUS is nothing elſe but ingenious or artificial. Hereupon, it is uſed among the ancient Poets for any thing curiouſly wrought.

ROSAMOND's labyrinth, whoſe ruins, together with her well, being paved with ſquare ſtone in the bottom, and alſo her tower, from which the labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, was altogether under ground, being vaults arched and walled with brick and ſtone, almoſt inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, ſhe might eaſily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by ſecret iſſues take the air broad many furlongs round about Woodſtock in Oxfordſhire, wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for ROSAMOND's labyrinth.

(b) Whoſe ſtrange Meanders *turning ev'ry way.*

Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of Natolia, or Aſia minor, famous for the ſinuoſity and often turning thereof, riſing from certain hills in Meonia: hereupon are intricate turnings, by a tranſumptive and metonymical kind of ſpeech, called Meanders: for this river

river did ſo ſtrangely path it ſelf, that the foot ſeemed to touch the head.

(c) Roſe of the world, *ſo doth import my name;*
Shame of the world, *my life hath made the ſame.*

It might be reported, how at Godſtow, where this *Roſe of the world* was ſumptuouſly interred, a certain biſhop, in the viſitation of his dioceſe, cauſed the monument, which had been erected to her honour, utterly to be demoliſhed; but let that ſevere chaſtiſement of ROSAMOND then dead, at this time alſo be over-paſſed, leſt ſhe ſhould ſeem to be the *ſhame of the world.*

HENRY to *ROSAMOND.*

WHEN firſt the poſt arrived at my tent,
And brought the letters ROSAMOND had ſent,
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,
When in mine ear he ſoftly breath'd thy name.
Straight I injoin'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to hear my ROSAMOND did well;
With new enquiries then I cut him ſhort,
When of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt haſte my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words half ſpoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To loſe no time, whilſt I unrip'd the ſeal.
The more I read, ſtill do I err the more,
As though miſtaking ſomewhat ſaid before:
Miſſing the point, the doubtful ſenſe is broken,
Speaking again what I before had ſpoken.
Still in a ſwound, my heart revives and faints,
'Twixt hopes, deſpairs, 'twixt ſmiles & deep complaints.
As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires,
Smooth calms, rough ſtorms, ſharp froſt, & raging fires,
Put on with boldneſs, and put back with fears,
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.

Oh,

Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble!
That blotted paper ſhould thy ſelf reſemble!
Oh, were there paper but near half ſo white,
The Gods thereon their ſacred laws would write
With pens of angels wings; and for their ink,
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink!
Majeſtick courage ſtrives to have ſuppreſt
This fearful paſſion, ſtirr'd up in my breaſt;
But ſtill in vain the ſame I go about,
My heart muſt break within, or woes break out.
(a) Am I at home purſu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?
Is meager envy ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when I walk alone?
(b) And am I branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemned by a council's doom?
(c) And by the pride of my rebellious ſon,
Rich Normandy with armies over-run?
Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,
(d) Unkind my children, moſt unkind my wife.
Grief, cares, old age, ſuſpicion too torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;
So many woes, ſo many plagues to find,
Sickneſs of body, diſcontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted.
Of all relief hath Fortune quite bereft me?
Only my love yet to my comfort left me:
And is one beauty thought ſo great a thing,
To mitigate the ſorrows of a King?
Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, leſs privilege in love?
Is it a King the woful widow hears?
Is it a King dries up the orphans tears?
Is it a King regards the client's cry?
Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die?

Is it his care the common-wealth that keeps,
As doth the nurſe her baby whilſt it ſleeps?
And that poor King of all thoſe hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpity'd, unlamented?
Yet let me be with poverty oppreſt,
Of earthly bleſſings robb'd and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, rejected, and revil'd,
And from my kingdom let me live exil'd,
Let the world's curſe upon me ſtill remain,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt again;
All miſeries that wretched man may wound,
Leave for my comfort only ROSAMOND.
For thee ſwift Time his ſpeedy courſe doth ſtay,
At thy command the Deſtinies obey;
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feet ev'n Mercy proſtrate lies.
If I were feeble, rheumatick, or cold,
Theſe were true ſigns that I were waxed old;
But I can march all day in maſſy ſteel,
Nor yet my arms unwieldy weight do feel;
Nor wak'd by night with bruiſe or bloody wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:
For very age had I lain bed-rid long,
One ſmile of thine again could make me young.
Were there in art a power but ſo divine,
As is in that ſweet angel-tongue of thine,
That great enchantreſs, which once took ſuch pains
To put young blood into old ÆSON's veins,
And in groves, mountains, and the mooriſh fen,
Sought out more herbs than had been known to men,
And in the pow'rful potion that ſhe makes,
Put blood of men, of birds, of beaſts, and ſnakes,
Never had needed to have gone ſo far,
To ſeek the ſoils where all thoſe ſimples are;
One accent from thy lips the blood more warms,
Then all her philters, exorciſms, and charms.

The

hy preſence hath repaired in one day,
'hat many years with ſorrows did decay,
nd made freſh beauty in her flow'r to ſpring
ut of the wrinkles of time's ruining.
r'n as the hungry winter-ſtarved earth,
'hen ſhe by nature labours tow'rds her birth,
ill as the day upon the dark world creeps,
ne bloſſom forth after another peeps,
ill the ſmall flow'r, whoſe root at laſt unbound,
ets from the froſty priſon of the ground,
reading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,
eck'd in freſh colours ſmiles upon the ſun.
Never unquiet care lodg'd in that breaſt,
'here but one thought of ROSAMOND did reſt:
or thirſt nor travail, which on war attend,
re-brought the long day to deſired end:
or yet did pale fear or lean famine live,
'here hope of thee did any comfort give:
h! what injuſtice then is this of thee,
hat thus the guiltleſs doſt condemn for me?
'hen only ſhe (by means of my offence)
edeems thy pureneſs and thy innocence:
'hen to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
hat's juſt in them, whate'er in us unjuſt;
what we do, not them account we make,
he fault craves pardon for th' offender's ſake:
nd what to work a Prince's will may merit,
ath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt ſpirit.
If't be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
more my ſelf ſhall be mine own name's friend;
it be that which thou doſt only hate,
nat name in my name laſtly has his date:
y, 'tis accurſt and fatal, and diſpraiſe it;
written, blot it; if engraven, raze it:
y, that of all names 'tis a name of woe,
ice a King's name, but now it is not ſo:

And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now believe thee?
Nor ſhould'ſt thou think thoſe eyes with envy lowre,
Which paſſing by thee gaze up to thy tow'r;
But rather praiſe thine own, which be ſo clear,
Which from the turret like two ſtars appear:
Above, the ſun doth ſhine; beneath, thine eye,
Mocking the heav'n, to make another ſky.
The little ſtream which by thy tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary ev'ning-tide,
To view thee well, his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoon away,
And with ſalutes thyſelf would gladly greet,
And offer up ſome ſmall drops at thy feet;
But finding that the envious banks reſtrain it,
T' excuſe itſelf doth in this ſort complain it,
And therefore this ſad bubbling murmur keeps,
And for thy want within the channel weeps.
And as thou doſt into the water look,
The fiſh, which ſee thy ſhadow in the brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine eye.
And that ſweet name which thou ſo much doſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poet's ſong;
And with the very ſweetneſs of that name,
Lions and tigers men ſhall learn to tame.
The careful mother, at her penſive breaſt,
With ROSAMOND ſhall bring her babe to reſt;
The little birds (by men's continual ſound)
Shall learn to ſpeak and prattle ROSAMOND;
And when in April they begin to ſing,
With ROSAMOND ſhall welcome in the ſpring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a ROSAMOND.
The little flow'rs dropping their hony'd dew,
Which (as thou writ'ſt) do weep upon thy ſhoe,

Not

Not for thy fault (ſweet ROSAMOND) do moan,
Only lament that thou ſo ſoon art gone:
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
That hemlock's made far ſweeter than the roſe.
Of JOVE or NEPTUNE, how they did betray,
Speak not, of IO or AMIMONE;
When ſhe, for whom JOVE once became a bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull;
He a white bull, and ſhe a whiter cow,
Yet he nor ſhe near half ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou know'ſt) my care provided for
To lodge thee ſafe from jealous ELEANOR;
The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee ſo
((*a*)Which only VAUGHAN, thou and I do know)
If ſhe do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
I have an hundred ſubtle MERCURIES,
To watch that ARGUS which my love doth keep,
Until eye after eye fall all to ſleep.
And thoſe ſtars which look in, but look to ſee,
(Wond'ring) what ſtar here on the earth ſhould be;
As oft the moon, amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
And by the curtain help'd mine eye to ſee,
What envious night and darkneſs hid from me;
When I have wiſh'd that ſhe might ever ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enjoy the day.
What ſhould I ſay? words, tears, & ſighs be ſpent,
And want of time doth farther help prevent:
My camp reſounds with fearful ſhocks of war,
Yet in my breaſt more dang'rous conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignal to the battle's ſound,
The bleſſed name of beauteous ROSAMOND.
Accurſed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, ſhould ſpeak, or whiſper of thy death;
For in one ſmile or lowre from thy ſweet eye
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victory.

Sweet WOODSTOCK, where my ROSAMOND doth reſt,
Be bleſt in her, in whom thy King is bleſt:
For though in FRANCE a while my body be,
My heart remains (dear Paradiſe) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Am I at home purſu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?

ROBERT Earl of LEICESTER, who took part with young King HENRY, entered into England with an army of three thouſand Flemings, and ſpoiled the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being ſuccour'd by many of the King's private enemies.

(b) And am I branded with the curſe of Rome?

K. HENRY II. the firſt PLANTAGENET, accuſed for the death of THOMAS BECKET Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſlain in that cathedral church, was accurſed by Pope ALEXANDER, although he urged ſufficient proof of his innocency in the ſame, and offered to take upon him any penance, ſo he might avoid the curſe and interdiction of his realm

(c) And by the pride of my rebellious ſon,
Rich Normandy with armies over-run.

HENRY the young King, whom King HENRY had cauſed to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his ſubjects, which indeed turned to his own ſorrow, and the trouble of the realm: for he rebelled againſt him, and raiſing a power by the means of LEWIS King of France, and WILLIAM King of Scots (who took part with him) invaded Normandy.

(d) Unkind my children, moſt unkind my wife.

Never was King more unfortunate than K. HENRY in the diſobedience of his children: firſt HENRY, then GEOFFRY, then RICHARD, then JOHN, all at one time or other, firſt or laſt, unnaturally rebelled againſt him; then the jealouſy of ELEANOR his Queen, who ſuſpected his love to ROSAMOND; which grievous troubles the devout of thoſe times attributed to happen to him juſtly for refuſing to take on him the government of Jeruſalem, offered to him by the Patriarch there, which country was mightily afflicted by the Sultan.

(e) Which only VAUGHAN, *thou and I do know.*

This VAUGHAN was a Knight, whom the King exceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Woodſtock, and much of the King's jewels and treaſure, to whom the King committed many of his ſecrets, and in whom he repoſed ſuch truſt, that he durſt commit his love unto his charge.

King

King *JOHN* to *MATILDA.*

The ARGUMENT.

King JOHN *enamor'd, by all means aſſay'd*
To win MATILDA, *a chaſte noble maid,*
The Lord FITZWATER'*s daughter; and to gain her,*
When by his courtſhip he could not obtain her,
Nor by his gifts, ſtrives (ſo far being in)
To get by force, what fair means could not win,
And baniſheth the neareſt of her blood,
Which he could think had his deſires withſtood:
When ſhe to DUNMOW *to a Nun'ry flies,*
Whither he writeth, and whence ſhe replies.

WHEN theſe my letters come into thy view,
Think 'em not forc'd, or fain'd, or ſtrange, or new,
Thou know'ſt no way, no means, no courſe exempted,
Left now unſought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All rules, regards, all ſecret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old world's ceremonies doated,
Good days for love, times, hours, and minutes noted,
And where art left, love teacheth more to find,
By ſigns in preſence to expreſs the mind.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it;
And ſtill with thine eye's motion mine eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd:
You bluſht, I bluſht; your cheek pale, pale was mine;
My red, thy red, my whiteneſs anſwer'd thine;

You ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, we both one paſſion prove;
But thy ſigh is for hate, my ſigh for love.
If a word paſs'd that inſufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear;
And if that tear did dull or ſenſleſs prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.
Oft in thy face one ſavour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that pleas'd my fancy beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,
Than that, whoſe rareneſs paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells me thoſe are ſhadows and ſuppoſes,
But bids me thither come and gather roſes:
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,
Leſt wond'ring leaſt, the great'ſt I over-ſlip:
My gazing eye on this and this doth ſeize,
Which ſurfeits, yet cannot deſire appeaſe.
Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair!)
Only in brownneſs beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,
Which in a globe pure cryſtalline is ſet:
Then white; but ſnow, nor ſwan, nor ivory pleaſe,
Then are thy teeth more whiter than all theſe;
In brown, in black, in pureneſs, and in white,
All love, all ſweets, all rareneſs, all delight:
Thus thou, vile thief, my ſtol'n heart hence do'ſt carry,
And now thou fly'ſt into a ſanctuary.
Fie, peeviſh girl, ungrateful unto nature;
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,

That

That thou her glory ſhould'ſt increaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorn ſociety?
Why, heav'n made beauty like herſelf, to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a ſmoaky mew:
A roſy-tincted feature is heav'n's gold,
Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun,
That ſo rare beauty ſhould not live a Nun:
But if this vow thou needs wilt undertake,
O were mine arms a cloiſter for thy ſake!
Still may his pains for ever be augmented,
This ſuperſtition idly that invented:
Ill might he thrive, who brought this cuſtom hither,
That holy people might not live together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liv'd with holy men;
But Kings in this yet privileg'd may be;
I'll be a Monk, ſo I may live with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring the morning's knell,
When thy ſweet lips might be the ſacring bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips might feaſt his lips at laſt?
Who to his mattins early would not riſe,
That might read by the light of thy fair eyes?
On worldly pleaſures who would ever look,
That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his book?
Wert thou the croſs, to thee who would not creep,
And wiſh the croſs ſtill in his arms to keep?
Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,
Of meer devotion that is come upon me;
Holy MATILDA, thou the ſaint of mine,
I'll be thy ſervant, and my bed thy ſhrine.
When I do offer, be thy breaſt the altar;
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my pſalter.
The beads that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes;

And when an ave comes, to ſay Amen,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
Now all good fortune give me happy thrift,
As I ſhould joy t'abſolve thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I do myſelf beguile,
And do miſtake thy meaning all this while!
Thou took'ſt this vow to equal my deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt have me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy ſiſter and a holy brother:
Thou as a vot'reſs to my love alone,
" She is moſt chaſte that's but injoy'd of one.
Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy mind,
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill example give,
And in a nun'ry thus thou ſhouldſt not live.
Is't poſſible, the houſe that thou art in,
Should not be touch'd (tho' with a venial ſin?)
When ſuch a ſhe-prieſt comes her maſs to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wiſh they would their hearts amend,
When we be witneſs that their eyes offend:
All creatures have deſires, or elſe ſome lie;
Let them think ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Do'ſt thou not think our anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe religious cells did firſt deviſe,
As hoſpitals were for the ſore and ſick,
Theſe for the crook'd, the halt, the ſtigmatick,
Leſt that their ſeed mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemiſh to poſterity?
Would heav'n her beauty ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne'er would ſhe thus herſelf adorn with light,
With ſparkling lamps nor would ſhe paint her throne,
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd upon:
And when the golden glorious ſun goes down,
Would ſhe put on her ſtar-beſtudded crown,

And in her maſking ſute, the ſpangled ſky,
Come forth to bride it in her revelry,
And gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that fair, that pure, that glorious been,
Offer themſelves of purpoſe to be ſeen.
In ſinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell;
The Devils, ſince moſt ugly, they in Hell.
Our mother (Earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,
Till by the ſun clad in her tinſel ſute;
Nor doth ſhe ever ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious arms he her imbrace:
Which proves ſhe hath a ſoul, ſenſe, and delight
Of generation's feeling appetite.
Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldſt thou confeſs,
What ere thy tongue ſay, thy heart ſaith no leſs.
Note but this one thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things male and female made,
Shewing herſelf in our proportion plain;
For never made ſhe any thing in vain:
For as thou art, ſhould any have been thus,
She would have left enſample unto us.
The turtle, that's ſo true and chaſte in love,
Shews by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth move:
Th'Arabian bird that never is but one,
Is only chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and ſparrows do;
And therefore made a martyr in deſire,
To do her penance laſtly in the fire:
So may they all be roaſted quick, that be
Apoſtata's to Nature, as is ſhe.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo fair, ſo free,
(Woo'd, ſu'd, and ſought by him that now ſeeks thee)
But of thy mind, and here I undertake
To build a nun'ry for her only ſake.

O, hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare delights,
Ordain'd each-where to pleaſe great Princes ſights!
To have their beauty and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your ſex deſir'd)
Attended by our trains, our pomp, our port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerful cry
Of Highneſs, Grace, and ſovereign Majeſty:
" But unto them that know not pleaſure's price,
" All's one, a priſon and a Paradiſe.
If in a dungeon clos'd up from the light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the day and night;
" Whoſe palate never taſted dainty cates,
" Thinks homely diſhes Princely delicates.
Alas, poor girl, I pity thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liv'd diſconſolate!
Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
And call thy father back from baniſhment,
And with thoſe Princely honours here inveſt him,
Of which fond love, not hate, hath diſpoſſeſt him.
Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,
To whom the fury of my grief extends;
And if thou take my counſel in this caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt have better grace:
And leave thy DUNMOW, that accurſed cell,
There let black night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where all joys ſhall receive thee,
And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epiſtle of King JOHN to MATILDA is much more poetical than hiſtorical, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the Time or State, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his paſſion, forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the humour of this King, as hath been truly noted by the moſt authentical writers, whoſe nature and diſpoſition is trulieſt diſcerned in the courſe of his love:

ove: firſt, jeſting at the ceremonies of the ſervices of thoſe times: hen going about by all ſtrong and probable arguments to reduce ier to pleaſures and delights: next with promiſes of honour, which ie thinketh to be the laſt and greateſt means, and to have greateſt ower on her ſex, with a promiſe of calling home her friends, vhich he thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.

MATILDA to King *JOHN.*

NO ſooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But ſudden fear my bloodleſs veins doth fill,
As though divining of ſome future ill;
And in a ſhiv'ring extaſy I ſtood,
A chilly coldneſs ran through all my blood:
Opening the packet, I ſhut up my reſt,
And let ſtrange cares into my quiet breaſt,
As though thy hard unpitying hand had ſent me
Some new-deviſed torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembreſt not;
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been periſhed together:
'But O (I ſee) our hoped good deceives us;
'But what we would forego, that ſeldom leaves us.
Thy blameful lines, beſpotted ſo with ſin,
Mine eye would cleanſe, ere they to read begin:
But I to waſh an Indian go about,
For ill ſo hard ſet on is hard got out.
I once determin'd ſtill to have been mute,
Only by ſilence to refel thy ſute;
But this again did alter my intent,
For ſome will ſay, that ſilence doth conſent:
'Deſire with ſmall encouraging grows bold,
'And hope of every little thing takes hold.

I ſet

I ſet me down, at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For ſtill my paſſion is ſo pow'rful o'er me,
That I diſcern not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,
Theſe at command, and now invention lacks:
This ſentence ſerves, and that my hand out-ſtrikes;
That pleaſeth well, and this as much miſlikes.
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, deſpair, take courage, faint, diſdain,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, fearleſs, doubtful, timorous:
My faint hand-writing when my full eye reads,
From ev'ry word ſtrange paſſion ſtill proceeds.
" O, when the ſoul is fett'red once in woe,
" Tis ſtrange what humours it doth force us to!
A tear doth drown a tear, ſigh ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other;
Th' over-watch'd weakneſs of the ſick conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall beauty ſeem ſo great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, ſeem ſtraight, if ſtraight, the contrary:
And thus our vain imagination ſhews it,
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.
(As in a mirrour, if the ſame be true,
Such as your likeneſs, juſtly ſuch are you:
But as you change your ſelf, it changeth there,
And ſhews you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your ſhadow move,
If frown or ſmile, ſuch the conceit of love.)
Why tell me, is it poſſible the mind
A form in all deformity ſhould find?
Within the compaſs of man's face, we ſee,
How many ſorts of ſeveral favours be;

And

And in the chin, the noſe, the brow, the eye,
The ſmalleſt diff'rence that you can deſcry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft deſtroys the favour of the face:
And in the world ſcarce two ſo like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A judging ſight doth ſoon diſtinguiſh either.
How woman-like a weakneſs is it then?
O, what ſtrange madneſs ſo poſſeſſeth men!
Bereft of ſenſe, ſuch ſenſleſs wonders ſeeing,
Without form, faſhion, certainty, or being?
For which ſo many die to live in anguiſh,
Yet cannot live, if thus they ſhould not languiſh:
That comfort yields not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that lives not, and a death that dies not;
That hates us moſt, when moſt it ſpeaks us fair,
Both promiſe all things, always pays with air:
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt grief appeaſe,
To double ſorrow after little eaſe.
Like that which thy laſcivious will doth crave,
Which if once had, thou never more canſt have;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'ſt waſte it,
Taken is loſt, and periſh'd if thou haſt it:
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne'er the more haſt won,
Loſing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that if that a King deprave me,
No King reſtores, though he a kingdom gave me.
(*a*) Do'ſt thou of father and of friends deprive me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that heav'n did give me?
What nature claims by blood, allies, or nearneſs,
Or friendſhip challenge by regard or dearneſs,
Hak'ſt me an orphan ere my father die,
A woful widow in virginity?
Is thy unbridled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring tongue bewails my fall.

The

The dead man's grave with fained tears to fill,
So the devouring Crocodile doth kill:
To harbour hate in ſhew of wholſom things,
So in the Roſe the poiſon'd Serpent ſtings:
To lurk far off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The Baſiliſk ſo poiſons with the eye:
To call for aid, and then to lie in wait,
So the Hyæna murthers by deceit:
By ſweet inticement ſudden death to bring,
So from the rocks th' alluring Mermaids ſing:
In greateſt wants t' inflict the greateſt woe,
Is ev'n the utmoſt tyranny can do.
But where (I ſee) the tempeſt thus prevails,
What uſe of anchors? or what need we ſails?
Above us, bluſt'ring winds and dreadful thunder,
The waters gape for our deſtruction under;
Here on this ſide the furious billows fly,
There rocks, there ſands, and dang'rous whirl-pools lie.
Is this the mean that Mightineſs approves?
And in this ſort do Princes woo their loves?
Mildneſs would better ſuit with Majeſty,
Than raſh revenge and rough ſeverity.
O, in what ſafety temperance doth reſt,
Obtaining harbour in a ſovereign breaſt!
Which if ſo praiſeful in the meaneſt men,
In pow'rful Kings how glorious is it then?
(*b*) Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine innocence betray'd?
Is court and country both her enemy,
And no place found to ſhrowd in chaſtity?
Each houſe for luſt a harbour and an inn,
And ev'ry city a receipt for ſin?
And all do pity beauty in diſtreſs;
If beauty chaſte, then only pitileſs:
Thus is ſhe made the inſtrument to ill,
And unreliev'd may wander where ſhe will.

Laſcivious

Laſcivious Poets, which abuſe the truth,
Vhich oft teach age to ſin, infecting youth;
or the unchaſte make trees and ſtones to mourn,
r as they pleaſe to other ſhapes do turn.
INYRA's daughter, whoſe inceſtuous mind
lade her wrong nature, and diſhonour kind,
ong ſince by them is turn'd into a Myrrh,
Vhoſe dropping liquor ever weeps for her:
nd in a fountain BIBLIS doth deplore
ler fault ſo vile and monſterous before:
CYLLA, which once her father did betray,
s now a bird (if all be true they ſay:)
he that with PHOEBUS did the foul offence,
ow metamorphos'd into Frankincenſe:
ther to flowers, to odours, and to gum,
t leaſt, JOVE's leman is a ſtar become:
nd more, they fain a thouſand fond excuſes,
o cloud their 'ſcapes, and cover their abuſes:
he virgin only they obſcure and hide,
Vhilſt the unchaſte by them are deify'd;
nd if by them a virgin be expreſt,
he muſt be rank'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
ime hath thoſe features utterly defac'd,
nd all thoſe beauties which ſate on my brow,
hou wouldſt not think ſuch ever had been now:
nd glad I am that time with me is done,
) Vowing myſelf religiouſly a Nun:
ly veſtal habit me contenting more,
han all the robes adorning me before.
Had ROSAMOND (a recluſe of our ſort)
aken our cloiſter, left the wanton Court,
hadowing that beauty with a holy vail,
Vhich ſhe (alas) too looſly ſet to ſale,
he need not, like an ugly Minotaur,
lave been lock'd up from jealous ELE'NOR,

But

But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,
As by thy father ſubject to all tongues.
" To ſhadow ſin, Might can the moſt pretend;
" Kings, but the conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger hand reſtrains our wilful pow'rs,
A will muſt rule above this will of ours;
Not following what our vain deſires do woo,
For virtue's ſake but what we only do.
And hath my father choſe to live exil'd,
Before his eyes ſhould ſee my youth defil'd?
(*d*) And, to withſtand a tyrant's lewd deſire,
Beheld his towns ſpent in revengeful fire,
Yet never touch'd with grief: ſo only I,
Exempt from ſhame, might honourably die?
And ſhall this jewel, which ſo dearly coſt,
Be after all by my diſhonour loſt?
No, no, each rev'rend word, each holy tear
Of his, in me too deep impreſſion bear;
His lateſt farewell at his laſt depart,
More deeply is ingraved in my heart;
Nor ſhall that blot by me his name ſhall have,
Bring his gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave:
Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,
Than for my birth to curſe my mother's womb.
(*e*) Though DUNMOW give no refuge here at all,
DUNMOW can give my body burial.
If all remorſeleſs, no tear-ſhedding eye,
My ſelf will moan my ſelf, ſo live, ſo die.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epiſtle containeth no particular points of hiſtory, more than the generality of the argument layeth open: for after the baniſhment of the Lord ROBERT FITZWATER, and that MATILDA was become a recluſe at Dunmow (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſuit, MATILDA

ILDA with this chaſte and conſtant denial hopes yet at length to
d ſome comfortable remedy, and to rid herſelf of doubts by
king upon her this monaſtick habit; and to ſhew that ſhe ſtill
areth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his
ſt, ſhe remembreth him of her father's baniſhment, and the law-
s exile of her allies and friends.

(a) Doſt thou of father and of friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her diſtreſs, that flying thither, thinking
ere to find relief, ſhe ſeeth herſelf moſt aſſaulted, where ſhe
ped to have found moſt ſafety.

(b) Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus, &c.

After again ſtanding upon the preciſe points of conſcience, not to
ſt off this habit ſhe had taken:

(c) Vowing my ſelf religiouſly a Nun.

And at laſt, laying open more particularly the miſeries ſuſtained
her father in England, the burning of his caſtles and houſes,
hich ſhe proveth to be for her ſake; as reſpecting only her ho-
ur more than his native country, and his own fortunes:

(d) And to withſtand a tyrant's lewd deſires,
Beheld his towns ſpent in revengeful fires.

Knitting up her epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution:

(e) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.

Queen *ISABEL* to *MORTIMER.*

The ARGUMENT.

Fair ISABEL (EDWDRD *the Second's Queen,*
PHILIP *of* France's *daughter) for the ſpleen*
She bare her huſband, for that he affected
Laſcivious minions, and her love neglected,
Drew to her favour (ſtriving to prefer)
That valiant young Lord ROGER MORTIMER,
Who with the Barons roſe, but wanting pow'r,
Was taken and impriſon'd in the Tow'r;
But by a ſleepy drink which ſhe prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes eſcape: to whom to France *ſhe ſends;*
Who thence to her his ſervice recommends.

THO' ſuch ſweet comfort comes not now from her,
As England's Queen hath ſent to MORTIMER:
Yet what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,
If lines can bring) this ſhall ſupply with love.
Methinks affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume thoſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I fain would find the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhews me where my error is.
Oft when I think of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth ev'ry ſenſe:
But finding thy dear blood preſerv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wiſh'd liberty,
With that ſweet thought my ſelf I only pleaſe
Amidſt my grief, which ſometimes gives me eaſe:
Thus do extremeſt ills a joy poſſeſs,
And one woe makes another woe ſeem leſs.

That

That bleſſed night, that mild-aſpected hour,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Tow'r,
Shall conſecrated evermore remain;
Some gentle Planet in that hour did reign,
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chief lord of the aſcendant then.
(a) O how I fear'd that ſleepy juice I ſent
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent:
Or that ſome unſeen myſtery might lurk,
Which wanting order kindly ſhould not work!
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadful pois'ned lees,
Which clos'd the ever-waking Dragon's eyes;
Or I had had thoſe ſenſe-bereaving ſtalks,
That grow in ſhady PROSERPINE's dark walks;
Or thoſe black weeds on Lethe banks below,
Or lunary, that doth on Latmus flow.
Oft did I fear this moiſt and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this caſe,
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.
That morrow when the bleſſed ſun did riſe,
And ſhut the lids of all heaven's leſſer eyes,
Forth from my Palace, by a ſecret ſtair,
(b) I ſtole to Thames, as though to take the air;
And aſk'd the gentle flood as it doth glide,
If thou didſt paſs or periſh by the tide?
If thou didſt periſh, I deſire the ſtream
To lay thee ſoftly on his ſilver team,
And bring thee to me to the quiet ſhore,
That with his tears thou might'ſt have ſome tears more.
When ſuddenly doth riſe a rougher gale,
With that (methinks) the troubled waves look pale,
And ſighing with that little guſt that blows,
With this remembrance ſeem to knit their brows.
Even as this ſudden paſſion doth affright me,
The chearful Sun breaks from a cloud to light me;

Then doth the bottom evident appear,
As it would ſhew me that thou waſt not there:
When as the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeem to tell me, thou art ſafe on land.
(c) Did BULLOIN once a feſtival prepare,
For ENGLAND, ALMAIN, SICIL, and NAVARRE?
When France envy'd thoſe buildings (only bleſt)
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feaſt,
That Engliſh EDWARD ſhould refuſe my bed,
For that laſcivious ſhameleſs GANYMEDE?
(d) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To ſet that Girl-boy, wanton GAVESTON?
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glaſs aſſures me no ſuch diff'rence is,
(e) That a foul witch's baſtard ſhould thereby
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.
What doth avail us to be Princes heirs,
When we can boaſt, our birth is only their's?
When baſe diſſembling flatt'rers ſhall deceive us
Of all that our great anceſtors did leave us;
(f) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours?
When Minions heads muſt wear our Monarchs crowns,
To raiſe up dunghills with our famous towns?
Thoſe beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their Buzzard wings imp'd with our Eagles plumes,
(g) And match'd with the brave iſſue of our blood,
Ally the Kingdom to their cravand brood.
Did LONGSHANKS purchaſe with his conqu'ring hand
(h) ALBANIA, GASCOINE, CAMBRIA, IRELAND,
That young CARNARVON (his unhappy ſon)
(i) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a ſtranger, proudly bearing down
The brave allies and branches of the crown?
(k) And did great EDWARD on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards ſhould live,

That

That that proud GASCOIN baniſhed the land,
No more ſhould tread upon the Engliſh ſand?
And have theſe great Lords in the quarrel ſtood,
And ſeal'd his laſt will with their deareſt blood?
(l) That after all this fearful maſſacre,
The fall of BEAUCHAMP, LACY, LANCASTER,
Another faithleſs fav'rite ſhould ariſe,
To cloud the ſun of our Nobilities?
(m) And glory'd I in GAVESTON's great fall,
That now a SPENSER ſhould ſucceed in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
Which in his place and empire ſhould ſucceed?
That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left this now ſhall make an end?
To waſte all that our father won before,
Nor leave our ſon a ſword to conquer more?
Thus, but in vain, we fondly do reſiſt,
" Where pow'r can do (ev'n) all things as it liſt,
" And of our right with tyrants to debate,
" Lendeth them means to weaken our eſtate.
Whilſt parliaments muſt remedy their wrongs,
And we muſt wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuel to their fond exceſs,
And all our faſts muſt feaſt their wantonneſs.

Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are
To move our brother to religious war?
(n) And if they were, yet EDWARD doth detain
Homage for POICTOU, GUIEN, and AQUITAIN:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occurr to put back all excuſe.
The ſiſter's wrong, join'd with the brother's right,
Methinks might urge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe people ſenſeleſs of our harms,
Which for our country oft have manag'd arms?
Is the brave Normans courage quite forgot?
Have the bold Britains loſt the uſe of ſhot?

The big-bon'd Almans, and ſtout Brabanders,
Their warlike pikes and ſharp-edg'd ſcimeters?
Or do the Picards let their croſs-bows lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theſſaly?
Or if a valiant leader be their lack,
Where thou art preſent, who ſhall beat them back?
I do conjure thee by what is moſt dear,
By that great name of famous MORTIMER,
(o) By ancient WIGMORE's honourable creſt,
The tombs where all thy famous grandſires reſt,
Or if than theſe what more may thee approve,
Ev'n by thoſe vows of thy unfained love;
In all thou can'ſt to ſtir the Chriſtian King,
By foreign arms ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel
Againſt the right of Princely ISABEL.
Vain witleſs woman! why ſhould I deſire
To add more heat to thy immortal fire?
To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillars of thine own eſtate,
When whatſoever we intend to do,
Our moſt misfortune ever forteth to;
And nothing elſe remains for us beſide,
But tears and coffins (only) to provide?
(p) When ſtill ſo long as Borough bears that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerved ſhame;
And whilſt clear Trent her wonted courſe ſhall keep,
For our ſad fall ſhe evermore ſhall weep.
All ſee our ruin on our backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out are grown.
(q) TORLTON, that ſhould our buſineſs direct,
The gen'ral foe doth vehemently ſuſpect:
" For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
" Whereon ſo many watchfully attend.
What ſhould I ſay? My griefs do ſtill renew,
And but begin when I ſhould bid adieu.

Few

Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And ſtill I ſtay the more I ſtrive to go.
Then till fair time ſome greater good affords,
Take my love's payment in theſe airy words.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) O, how I fear'd that ſleepy juice I ſent,
Might yet want pow'r to further mine intent!

MORTIMER being in the Tower, and ordaining a feaſt in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended, and inviting thereunto Sir STEPHEN SEGRAVE conſtable of the Tower, with the reſt of the officers belonging to the ſame, he gave them a ſleepy drink provided him by the Queen, by which means he got liberty for his eſcape.

(b) I ſtole to Thames, as though to take the air,
And aſk'd the gentle flood as it doth glide.

MORTIMER being out of the Tower, ſwam the river of Thames into Kent, whereof ſhe having intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three years.

(c) Did Bullain once a feſtival prepare
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?

EDWARD CARNARVON, the firſt Prince of Wales of the Engliſh blood, married ISABEL daughter of PHILIP the Fair at Bulloin, in the preſence of the Kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the chief Nobility of France and England: which marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding pomp and magnificence.

(d) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To ſet that girl-boy, wanton GAVESTON.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonneſs of GAVESTON the King's minion, his behaviour and attire ever ſo woman-like, to pleaſe the eye of his laſcivious maſter.

(e) That a foul witch's baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the diſgrace of PIERCE GAVESTON, that his mother was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the ſame, and that PIERCE had bewitched the King.

(f) And of our Princely jewels and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigality of King EDWARD; giving unto GAVESTON the jewels and treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly manor of Wallingford, aſſigned as parcel of the dower to the Queens of this famous iſle.

(g) And match'd with the brave iſſue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand brood.

EDWARD II. gave to PIERCE GAVESTON in marriage the daughter of GILBERT CLARE Earl of Glouceſter, begot of the King's ſiſter JOAN of ACRES, married to the ſaid Earl of Glouceſter

(b) Albania, Gaſcoin, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, ſo called of ALBANACT the ſecond ſon of BRUTUS; and *Cambria*, Wales, ſo called of CAMBER, the third ſon. The four realms and countries brought in ſubjection by EDW. LONGSHANKS.

(i) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a ſtranger, &c.

King EDWARD offer'd his right in France to CHARLES his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to ROBERT BRUCE, to be aided againſt the Barons in the quarrel of PIERCE GAVESTON.

(k) And did great EDWARD *on his deathbed give.*

EDW. LONGSHANKS, on his deathbed at Carliſle, commanded young EDWARD his ſon, on his bleſſing, not to call back GAVESTON, who (for the miſguiding of the Prince's youth) was before baniſhed by the whole council of the land.

(l) That after all this fearful maſſacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter.

THOMAS Earl of Lancaſter, GUY Earl of Warwick, and HENRY Earl of Lincoln, who had taken their oaths before the deceaſed King at his death, to withſtand his ſon EDWARD, if he ſhould call GAVESTON from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now ſeeing EDWARD to violate his father's commandment, riſe in arms againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the civil war, and the ruin of ſo many Princes.

(m) And glory'd I in Gaveſton's *great fall,*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The

The two HUGH SPENSERS, the father and the ſon, after the ith of GAVESTON, became the great favourites of the King, the being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the father Earl of ncheſter.

(n) *And if they were, yet* Edward *doth detain*
Homage for Poictou, Guien, *and* Aquitain.

EDWARD LONGSHANKS did homage for thoſe cities and territo- to the French King, which EDWARD II. neglecting, moved French King, by the ſubornation of MORTIMER, to ſeize thoſe ntries into his hands.

(o) *By ancient* Wigmore's *honourable creſt.*

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient houſe of the ORTIMERS, that noble and couragious family.

(p) *When ſtill ſo long as* Borough *bears that name.*

The Queen remembreth the great overthrow given to the Ba- is by ANDREW HERKLEY Earl of Carliſle at Borough-bridge, af- the battle at Burton.

(q) Torlton, *that ſhould our buſineſs direct.*

This was ADAM TORLTON Biſhop of Hereford, that great Politi-, who ſo highly favour'd the faction of the Queen and MORTI- R; whoſe evil counſel afterward wrought the deſtruction of the ng.

MORTIMER to Queen *ISABEL.*

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrows do adjourn,
So back to thee their int'reſt I return,
Though not in ſo great bounty (I confeſs)
As thy heroick Princely lines expreſs:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath
(*a*) Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death?
From murther's rage thou didſt me once reprieve,
Now in exile my hopes thou doſt revive:
(*b*) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to live.
This double life of mine, your only due,
You gave to me, I give it back to you.
Ne'er my eſcape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the ſky-attempting DEDALUS;
And yet to give more ſafety to my flight,
Did make a night of day, a day of night:
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
(*c*) Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazers with much fear to look upon;
But that thy beauty (by a power divine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine,
Drawn by the ſun of thy celeſtial eyes,
With fiery wings, which bare me through the ſkies.
The heav'ns did ſeem the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtop'd his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo:
The hollow murm'ring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things ſlept;

One

One billow bare me, and another drave me,
This ſtrove to help me, and that ſtrove to ſave me:
The briſling reeds, mov'd with ſoft gales, did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heavy chear,
And would not let one little ſtar appear,
But over all her ſmoaky mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled up the world:
And the ſad air became ſo calm and ſtill,
As it had been obedient to my will;
And every thing diſpos'd it to my reſt,
As on the ſeas when th' halcyon builds her neſt.
When thoſe rough waves, which late with fury ruſh'd,
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſuddenly are huſh'd:
Nor NEPTUNE lets his ſurges out ſo long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her young.
(*d*) Ne'er let the SPENSERS glory in my chance,
In that I live an exile here in France,
That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, France our great blood ſhould bear,
Than England's loſs can be to MORTIMER.
(*e*) My Grandſire was the firſt ſince ARTHUR's reign,
That the round-table rectify'd again;
To whoſe great court at Kenelworth did come
The peerleſs Knighthood of all Chriſtendome,
Whoſe Princely order honour'd England more,
Than all the conqueſts ſhe atchiev'd before.
Never durſt Scot ſet foot on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his back did Engliſh bear a wound,
Whilſt Wigmore flouriſh'd in our Princely hopes,
And whilſt our enſigns march'd with EDWARD's troops:
(*f*) Whilſt famous LONGSHANKS' bones (in fortune's ſcorn)
As ſacred reliques to the field were born:
Nor ever did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
Whilſt our brave battles guarded them about;

Nor

Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,
(g) The Engliſh blood that ſtained Banocks-bourn,
Whilſt with his minions ſporting in his tent,
Whole days and nights in banqueting were ſpent,
Until the Scots (which under ſafeguard ſtood)
Made laviſh havock of the Engliſh blood:
Whoſe batter'd helms lay ſcatter'd on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had been born before.
A thouſand kingdoms will we ſeek from far,
As many nations waſte with civil war,
Where the diſhevel'd ghaſtly ſea-nymph ſings,
Or well-rigg'd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their anchors through the ſandy foam,
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,
And thoſe unchriſt'ned countries call our own,
Where ſcarce the name of England hath been known:
(h) And in the Dead Sea ſink our houſe's fame,
(From whoſe vaſt depth we firſt deriv'd our name)
Before foul black-mouth'd Infamy ſhall ſing,
That MORTIMER ere ſtoop'd unto a King.
And we will turn ſtern-viſag'd Fury back,
To ſeek his ſpoil, who ſought our utter ſack;
And come to beard him in our native iſle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile:
And after all theſe boiſt'rous ſtormy ſhocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks;
Nor will we ſteal, like pirates or like thieves,
From mountains, foreſts, or ſea-bord'ring cleeves,
But fright the air with terror (when we come)
Of the ſtern trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field advance our plumy creſt,
And march upon fair England's flow'ry breaſt.
And Thames, which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy treſſes on his brim,
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the pow'rful tide:

Which

Which fertile Eſſex, and fair Kent ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flags along the pleaſant Lee,
When on her ſtemming poop ſhe proudly bears
The famous enſigns of the Belgick peers.
(*i*) And for that hateful ſacrilegious ſin,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The canon text ſhall have a common gloſs,
Receipts in parcels ſhall be paid in groſs:
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall treble reſtitution make.
For which Rome ſends her curſes out from far,
Through the ſtern throat of terror-breathing War;
Till to th' unpeopled ſhores ſhe brings ſupplies,
(*k*) Of thoſe induſtrious Roman colonies,
And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud EDWARD, GUIEN and AQUITAIN doth hold,
(*l*) CHARLES by invaſive arms again ſhall take,
And ſend the Engliſh forces o'er the lake.
When EDWARD's fortune ſtands upon this chance,
To loſe in England, or to forfeit France;
And all thoſe towns great LONGSHANKS left his ſon,
Now loſt, which once he fortunately won,
Within their ſtrong portculliz'd ports ſhall lie,
And from their walls his ſieges ſhall defy:
And by that firm and undiſſolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring Scot,
BRUCE ſhall bring his REDSHANKS from the ſeas,
From th' iſled Orcads and the Eubides,
And to his weſtern havens give free paſs,
To land the Kern and Iriſh Galloglaſs,
Marching from Tweed to ſwelling Humber's ſands,
Waſting along the Northern nether-lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his pow'r ſuſtain,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloody reign,
Our warlike ſword ſhall drive him from his throne,
Where he ſhall lie for us to tread upon.

(*m*) And

(*m*) And thoſe great lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh ſaints,
And by the ſuperſtitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought:
And think that flood much virtue doth retain,
Which took the blood of famous BOHUN ſlain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhor their King.
Nor ſhall a SPENSER (be he ne'er ſo great)
Poſſeſs our WIGMORE, our renowned ſeat,
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,
With our deſerts their monuments to grace:
Nor ſhall he lead our valiant Marchers forth,
To make the SPENSERS famous in the North;
Nor be the guardians of the Britiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſerving Wales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily recul'd,
But now grown head-ſtrong, hardly to be rul'd;
" Deliberate counſel needs us to direct,
" Where not ev'n plainneſs frees us from ſuſpect:
By thoſe miſhaps our errors that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuouſly amend.
Then (dear) repreſs all peremptory ſpleen,
Be more than woman, as you are a Queen:
Smother thoſe ſparks, which quickly elſe would burn,
Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though a while)
Live you in reſt, nor pity my exile.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE. HISTORY.

(a) Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for death.

ROGER MORTIMER, Lord of Wigmore, had ſtood publickly condemned for his inſurrection with THOMAS Earl of Lancaſter, and BOHUN Earl of Hertford, by the ſpace of three months; and, as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to have been ſhortly, which he prevented by his eſcape.

(*b*) *Twice*

(b) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give.

At what time the two MORTIMERS, this ROGER Lord of Wigmore, and his uncle ROGER MORTIMER the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the Queen, by means of TORLTON Biſhop of Hereford, and BECKE Biſhop of Durham and Patriarch of Jeruſalem, being then both mighty in the State, upon the ſubmiſſion of the MORTIMERS, ſomewhat pacified the King: and now ſecondly ſhe wrought means for his eſcape.

(c) Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone.

With ſtrong ladders made of cords, provided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower; which when the ſame were found faſtned to the walls in ſuch a deſperate attempt, they bred aſtoniſhment in the beholders.

(d) Ne'er let the Spenſers *glory in my chance.*

The two HUGH SPENSERS, the father and the ſon, then being ſo highly favoured of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafety came by his exile, whoſe high and turbulent ſpirit could never brook any corrival in greatneſs.

(e) My Grandſire was the firſt ſince ARTHUR'S *reign,*
That the Round Table rectify'd again.

ROGER MORTIMER, called the great Lord MORTIMER, grandfather to this ROGER, who was afterward the firſt Earl of March, erected again the Round Table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of King ARTHUR'S table, with the retinue of an hundred Knights and an hundred Ladies in his houſe, for the entertaining of ſuch adventurers as came thither from all parts of Chriſtendom.

(f) Whilſt famous Longſhanks' *bones (in Fortune's ſcorn.)*

EDWARD LONGSHANKS willed at his death, that his body ſhould be boiled the fleſh from the bones, and that the bones ſhould be born to the wars in Scotland, which he was perſwaded unto by a propheſy, which told, that the Engliſh ſhould ſtill be fortunate in conqueſt, ſo long as his bones were carried in the field.

(g) The Engliſh blood that ſtained Banocks-bourn.

In the great voyage EDWARD the ſecond made againſt the Scots, at the battle of Stirling, near unto the river of Banocks-bourn in Scotland, there was in the Engliſh camp ſuch banqueting and exceſs, ſuch riot and miſorder, that the Scots (who in the mean time laboured for advantage) gave to the Engliſh a great overthrow.

(*b*) *And*

(b) And in the Dead Sea ſink our houſe's fame,
From whoſe, &c.

MORTIMER, ſo called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mertimer*, in Engliſh the *Dead Sea*, which is ſaid to be where Sodom and Gomorrha once were, before they were deſtroyed with fire from heaven.

(i) And for that hateful ſacrilegious ſin,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.

GAUSTELLINUS and LUCAS, two Cardinals, ſent into England from Pope CLEMENT to appeaſe the ancient hate between the King and THOMAS Earl of Lancaſter; to whoſe embaſſy the King ſeemed to yield, but after their departure he went back from his promiſes, for the which he was accurſed at Rome.

(k) Of thoſe induſtrious Roman colonies.

A Colony is a ſort or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he ſeems here to propheſy of the ſubverſion of the land, the Pope joining with the power of other Princes againſt EDWARD, for the breach of his promiſe.

(l) CHARLES *by invaſive arms again ſhall take.*

CHARLES the French King, moved by the wrong done unto his ſiſter, ſeizeth the Provinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by MORTIMER, who ſolicited her cauſe in France, as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the gloſs upon this point.

(m) And thoſe great Lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized among the Engliſh ſaints.

After the death of THOMAS Earl of Lancaſter at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques; as they did of the Body of BOHUN Earl of Hertford ſlain at Borough-bridge.

EDWARD the Black Prince to *ALICE* Counteſs of *SALSIBURY*.

The ARGUMENT.

Count SAL'SBURY, *a grave and prudent Lord,*
Diſpatch'd for France, was ſcarcely gone aboard,
But the Scots hearing that he was away,
Beſieg'd the caſtle where his lady lay.
EDWARD *the Black Prince, with an army ſent*
To remove the foe, beholding from his tent
Her walking on the battlement above,
With the fair Counteſs ſtrangely falls in love.
Her noble huſband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he ſhould not be deny'd,
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her:
She in her anſwer checks him ſo to woo her.

RECeive (*a*) theſe papers from thy woful Lord,
With far more woes than they with words are ſtor'd,
Which if thine eye for raſhneſs do reprove,
They'll ſay they came from that imperious love.
In ev'ry line well may'ſt thou underſtand,
Which love hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand;
And where to farther proceſs he refers,
In blots ſet down to thee for characters.
This cannot bluſh, altho' you do refuſe it,
Nor will reply, however you ſhall uſe it:
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid deſpair,
This ſtill intreats you, this ſtill ſpeaks you fair.
Haſt thou a living ſoul, a human ſenſe,
To like, diſlike, prove, order, and diſpenſe?

The depth of reaſon ſoundly to adviſe,
To love things good, things hurtful to deſpiſe?
The touch of judgment, which ſhould all things prove,
Haſt thou all this, yet not allow'ſt my love?
Sound moves a ſound, voice doth beget a voice,
One echo makes another to rejoice;
One well-tun'd ſtring ſet truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our affections jar?
What oppoſition doth beget the war?
I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
That meaſure of her bounty that I have;
And as to me, ſhe likewiſe to thee lent,
For ev'ry ſenſe a ſeveral inſtrument:
But ev'ry one, becauſe it is thine own,
Doth prize itſelf unto itſelf alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it itſelf doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none ſuch:
When in thy glaſs thine eye itſelf doth ſee,
That thinks there's none like to itſelf can be;
And ev'ry one doth judge itſelf divine,
Becauſe that thou doſt challenge it for thine:
And each itſelf NARCISSUS like doth ſmother,
Loving itſelf, nor cares for any other.
Fie! be not burn'd thus in thine own deſire,
'Tis needleſs beauty ſhould itſelf admire:
" The ſun, by which all creatures light'ned be,
" And ſeeth all, itſelf yet cannot ſee;
" And his own brightneſs his own foil is made,
" And is to us the cauſe of his own ſhade.
When firſt thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
I ſaw not then ſo much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each look of one doth many beauties make:
In little circlets there it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine eyes:

And

And in this gyring compaſs as it goes,
So more and more the ſame in greatneſs grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motion ſtill doth other forms beget:
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cauſe, th' effect is ſoon remov'd:
Indent with beauty how far to extend,
Set down deſire a limit where to end;
Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may wound,
And limit love to keep within a bound.
If thou do this, nay then thou ſhalt do more,
And bring to paſs what never was before:
Make anguiſh ſportive, craving all delight,
Mirth ſolemn, ſullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly, envy ſpeaking well,
Love his relief for niggardize to ſell.
Our warlike fathers did theſe forts deviſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
Places wherein your ſex might ſafely reſt,
" Fear ſoon is ſettled in a woman's breaſt:
Thy breaſt is of another temper far,
And than thy caſtle fitter for the war;
Thou doſt not ſafely in thy caſtle reſt,
Thy caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy breaſt:
That keeps out foes, but doth our friends incloſe,
But thy breaſt keeps out both thy friends and foes:
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by ſtraight ſiege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy heart is invincible to all,
And more obdurate than thy caſtle wall.
Of all the ſhapes that ever JOVE did prove,
Wherewith he us'd to entertain his love,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhow'r,
He rain'd himſelf on DANAE in her tow'r;

Nor did I ever envy his command
In that he bears the thunder in his hand:
But in that ſhowry ſhape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.
Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without;
One hair of thine more vigour doth retain
To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:
Who might be gyv'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
Would not be captive, though he were a king.
Hadſt thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,
And thou thyſelf beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'll follow thee, and let the treaſure lie.
I cannot think what force thy tow'r ſhould win,
If thou thyſelf do'ſt guard the ſame within:
Thine eye retains artillery at will,
To kill whoever thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds men's hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thouſand darts:
For there intrenched little CUPID lies,
And from thoſe turrets all the world defies;
(b) And when thou let'ſt down that tranſparent lid,
Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou need'ſt never fear,
Who thinks of want, when thou art preſent there?
Thy only ſight puts ſpirits into the blood,
And comforts life, without the taſte of food.
And as thy ſoldiers keep their watch and ward,
Thy chaſtity thy inward breaſt doth guard:
Thy modeſt pulſe ſerves as a larum bell,
Which watched by ſome wakeful ſentinel,
Is ſtirring ſtill with every little fear,
Warning if any enemy be near.
Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others reſt,
Like careful ſcouts, paſs up and down thy breaſt,

And ſtill they round about that place do keep,
Whilſt all the bleſſed garriſon do ſleep.
But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt robb'd, and fly'ſt into this hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this fort deviſe,
That thou in ſafety here might'ſt tyrannize.
Yes, thou haſt robb'd the heaven and earth of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſs theft do call.
Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual wars,
Borrow their brightneſs of the twinkling ſtars:
Thy lips, from mine that in thy maſk be pent,
Have filch'd the bluſhing from the orient:
Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance proves,
Steals the pure whiteneſs both from ſwans and doves:
Thy breath, for which mine ſtill in ſighs cõſumes,
Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and perfumes.
O mighty love! bring hither all thy pow'r,
And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:
For if ſhe may be ſuffer'd in this ſort,
Heav'n's ſtore will ſoon be hoarded in this fort.
When I arriv'd before that ſtate of love,
And ſaw thee on that battlement above,
I thought there was no other heav'n but there,
And thou an angel didſt from thence appear:
But when my reaſon did reprove mine eye,
That thou wert ſubject to mortality,
I then excus'd what erſt the Scot had done,
No marvel though he would the fort have won;
Perceiving well, thoſe envious walls did hide
More wealth than was in all the world beſide.
Againſt thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee myſelf I have betray'd.
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breaſt aſſays.
" Love grown extreme, doth find unlawful ſhifts,
" The Gods take ſhapes, and do allure with gifts:

" Commanding JOVE, that by great Styx doth ſwear,
" Forſworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;
" Love cauſleſs ſtill, doth aggravate his cauſe,
" It is his law to violate all laws:
" His reaſon is in only wanting reaſon,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with treaſon:
" Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain;
" He ſpeaks moſt true, when he the moſt doth fain.
Pardon the faults that have eſcap'd by me,
Againſt fair virtue, chaſtity, and thee:
" If Gods can their own excellence excel,
" It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel.
When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
And all thy ſex made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captive ſhall be brought hereby
T' adorn the triumph of thy chaſtity.
I ſue not now thy paramour to be,
But as a huſband to be link'd to thee:
I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confeſs,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope, I am no leſs,
But that thy birth doth make thy ſtock divine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt my blood as good as thine:
Diſdain me not, nor take my love in ſcorn,
Whoſe brow a crown hereafter may adorn.
But what I am, I call mine own no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt reſtore;
Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,
In faithful love all happily may end.
Farewel, ſweet lady, ſo well may'ſt thou fare,
To equal joy with meaſure of my care:
Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell;
A thouſand-thouſand times farewel, farewel.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Receive theſe papers from thy woful Lord.

BANDELLO, by whom this hiſtory was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples cuſtom in than clime, rather to fail ſometimes in the truth of circumſtance, that to forego the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyriſt:

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoria.

thinking it to be a greater trial that a Counteſs ſhould be ſued unto by a King, than by the ſon of a King, and conſequently that the honour of her chaſtity ſhould be the more, hath cauſed it to be generally taken ſo; but, as by *Polydore*, *Fabian*, and *Froiſard* appears, the contrary is true. Yet may BANDELLO be very well excuſed, as being a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our hiſtory are not ſo material, that they ſhould need an invective, leſt his wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſs were every part a fiction. Howbeit, leſt a common error ſhould prevail againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceived in thoſe perſons who were indeed the actors; to wit, EDWARD the Black Prince, not ſo much of his complexion, as of the diſmal battels which he fought in France (in like ſenſe as we may ſay a *black day*, for ſome tragical event, tho' the ſun ſhine never ſo bright therein.) And ALICE the Counteſs of Saliſbury, who (as it is certain) was beloved of Prince *Edward*, ſo it is as certain, that many points now current in the received ſtory can never hold together with likelihood of ſuch inforcement, had it not been ſhaded under the title of a King.

(b) And when thou lett'ſt down that tranſparent lid.

Not that the lid is tranſparent; for no part of the ſkin is tranſparent; but for that the gem, which that cloſure is ſaid to contain, is tranſparent; for otherwiſe how could the mind underſtand by the eye, ſhould not the images ſlide through the ſame, and repleniſh the ſtage of the fancy? But this belongs to Opticks. The Latins call the eye-lid *cilium* (I will not ſay of *celando*) as the eye-brow *ſupercilium*, and the hair on the eye-lids *palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which have their diſtinct and neceſſary uſes.

ALICE, Counteſs of SALISURY, to the BLACK PRINCE.

AS one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
'Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;
A woman's weakneſs leſt I ſhould diſcover,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a lover:
And ſome ſay, love with reaſon doth diſpenſe,
And wreſts our plain words to another ſenſe.
Think you not then, poor women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what men ſhould read;
When being ſilent, but to move awry,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
" Whilſt in our hearts our ſecret thoughts abide,
" Th' invenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is ty'd;
" But if once ſpoke, deliver'd up to fame,
" In her report that often is to blame.
About to write, but newly entring in,
Methinks I end, ere I can well begin:
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then methinks I ſhould have more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breaſt,
For want of words that cannot be expreſt:
What I would ſay, as ſaid to thee I feign,
Then in thy perſon I reply again;
And in thy cauſe urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry paſſions do I try,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awry?
Being a Prince, I blame you not to prove;
The greater reaſon to obtain your love.
That greatneſs, which doth challenge no denial,
The only teſt that doth allow my trial:

EDWARD

EDWARD ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capital.
" To men is granted privilege to tempt,
" But in that charter women be exempt:
" Men win us not, except we give conſent,
" Againſt ourſelves unleſs that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
" You prove not falſe, except we be untrue;
" It is your virtue, being men, to try;
" And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
" Your fault itſelf ſerves for the fault's excuſe,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
" Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,
" When in itſelf ſufficiency is had;
" Not made a lure t' intice the wand'ring eye,
" But an attire t' adorn our modeſty:
" If modeſty and women once do ſever,
" We may bid farewel to our fame for ever.
Let JOHN and HENRY, EDWARD's inſtance be,
MATILDA and fair ROSAMOND for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be won,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the ſon:
HENRY obtaining, did our weakneſs wound,
And lays the fault on wanton ROSAMOND.
MATILDA chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on JOHN.
" By theſe we prove men acceſſary ſtill,
" But women only principals of ill.
" What praiſe is ours, but what our virtues get?
" If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt;
" Whilſt our own honours we ourſelves defend,
" All force too weak, what ever men pretend:
" If all the world elſe ſhould ſuborn our fame,
" 'Tis we ourſelves that overthrow the ſame:
" And howſoe'er, altho' by force you win,
" Yet on our weakneſs ſtill returns the ſin.

A vir-

A virtuous Prince who doth not EDWARD call?
And ſhall I then be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Than ſuch a ſin upon my ſoul ſhould lie.
Where is great EDWARD? whither is he led,
At whoſe victorious name whole armies fled?
Is that brave ſpirit, that conquer'd ſo in France,
Thus overcome, and vanquiſh'd with a glance?
Is that great heart, that did aſpire ſo high,
So ſoon tranſpierced with a woman's eye?
He that a King at Poictiers battle took,
Himſelf led captive with a wanton look?
(a) Twice as a bride to church I have been led,
Twice have two Lords enjoy'd my bridal bed:
How can that beauty yet be undeſtroy'd,
That years have waſted, and two men enjoy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Prince's ſtore,
Of which two ſubjects were poſſeſt before?

Let Spain, let France, or Scotland ſo prefer
Their infant Queens for England's dowager,
That blood ſhould be much more than half divine,
That ſhould be equal ev'ry way with thine:
Yet, princely EDWARD, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life ſo dearly do I love you.

My noble huſband, which ſo loved you,
That gentle Lord, that reverend MOUNTAGUE,
Ne'er mother's voice did pleaſe her babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to hear him tell:
I have made ſhort the hours that time made long,
And chain'd mine ears to his moſt pleaſing tongue:
My lips have waited on your praiſe's worth,
And ſnatcht his words, ere he could get them forth:
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay,
I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell.

Oft

)ft he would ſay, How ſweet a Prince is he!
Vhen I have prais'd him but for praiſing thee;
\nd to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
\nd yet to eaſe him, help to praiſe thee too.
And muſt ſhe now exclaim againſt the wrong
)ffer'd by him, whom ſhe hath lov'd ſo long?
Iay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſwear,
:DWARD will bluſh, when he his fault ſhall hear.
udge now, that time doth youth's deſire aſſwage,
\nd reaſon mildly quench the fire of rage;
y upright juſtice let my cauſe be try'd,
\nd be thou judge, if I not juſtly chide.
) That not my father's grave and reverend years,
Vhen on his knee he beg'd me with his tears,
y no perſwaſions poſſibly could win,
'o free himſelf from prompting me to ſin;
'he woe for me my mother did abide,
Vhoſe ſute (but you) there's none could have deny'd,
'our luſtful rage, your tyranny could ſtay,
ſine honour's ruin further to delay.
ſave I not lov'd you? let the truth be ſhown,
'hat ſtill preſerv'd your honour with mine own.
ſad your fond will, your foul deſires prevail'd,
Vhen you by them my chaſtity aſſail'd;
Though this no way could have excus'd my fault,
True virtue never yielded to aſſault:)
eſides, the ill of you that had been ſaid,
Iy parents ſin had to your charge been laid;
:) And I have gain'd my liberty with ſhame,
'o ſave my life, made ſhipwrack of my name.
Did Roxborough once vail her tow'ring fanes
'o thy brave enſigns on the Northern plains?
\nd thy trumpets ſounding from thy tent,
ſine oft again thee hearty welcome ſent,
\nd did receive thee as my Soveraign liege,
oming to aid me, thus me to beſiege,

To raiſe a foe that but for treaſure came,
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot,
And would'ſt have won more than he could have got?
That did ingirt me, ready ſtill to fly,
But thou laid'ſt batt'ry to my chaſtity:
O modeſty, didſt thou not me reſtrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vein!
A Prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have thoſe honours EDWARD's ſpouſe ſhould have;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaſte breaſt to harbour ſuch a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a bride,
A piece unfit for Princely EDWARD's ſide;
Of all, the moſt unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that ſhould enjoy that place:
But if that love Prince EDWARD doth require
Equal his virtues, and my chaſte deſire;
If it be ſuch as we may juſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady grant;
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſs my wrong,
That from your vain unbridled youth hath ſprung;
That faith I ſend, which I from you receive:
(d) The reſt unto your Princely thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Twice as a bride I have to church been led.*

The two huſbands of which ſhe makes mention, objecting bigamy againſt herſelf, as being therefore not meet to be married with a batchelor Prince, were Sir THOMAS HOLLAND Knight, and Sir WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE, afterwards made Earl of Saliſbury.

(*b*) *That not my father's grave and reverend years.*

A thing incredible, that any Prince ſhould be ſo unjuſt, to uſe the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chaſtity, though ſo

ſo the hiſtory importeth; her father being ſo honourable, and a man of ſo ſingular deſert: though POLYDORE would have her thought to be JANE the daughter of EDMOND Earl of Kent, uncle to EDWARD the third, beheaded in the Protectorſhip of MORTIMER that dangerous aſpirer.

(*c*) *And I have gain'd my liberty with ſhame.*

Roxborough is a caſtle in the north, miſ-termed by BANDELLO Saliſbury caſtle, becauſe the King had given it to the Earl of Saliſbury; in which, her Lord being abſent, the Counteſs by the Scots was beſieged: who, by the coming of the Engliſh army, were removed. Here firſt the Prince ſaw her, whoſe liberty had been gain'd by her ſhame, had ſhe been drawn by diſhoneſt love to ſatisfy his appetite: but by her moſt praiſe-worthy conſtancy ſhe converted that humour in him to an honourable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of her admired virtue.

(*d*) *The reſt unto your Princely thoughts I leave.*

Leſt any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it ſhall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are uttered concerning her, whoſe name is ſaid to have been ÆLIPS: but that being rejected, as a name unknown among us, FROISARD is rather believed, who calleth her ALICE. POLYDORE contrariwiſe, as before is declared, names her JANE, who by Prince EDWARD had iſſue, EDWARD dying young, and RICHARD the ſecond King of England, though (as he ſaith) ſhe was divorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of conſanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth whereof I omit to diſcuſs. Her huſband, the Lord MOUNTAGUE, being ſent over into Flanders by King EDWARD was taken priſoner by the French; and not returning, left his Counteſs a widow: in whoſe bed ſucceeded Prince EDWARD; to whoſe laſt and lawful requeſt, the rejoiceful Lady ſends this loving anſwer.

Queen

Queen *ISABEL* to King *RICHARD* II

The ARGUMENT.

RICHARD *the Second, wrongfully depos'd*
By HENRY *Duke of* Hertford, *and inclos'd*
In Pomfret *caſtle*; ISABEL *the Queen,*
To the neglected King; who having ſeen
His diſ-inveſting, and diſaſt'rous chance,
To CHARLES *her father ſhip'd again for* France,
(Where for her huſband griev'd and diſcontent)
Thence this epiſtle to King RICHARD *ſent,*
By which when he her ſorrow doth deſcry,
He to the ſame as ſadly doth reply.

AS doth the yearly augure of the ſpring,
In depth of woe thus I my ſorrow ſing;
My tunes with ſighs yet ever mixt among,
A doleful burthen to a heavy ſong:
Words iſſue forth, to find my grief ſome way,
Tears overtake them, and do bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtrives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, ſoon are both too ſlack.
(a) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time
Nouriſh'd the grief of that unnatural clime,
Thither I ſend my ſorrows to be fed;
Than where firſt born, where fitter to be bred?
They unto France be aliens and unknown,
England from her doth challenge theſe her own.
They ſay, all miſchief cometh from the North;
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth:
But why ſhould I thus limit grief a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our diſgrace?

And we in bonds thus ſtriving to contain it,
The more reſiſts, the more we do reſtrain it.
(b) Oh, how even yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſs oft call them faithleſs ſpies!
(Prepar'd for RICHARD) that unwares did look
Upon that traitor HENRY BULLENBROOK:
But that exceſs of joy my ſenſe bereav'd
So much, my ſight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd Lord was he,
Whom raſhly I (ſweet RICHARD) took for thee!
I might have ſeen, the courſer's ſelf did lack
That Princely rider to beſtride his back;
He that ſince nature her great work began,
She only made the mirrour of a man,
That when ſhe meant to form ſome matchleſs limb,
Still for a pattern took ſome part of him,
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
When ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh, let that day be guilty of all ſin
That is to come, or heretofore hath been,
(c) Wherein great NORFOLK's forward courſe was ſtay'd,
To prove the treaſons he to HERTFORD lay'd,
When (with ſtern fury) both theſe Dukes enrag'd,
Their warlike gloves at Coventry engag'd,
When firſt thou didſt repeal thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave MOWBRAY as thy combatant!
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,
Leſt in his minutes he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding planets, by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:
Be it in Heav'n's decrees enrolled thus,
Black, diſmal, fatal, inauſpicious.
Proud HERTFORD then in height of all his pride,
Under great MOWBRAY's valiant hand had dy'd;

And

And never had from baniſhment retir'd,
The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.
(d) Oh! why did CHARLES relieve his needy ſtate?
A vagabond and ſtraggling runnagate;
And in his court with grace did entertain
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody CAIN,
Who with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten years baniſhment?
(e) When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewel,
Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring.
The joyful ſhouts that did ſalute a King.
Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,
Was vanquiſh'd quite when as thou didſt return;
Who to my Lord one look vouchſaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on HERTFORD to attend.
" Princes (like ſuns) be evermore in ſight,
" All ſee the clouds betwixt them and their light:
" Yet they which lighten all down from their ſkies,
" See not the clouds offending others eyes,
" And deem their noon-tide is deſir'd of all,
" When all expect clear changes by their fall.
What colour ſeems to ſhadow HERTFORD's claim,
When law and right his father's hopes do maim?
(f) Affirm'd by church-men (which ſhould bear no hate)
That JOHN of Gaunt was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mother's tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe Flemmiſh boor to be begot:
Whom EDWARD's eaglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the ſun:
Where lawful right and conqueſt doth allow
A triple crown on RICHARD's Princely brow;
Three Kingly lions bears his bloody field,
(g) No baſtard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring ſhield:
Never durſt he attempt our hapleſs ſhore,
Nor ſet his foot on fatal Ravenſpore;

Nor

Nor durſt his ſlugging hulks approach the ſtrand,
Nor ſtoop a top as ſignal to the land,
Had not the PERCIES promis'd aid to bring,
Againſt their oath unto their lawful King,
(b) Againſt their faith unto our crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinſman EDMOND MORTIMER.
When I to England came, a world of eyes,
Like ſtars, attended on my fair ariſe,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And are all ſet, before my going down.
The ſmooth-fac'd air did on my coming ſmile,
But I with ſtorms am driven to exile:
But BULLENBROOK devis'd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two ſorrows ſhould poſſeſs one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny
That one poor comfort left our miſery.
He had before divorc'd thy crown and thee,
Which might ſuffice, and not to widow me;
But ſo to prove the utmoſt of his hate,
To part us in this miſerable ſtate.
(i) Oh, would AUMERLE had ſunk, when he betray'd
The plot, which once that noble Abbot laid!
When he infring'd the oath which he firſt took,
For thy revenge on perjur'd BULLENBROOK,
And been the ranſom of our friends dear blood,
Untimely loſt, and for the earth too good!
And we untimely do bewail their ſtate,
They gone too ſoon, and we remain too late!
And though with tears I from my Lord depart,
This curſe on HERTFORD fall, to eaſe my heart:
If the foul breach of a chaſte nuptial bed
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head:
If murther's guilt with blood may deeply ſtain,
(k) GREEN, SCROOP, and BUSBIE dye his fault in grain:
If perjury may Heaven's pure gates debar,
(l) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter:

If the depoſing of a lawful King,
Thy curſe condemn him, if no other thing:
If theſe diſ-joyn'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them united ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the PERCIES Heav'n may hear my pray'r,
That BULLENBROOK, now plac'd in RICHARD'S chair,
Such cauſe of woe to their proud wives may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords have been to me!
And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
With as ſalt tears, as I have done for mine:
(m) And mourn for HENRY HOTSPUR her dear ſon,
As I for my dear MORTIMER have done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſs be ſent,
Laſtly to taſte perpetual baniſhment!
Then loſe thy care, when firſt thy crown was loſt,
Sell it ſo dearly, for it dearly coſt:
And ſith it did of liberty deprive thee,
Burying thy hope, let nothing elſe out-live thee.
But hard (God knows) with ſorrow doth it go,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe:
Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could ſay,
If from my heart ſome fears were rid away;
Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhow,
But what it is, that Heaven alone doth know.
" Grief to itſelf moſt dreadful doth appear,
" And never yet was ſorrow void of fear;
But yet in death doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And, RICHARD, thus I wiſh thee happy reſt.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time.

Pomfret caſtle, ever a fatal place to the Princes of England, and moſt ominous to the blood of PLANTAGENET.

(b) Ob

(b) Oh, how even yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſs, &c.

When BULLENBROOK returned to London from the Weſt, bringing RICHARD a priſoner with him; the Queen, who little knew of her huſband's hard ſucceſs, ſtayed to behold his coming in, little thinking to have ſeen her huſband thus led in triumph by his foe: and now ſeemed to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortal enemy.

(c) Wherein great NORFOLK's *forward courſe was ſtaid.*

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Hertford and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the juſtneſs of MOWBRAY's quarrel againſt the Duke of Hertford, and the faithful aſſurance of his victory.

(d) Oh! why did CHARLES *relieve his needy ſtate?*
A vagabond &c.

CHARLES the French King, her father, received the Duke of Hertford into his court, and relieved him in France, being ſo nearly allied as couſin german to King RICHARD his ſon-in-law; which he did ſimply, little thinking that he ſhould after return into England, and diſpoſſeſs King RICHARD of the crown.

(e) When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewel.

King RICHARD made a voyage with his army into Ireland againſt ONEL and MACKMUR, who rebelled: at what time HENRY entred here at home and robbed him of all Kingly dignity.

(f) Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould bear no hate)
That JOHN *of Gaunt was illegitimate.*

WILLIAM WICKAM in the great quarrel betwixt JOHN of Gaunt and the Clergy, of meer ſpight and malice (as it ſhould ſeem) reported, that the Queen confeſſed to him on her death-bed, being then her Confeſſor, that JOHN of Gaunt was the ſon of a Flemming, and that ſhe was brought to bed of a woman-child at Gaunt, which was ſmothered in the cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this child of a poor woman, making the King believe it was her own, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure. *Fox ex Chron. Alban.*

(g) No baſtard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring ſhield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of RICHARD, his right unto the crown of England, as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

(h) Againſt their faith unto the crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinſman, &c.

EDMOND MORTIMER Earl of March, ſon of Earl ROGER MORTIMER, who was ſon to Lady PHILIP, daughter to LIONEL Duke of Clarence, the third ſon to K. EDWARD the third; which EDMOND (King RICHARD going into Ireland) was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown; whoſe aunt, called ELLINOR, this Lord PIERCY had married.

(*i*) *Oh, would* AUMERLE *had ſunk, when he betray'd*
The plot, which once the noble Abbot laid.

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of King HENRY, to have been done at a tilt at Oxford: of which confederacy there was JOHN HOLLAND Duke of Exeter, THOMAS HOLLAND Duke of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, MOUNTACUTE Earl of Saliſbury, SPENSER Earl of Gloceſter, the Biſhop of Carliſle, and Sir THOMAS BLUNT; theſe all had bound themſelves one to another by indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

(*k*) SCROOP, GREEN, *and* BUSHY *dye his fault in grain.*

HENRY going towards the caſtle of Flint, where K. RICHARD was, cauſed SCROOP, GREEN, and BUSHY to be executed at Briſtol, as vile perſons, who had ſeduced the King to this laſcivious and wicked life.

(l) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.

After HENRY's exile, at his return into England, he took his oath at Doncaſter upon the ſacrament, not to claim the crown or kingdom of England, but only the Dukedom of Lancaſter, his own proper right, and the right of his wife.

(*m*) *And mourn for* HENRY HOTSPUR *her dear ſon,*
As I for my, &c.

This was the brave couragious HENRY HOTSPUR, that obtained ſo many victories againſt the Scots: which after falling out right with the curſe of Queen ISABEL, was ſlain by HENRY at the battle at Shrewsbury.

RICHARD

RICHARD II. to Queen *ISABEL.*

WHat can my Queen but hope for from this hand,
That it ſhould write, which never could command?
A kingdom's greatneſs think how he ſhould ſway,
That wholeſom counſel never could obey:
Ill this rude hand did guide a ſcepter then,
Worſe now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.
How ſhall I call my ſelf, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy Huſband, for my hateful life
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I have loſt,
Now of that name proud BULLENBROOK may boaſt
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words ſo woful, as, *I was a King.*
This lawleſs life, which firſt procur'd my hate;
(a) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal ſtate;
This abject ſoul of mine, conſenting to it;
This hand, that was the inſtrument to do it;
All theſe be witneſs, that I now deny
All Princely types, all Kingly ſov'reignty.
Didſt thou for my ſake leave thy father's court,
Thy famous country and thy Princely port,
And undertook'ſt to travel dang'rous ways,
Driven by aukward winds and boiſt'rous ſeas?
(b) And left'ſt great BOURBON, for thy love to me,
Who ſu'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,
Off'ring for dow'r the countries neighb'ring nigh,
Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy?
Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receive thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leave thee?
And in my down-fall and my fortune's wrack,
Thus to thy country to convey thee back?

When quiet ſleep (the heavy heart's relief)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned grief,
My paſſed greatneſs into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my ſorrows I beguile,
That my fair Queen is but withdrawn a while,
And my attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperity.
Calling aloud, and aſking who is there?
The echo anſw'ring, tells me, Woe is there;
And when mine arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking eyes preciſely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the hours there be,
So many hours each minute ſeems to me;
Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and a ſet,
Each day a year, with miſeries compleat;
A winter, ſpring-time, ſummer, and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying, but unſeaſon'd all:
In endleſs woe my thread of life thus wears,
In minutes, hours, days, months, to ling'ring years.
They praiſe the ſummer, that enjoy the ſouth,
Pomfret is cloſed in the North's cold mouth;
There pleaſant ſummer dwelleth all the year,
Froſt-ſtarved winter doth inhabit here;
A place wherein deſpair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuting with a cloudy cell.
(c) When HEREFORD had his judgment of exile,
Saw I the people's murmuring the while;
Th' uncertain commons touch'd with inward care,
As though his ſorrows mutually they bare:
Fond women, and ſcarce-ſpeaking children mourn,
Bewail his parting, wiſhing his return:
(d) That I was forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd years,
When they bedew'd his foot-ſteps with their tears;

Yet

Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his greatneſs by their love might grow.
(e) But HENRY boaſts of our atchievements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers won;
And all the ſtory of our famous war,
Muſt grace the annals of great LANCASTER.
(f) Seven goodly ſcions in their ſpring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelf-root brought forth, one ſtock did nouriſh.
(g) EDWARD, the top-branch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her utmoſt power did ſee,
Who from the bud ſtill boſſomed ſo fair,
As all might judge what fruit it meant to bear:
But I his graft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,
And from our kind, as refuſe forth am thrown.
We from our grandſire ſtood in one degree,
(h) But after EDWARD, JOHN the young'ſt of three.
Might Princely WALES beget a ſon ſo baſe,
That to GAUNT's iſſue ſhould give Sovereign place?
(i) He that from France brought JOHN his pris'ner home,
As thoſe great CÆSARS did their ſpoils to Rome,
(k) Whoſe name, obtained by his fatal hand,
Was ever fearful to that conquer'd land:
His fame increaſing, purchas'd in thoſe wars,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the ſtars;
With him is valour from the baſe world fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguiſhed)
Who for his virtue, and his conqueſts ſake,
Poſterity a demy-god ſhall make;
And judge, this vile and abject ſpirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo divine.
What earthly humour, or what vulgar eye
Can look ſo low, as on our miſery?
When BULLENBROOK is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our own:
Into our councils he himſelf intrudes,
And who but HENRY with the multitudes?

His power degrades, his dreadful frown diſgraceth,
He throws them down whom our advancement placeth;
As my diſable and unworthy hand
Never had power, belonging to command.
He treads our ſacred tables in the duſt,
(l) And proves our acts of parliament unjuſt;
As though he hated that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a law by RICHARD once was made:
Whilſt I depreſt before his greatneſs, lie
Under the weight of hate and infamy.
My back, a foot-ſtool BULLENBROOK to raiſe,
My looſneſs mock'd, and hateful by his praiſe,
Out-live mine honor, bury my eſtate,
And leave myſelf nought, but my people's hate.
Sweet Queen, I'll take all counſel thou canſt give,
So that thou bid'ſt me neither hope nor live:
" Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worſt,
" But ſharpens grief, to make us more accurſt.
Comfort is now unpleaſing to mine ear,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my bed become my bier:
Since now misfortune humbleth us ſo long,
Till heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong;
Yet it forbid my wrongs ſhould ever die,
But ſtill remember'd to poſterity:
And let the crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with woful mother's tears.
Thy curſe on PERCY angry Heavens prevent,
Who have not one curſe left, on him unſpent,
To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of woes, as I a King am poor.
Then ceaſe (dear Queen) my ſorrows to bewail,
My wound's too great for pity now to heal.
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My griefs be mortal and infectious:
Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me do fly.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal ſtate.

RICHARD the Second, at the reſignation of the crown to the Duke of Hertford in the tower of London, delivering the ſame with his own hand, there confeſſed his diſability to govern, utterly renouncing all Kingly authority.

(b) And left'ſt great BOURBON, *for thy love to me.*

Before the Princeſs ISABEL was married to the King, LEWIS Duke of Bourbon ſued to have had her in marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This Duke of Bourbon ſued again to have received her at her coming into France, after the impriſonment of King RIDHARD but King CHARLES her father then croſſed him, as before, and gave her to CHARLES, ſon to the Duke of Orleans.

(c) When HERTFORD *had his judgement of exile.*

When the combate ſhould have been at Coventry, betwixt HENRY Duke of Hertford, and THOMAS Duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to baniſhment for ten years) the Commons exceedingly lamented; ſo greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(d) That I was forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd years.

When the Duke came to take his leave of the King, being then at Eltham, the King, to pleaſe the Commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed four years of his baniſhment.

(e) But HENRY *boaſts of our atchievements done.*

HENRY, the eldeſt ſon of JOHN Duke of Lancaſter, at the firſt Earl of Derby, then created Duke of Hertford; after the death of the Duke, JOHN his father was Duke of Lancaſter and Hertford, Earl of Darby, Leiceſter, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of BULLENBROOK, which is a town in Lincolnſhire; as uſually all the Kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(f) Seven goodly ſcions in their ſpring did flouriſh.

EDWARD the Third had ſeven ſons: EDWARD Prince of Wales, after called the BLACK PRINCE: WILLIAM of Hatfield, the ſecond: LIONEL Duke of Clarence, the third: JOHN of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth: EDMOND of Langly, Duke of York, the

fifth: THOMAS of Woodſtock, Duke of Gloceſter, the ſixth: WILLIAM of Windſor, the ſeventh.

(g) EDWARD, *the top-branch of that golden tree.*

Truly boaſting himſelf to be the eldeſt ſon of EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE.

(h) Yet after EDWARD, JOHN *the young'ſt of three.*

As diſabling HENRY BULLENBROOK, being but the ſon of the fourth brother: WILLIAM and LIONEL being both before JOHN of Gaunt.

(i) He that from France brought JOHN *his pris'ner home.*

EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE taking JOHN King of France priſoner at the battle of Poictiers, brought him into England, where at the Savoy he died.

(k) Whoſe name, atchieved by his fatal hand.

Called the BLACK PRINCE, not ſo much of his complexion, as of the famous battles he fought; as is ſhewed before in the gloſs upon the Epiſtle of EDWARD to the Counteſs of Saliſbury.

(*k*) *And proves our acts of Parliament unjuſt.*

In the next Parliament after RICHARD's reſignation of the crown, HENRY cauſed to be annihilated all the laws made in the Parliament called the wicked Parliament, held in the twentieth year of King RICHARD's reign.

ueen *CATHARINE* to *OWEN TUDOR.*

ARGUMENT.

HENRY *the Fifth, that only man of men,*
Too ſoon deceaſed; bright Queen CATH'RINE *then,*
(HENRY *the Sixth, her ſon, of tender years,*
Fortune ſo ſtrangely her affection ſteers,
That amongſt many, call'd one day to dance
Before the King and her) this Heir of France,
And England's dowager, her eye taken had
By OWEN TUDOR, *a brave youthful lad,*
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales deſcended:
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this letter doth deviſe,
Leſt that the greatneſs of the enterpriſe
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,
Shew'd her, his love was anſw'ring to her mind.

Udge not a Princeſs' worth impeach'd hereby,
That Love thus triumphs over Majeſty;
or think leſs virtue in this royal hand,
hat it intreats, and wonted to command:
or in this ſort though humbly now it woo,
he day hath been, thou would'ſt have kneel'd unto.
or think that this ſubmiſſion of my ſtate
oceeds from frailty; rather judge it fate.
ALCIDES ne'er more fit for war's ſtern ſhock,
han when with women ſpinning at the rock;
ever leſs clouds did PHOEBUS' glory dim,
han in a clown's ſhape when he covered him:
OVE's great command was never more obey'd,
han when a Satyr's antick parts he play'd.

He

He was thy King, who ſu'd for love to me;
And ſhe is Queen, who ſues for love to thee.
When HENRY was, my love was only his;
But by his death, it OWEN TUDOR's is.
My love to OWEN, him my HENRY giveth;
My love to HENRY, in my OWEN liveth.
HENRY woo'd me, whilſt wars did yet increaſe,
I woo my TUDOR in ſweet calms of peace;
To force affection, he did conqueſt prove;
I come with gentle arguments of love.
(a) Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
Firſt ſaw I HENRY clad in Princely arms:
At pleaſant Windſor, firſt theſe eyes of mine
My TUDOR judg'd, for wit and ſhape, divine:
HENRY abroad, with puiſſance and with force;
TUDOR at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,
Did like me beſt, PLANTAGENET or TETHER;
A march, a meaſure, battle, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.
His Princely bed hath ſtrength'ned my renown,
(b) And on my temples ſet a double crown,
Which glorious wreath (as HENRY's lawful heir)
HENRY the ſixth upon his brow doth bear.
(c) At Troy in Champain he did firſt enjoy
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou ſhalt have,
Which once in Champain famous HENRY gave.
I ſeek not wealth, three kingdoms in my power:
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may ever follow her,
Which doth baſe pelf before true love prefer;
If titles ſtill could our affections tye,
What is ſo great, but Majeſty might buy?
As I ſeek thee, ſo Kings do me deſire;
To what they would, thou eaſily may'ſt aſpire,

That

That ſacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuel fit, the flame is now the more:
And means to quench it I in vain do prove,
"We may hide treaſure, but not hide our love:
And ſince it is thy fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtrain it.
(d) Nor theſe great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, ſiſter to a King,
Of grandſire, father, huſband, ſon and brother,
More thou alone to me than all theſe other.
(e) Nor fear, my TUDOR, that this love of mine
Should wrong the GAUNT-born great Lancaſtrian line,
(f) Or make the Engliſh blood, the Sun or Moon,
Repine at LORAIN, BOURBON, ALANSON;
Nor do I think there is ſuch different odds,
They ſhould alone be number'd with the Gods:
Of CADMUS' earthly iſſue reck'ning us,
And they from JOVE, MARS, NEPTUNE, ÆOLUS;
Of great LATONA's offspring only they,
And we the brats of woful NIOBE.
Our famous grandſires (as their own) beſtrid
That horſe of fame, that God-begotten ſteed,
Whoſe bounding hoof plow'd that Beotian ſpring,
Where thoſe ſweet maids of memory do ſing.
I claim not all from HENRY, but as well
To be the child of CHARLES and ISABEL:
Nor can I think from whence their grief ſhould grow,
That by this match they be diſparag'd ſo.
(g) When JOHN and LONGSHANKS' iſſue were affy'd,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,
Shewing the greatneſs of your blood thereby,
Your race and royal conſanguinity:
And Wales, as well as haughty England boaſts,
(b) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecoſts,
To have precedence in PENDRAGON's race,
At ATHUR's table challenging the place.

If by the often conqueſt of your land,
They boaſt the ſpoils of their victorious hand;
If theſe our ancient chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
(i) When bloody RUFUS ſought your utter ſack,
Twice ent'ring Wales, yet twice was beaten back:
When famous Cambria waſh'd her in the flood,
Made by th' effuſion of the Engliſh blood;
(k) And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Wor'ſter, Her'ford, Cheſter, Shrewſbury;
Whoſe pow'r in ev'ry conqueſt ſo prevails,
As once expuls'd the Engliſh out of Wales.
Although my beauty made my country's peace,
And at my bridal former broils did ceaſe;
More than his pow'r had not his perſon been,
I had not come to England as a Queen.
Nor took I HENRY to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in France that time my choice was ſcant,
When it had robb'd all Chriſtendom of men,
And England's flow'r remain'd amongſt us then:
GLOS'TER, whoſe councils (NESTOR-like) aſſiſt;
Couragious BEDFORD, that great martialiſt;
CLARENCE, for virtue honour'd of his foes;
And YORK, whoſe fame yet daily greater grows;
WARWICK, the pride of NEVIL's haughty race;
Great SAL'SBURY, ſo fear'd in every place;
That valiant POOL, whom no atchievement dares;
And VERE, ſo famous in the Iriſh wars;
Who, though my ſelf ſo great a Prince were born,
The worſt of theſe my equal need not ſcorn:
But HENRY's rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring kingdoms, ſo he conquer'd hearts;
As chaſte was I to him as Queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaſte love vow'd to thee.
Beauty doth fetch all favour from thy face,
All perfect courtſhip reſteth in thy grace:

If

If thou diſcourſe, thy lips ſuch accents break,
As Love a ſpirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeak.
The Britiſh language, which our vowels wants,
And jars ſo much upon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As do the ſweet notes of a well-ſet ſong,
And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe lips of thine,
As the pure Tuſcan from the Florentine;
Leaving ſuch ſeaſon'd ſweetneſs in the ear,
That the voice paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there:
In NISUS' Tower, as when APOLLO lay,
And on his golden viol us'd to play;
Where ſenſeleſs ſtones were with ſuch muſick drown'd,
As many years they did retain the ſound.
Let not the beams, that greatneſs doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, TUDOR, Majeſty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'ſt degree;
And the imbraces of a Queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you.
When in our greatneſs, our affections crave
Thoſe ſecret joys that other women have:
So I (a Queen) be ſovereign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the publick voice;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in reſpect to be belov'd of me?
Let peeviſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave plaints and pleas to whom they do belong;
Let old men ſpeak of chances and events,
And lawyers talk of titles and deſcents;
Leave fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And covenants to thoſe that buy and ſell:
Love, my ſweet TUDOR, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſs refer the reſt.

ANNOTATIONS

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First, &c.

Near unto Melans, upon the river of Seyne, was the appointed place of parly between the two Kings of England and France; to which place ISABEL the Queen of France, and the Duke of Burgoin brought the young Princeſs CATHARINE, where King HENRY firſt ſaw her.

(b) And on my temples ſet a double crown.

HENRY the fifth, and Queen CATHARINE, were taken as King and Queen of France; and during the life of CHARLES the French King, HENRY was called King of England, and heir of France: and after the death of HENRY the fifth, HENRY the ſixth his ſon then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawful King of England and France.

(c) At Troy in Champain he did firſt injoy.

Troy in Champain was the place where that victorious King HENRY the fifth married the princeſs CATHARINE, in the preſence of the chief nobility of the realms of England and France.

(d) Nor theſe great titles vainly [will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few Queens of England or France were ever more princely allied than this Queen, as it hath been noted by Hiſtoriographers.

(e) Nor fear, my TUDOR, *that this love of mine*
Should wrong the GAUNT-*barn, &c*

Noting the deſcent of HENRY her huſband from JOHN Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſon of EDWARD the third; which Duke JOHN was ſirnamed Gaunt, of the city of Gaunt in Flanders where he was born.

(f) Or make he Engliſh blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, &c.

Alluding the greatneſs of the Engliſh line to PHŒBUS and PHŒBE, feigned to be the children of LATONA, whoſe heavenly kind might ſcorn to be joyned with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boaſting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this alluſion followeth on the hiſtory of the ſtrife betwixt JUNO and the race of CADMUS,

CADMUS, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of heaven. The children of NIOBE ſlain; for which the woful mother became a rock, guſhing forth continually a fountain of tears.

(*g*) *When* JOHN *and* LONGSHANKS' *iſſue were affy'd.*

LHEWELLIN or LEOLIN AP JORWITH, married JOAN daughter to King JOHN, a moſt beatuiful Lady. Some authors affirm that ſhe was baſe-born. LHEWELLIN AP GRYFITH married ELEANOR, daughter to SIMON MONFORT Earl of Leiceſter, and couſin to EDWARD LONGSHANKS; both which LHEWELLINS were Princes of Wales.

(*h*) *Of Camilot, and all her Pentecoſts,*
To have precedence, &c.

Camilot the ancient palace of King ARTHUR, to which place all the Knights of that famous order yearly repaired at Pentecoſt, according to the law of the table: and moſt of the famous home-born Kſights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

(*i*) *When bloody* RUFUS *fought your utter ſack.*

Noting the ill ſucceſs which WILLIAM RUFUS had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief Nobility were ſlain.

(*k*) *And oft return'd with glorious victory.*

Noting the divers and ſundry incurſions that the Welſh-men made into England in the time of RUFUS, JOHN, HENRY the ſecond, and LONGSHANKS.

OWEN TUDOR to Queen *CATHARINE.*

WHen firſt mine eyes beheld your princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came;
As in exceſs of joy, I had forgot,
Whether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not:
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,
Which wanting their direction, dully miſt it:
My lips, which ſhould have ſpoke, were dumb, & kiſt it,
And left the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my ſenſes did amazed ſtand:
Even as a mother coming to her child,
Which from her preſence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle arms his tender neck doth ſtrain,
Now kiſſing it, now clipping it again;
And yet exceſſive joy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awaken'd from this pleaſing dream,
When paſſion ſomewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,
Where ev'ry letter's pleaſing, each word ſweet.
It was not HENRY's conqueſts, nor his court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadful terror-ſtriking name,
The cauſe that I from Wales to England came:
For chriſtian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,
To great atchievement firſt had won my youth:
This brave adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by ſome poor event,
But by th' eternal Deſtinies conſent;

Whoſe

Whoſe uncompriſed wiſdom did foreſee,
That you in marriage ſhould be link'd to me.
By our great MERLIN was it not foretold,
(Amongſt his holy propheſies enroll'd)
When firſt he did of TUDOR's name divine,
That Kings and Queens ſhould follow in our line?
(a) And that the helm (the TUDORS ancient creſt)
Should with the golden Flow'r-de-luce be dreſt?
As that the leek (our country's chief renown)
Should grow with roſes in the Engliſh crown?
As CHARLES his daughter, you the lilly wear;
As HENRY's Queen, the bluſhing roſe you bear;
By France's conqueſt, and by England's oath,
You are the true-made dowager of both:
Both in your crown, both in your cheek together,
Join TETHER's love to yours, and yours to TETHER.
Then caſt no future doubts, nor fear no hate,
When it ſo long hath been fore-told by fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doom of heav'n,
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.
No PALLAS here, nor JUNO is at all,
When I to VENUS yield the golden ball:
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And have not ſtrange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we ſhould be proſperous?
(b) When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty tricks whilſt I myſelf advance,
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it fortune's greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heav'n, your TUDOR not derives,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatives,
Although the envious Engliſh do deviſe
A thouſand jeſts of our hyperbolies;

Nor do I claim that plot by ancient deeds,
Where PHOEBUS paſtures his fire-breathing ſteeds:
Nor do I boaſt my God-made grandſire's ſcars,
Nor giants trophies in the Titans wars:
Nor feign my birth (your princely ears to pleaſe)
By three nights getting, as was HERCULES:
Nor do I forge my long deſcent to run
From aged NEPTUNE, or the glorious ſun:
(*c*) And yet in Wales, with them that famous be,
Our learned bards do ſing my pedigree;
(*d*) And boaſt my birth from great CADWALLADER,
(*e*) From old Caer-Septon, in mount Palador:
(*f*) And from ENEON's line, the South-Wales King,
By THEODOR, the TUDORS name do bring.
My royal mother's Princely ſtock began
(*g*) From her great grandame, fair GWENELLIAN,
(*h*) By true deſcent from LEOLIN the great,
As well from North-Wales, as fair Powſland's ſeat.
Though for our Princely genealogy
I do not ſtand to make apology:
Yet who with judgment's true impartial eyes,
Shall look from whence our name at did firſt riſe,
Shall find, that fortune is to us in debt;
And why not TUDOR, as PLANTAGENET?
(*i*) Nor that term *Croggen*, nick-name of diſgrace,
Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welſhman's name,
Which was at firſt begot with England's ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords our right did ſtill maintain,
Againſt that cruel, proud, uſurping Dane,
Buckling beſides in many dang'rous fights,
With Norways, Swethens, and with Muſcovites;
(*k*) And kept our native language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue:
When they which now our nation fain would tame,
Subdu'd, have loſt their country and their name.

Nor

Nor ever could the Saxons ſwords provoke
Our Britiſh necks to bear their ſervile yoke:
Where CAMBRIA's pleaſant countries bounded be
With ſwelling Severn, and the holy Dee:
And ſince great BRUTUS firſt arriv'd, have ſtood
The only remnant of the Trojan blood.
To every man is not allotted chance,
To boaſt with HENRY, to have conquer'd France:
Yet if my fortune be thus rais'd by thee,
This may preſage a farther good to me;
And our Saint DAVID, in the Britons right,
May joyn with GEORGE, the ſainted Engliſh Knight:
(l) And old Caer-merdin, MERLIN's famous town,
Not ſcorn'd by London, though of ſuch renown.
Ah, would to God that hour my hopes attend,
Were with my wiſh brought to deſired end!
Blame me not, Madam, though I thus deſire,
Many there be, that after you enquire;
Till now your beauty in night's boſom ſlept,
What eye durſt ſtir, where awful HENRY kept?
Who durſt attempt to ſail but near the bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great ALCIDES lay?
Your beauty now is ſet a royal prize,
And Kings repair to cheapen merchandize.
If you but walk to take the breathing air,
ORITHIA makes me that I BOREAS fear:
If to the fire, JOVE once in light'ning came,
And fair EGINA makes me fear the flame:
If in the ſun, then ſad ſuſpicion dreams
PHOEBUS ſhould ſpread LUCOTHOE in his beams:
If in a fountain you do cool your blood,
NEPTUNE I fear, which once came in a flood:
If with your maids, I dread APOLLO's rape,
Who cous'ned CHION in an old wife's ſhape:
If you do banquet, BACCHUS makes me dread,
Who in a grape ERIGONE did feed:

And if myſelf your chamber-door ſhould keep,
Yet fear I HERMES coming in a ſleep.
Pardon (ſweet Queen) if I offend in this,
In theſe delays love moſt impatient is:
And youth wants pow'r his hot ſpleen to ſuppreſs,
When hope already banquets in exceſs.
Though HENRY's fame in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind;
But only in the title of a King
Was his advantage, in no other thing:
If in his love more pleaſure you did take,
Never let Queen truſt Briton for my ſake.
Yet judge me not from modeſty exempt,
That I another PHAETON's charge attempt;
My mind, that thus your favours dare aſpire,
Shews, that 'tis touch'd with a celeſtial fire:
If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,
When ſhe herſelf is author of the ſame:
" All men to ſome one quality incline,
Only to love is naturally mine.
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordain'd by heav'n to chear the drooping earth:
Add faithful love unto your greater ſtate,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.
And thus I leave, till time my faith approve;
I ceaſe to write, but never ceaſe to love.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *And that the helm, the* TUDORS *ancient creſt.*

The arms of TUDOR was three helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of MERLIN.

(b) *When*

(*b*) *When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.*

OWEN TUDOR, being a courtly and active Gentleman, commanded once to dance before the Queen, in a turn (not being able to recover himſelf) fell into her lap, as ſhe ſat upon a little ſtool with many of her Ladies about her.

(*c*) *And yet in Wales with them that famous be,*
Our learned bards, &c.

This BERDH, as they call it in the Britiſh tongue, or as we more properly ſay, BARD, or BARDUS, be their Poets, which kept the records of pedigrees and deſcents, and ſung in odes and meaſures to their harps, after the old manner of the Lyrick Poets.

(*d*) *And boaſt my blood from great* CADWALLADER.

CADWALLADER, the laſt King of the Britons, deſcended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angel appear'd commanding him to go to Rome to Pope SERGIUS, where he ended his life.

(*e*) *From old Caer-Septon in mount Palador.*

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftſbury, at whoſe building it was ſaid an Eagle propheſied (or rather, one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the recovery of the iſle by the Britons, bringing back with them the bones of CADWALLADER from Rome.

(*f*) *And from* ENEON's *line, the South-Wales King,*
By THEODOR, *&c.*

This ENEON was ſlain by the Rebels of Gwentland; he was a notable and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to THEODOR, or TUDOR MAUR, of whom deſcended the Princes of South-Wales.

(*g*) *From her great grandame, fair* GWENELLIAN.

GWENELLIAN, the daughter of REES AP GRIFFITH AP THEODORE of South-Wales, married EDNIVET VAUGHAN, anceſtor to OWEN TUDOR.

(*h*) *By true deſcent from* LEOLIN *the great.*

This is the LEHWELLIN, called LEOLINUS MAGNUS, Prince of North-Wales.

(*i*) *Nor that word* Croggen, *nick-name of diſgrace.*

In the voyage that HENRY the Second made againſt the Welſhmen, as his ſoldiers paſſed OFFA's ditch at Croggen Caſtle, they

were overthrown by the Welſhmen. Which word Croggen hath ſince been uſed to the Welſhmens diſgrace, which was firſt begun with their honour.

(*k*) *And kept our native language now thus long.*

The Welſhmen be thoſe ancient Britons, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons invaded here, were firſt driven into thoſe parts, where they have kept their language ever ſince the firſt, without commixtion with any other.

(l) And old Caer-merdin, MERLIN's *famous town.*

Caer-merdin, or MERLIN's town, ſo called of MERLIN's being found there. This was AMBROSE MERLIN, whoſe propheſies we have. There was another of that name, called MERLIN SYLVESTRIS, born in Scotland, ſirnamed CALIDONIUS, of the foreſt of Calidon, where he propheſied.

ELENOR

ELEANOR COBHAM to Duke HUMPHRY.

The ARGUMENT.

Wiſe HUMPHRY *Duke of Glo'ſter, nam'd the Good,*
Next to his Nephew of the royal blood,
(HENRY *the Sixth then being very young*)
Choſen Protector: by ambition ſtrong,
Whoſe Ducheſs ELENOR, *violently led*
To think the crown theirs, were young HENRY *dead,*
Convicted was with ſorcerers to conſpire,
Which practiſed to haſten her deſire:
For which ſhe her thrice-penance was aſſign'd;
To th' iſle of Man and afterwards confin'd:
From whence ſhe writes this letter to her Lord,
Who that ſad Lady doth the like afford.

METhinks, not knowing who theſe lines ſhould ſend,
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt over to the latter end,
/here thou my name no ſooner haſt eſpy'd,
ıt in diſdain my letter caſts aſide:
'hy, if thou wilt, I will myſelf deny,
ay I'll affirm and ſwear, I am not I:
· if in that thy ſhame thou do'ſt perceive,
ɔ, for thy dear ſake, I my name will leave.
nd yet, methinks, amaz'd thou ſhouldſt not ſtand,
or ſeem ſo much appalled at my hand;
ɔr my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye
ong before this) to ſights of miſery.
ɔ, no, read on, 'tis I, the very ſame,
l thou canſt read, is but to read my ſhame.

Be

Be not diſmay'd, nor let my name affright;
The worſt it can, is but t'offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor do thee deadly harm,
It is no dreadful ſpell, no magick charm:
If ſhe that ſent it, love Duke HUMPHRY ſo,
Is't poſſible her name ſhould be his foe?
Yes, I am EL'NOR, I am very ſhe,
Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee:
(a) Though envious BEAUFORD ſlander'd me before,
To be Duke HUMPHRY's wanton paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
(b) To magick once I did myſelf apply,
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink;
Nor on thy perſon did I ever prove
Thoſe wicked potions, ſo procuring love.
I cannot boaſt, to be rich Holland's heir,
Nor of the blood and greatneſs of Baviere:
(c) Yet EL'NOR brought no foreign armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy JACOMIN;
Nor clam'rous huſband follow'd me, that fled,
Exclaiming HUMPHRY to defile his bed:
Nor waſt thou forc'd, the ſlander to ſuppreſs,
To ſend me back as an adultereſs:
(d) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome, to haſten my divorce;
Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The juſt reward of her unjuſt deſire:
(e) Nor BEDFORD's ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter ANN,
That Princely-iſſued great Burgonian,
Need ſtand with me, to move a woman's ſtrife,
To yield the place to the Protector's wife;
If COBHAM's name my birth can dignify,
Or Storborough renown my family.
(f) Where's Greenwich now, thy EL'NOR's court of late,
Where ſhe with HUMPHRY held a Princely ſtate?

That

That pleaſant Kent, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride?
The Thames, by water when I took the air,
That danc'd my barge, in lanching from the ſtair?
The anch'ring ſhips, which, when I paſs'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pomp, ſo goddeſs-like to land,
Should after ſee me mail'd up in a ſheet,
Do ſhameful penance three times in the ſtreet?
Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;
That little babes, not having uſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.

Where then was HUMPHRY? where was his command?
Waſt thou not Lord Protector of the land?
Or for thy juſtice, who could thee deny
The title of the good Duke HUMPHERY?
What blood extract from famous EDWARD's line,
Could boaſt itſelf to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe, next HENRY, ſhould the realm prefer,
If it allow the line of LANCASTER?
But RAYNER's daughter muſt from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be ſet;
Mauns, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar caſt,
To bring her home to England in ſuch haſte:
And what for HENRY thou haſt labour'd there,
To join the King with ARMINACK's rich heir,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had been;
POOL needs muſt have his darling made a Queen:
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To have his Earlſhip with a Dukedom grac'd,
And raiſe the offspring of his blood ſo high,
As Lords of us and our poſterity?

O! that by ſea when he to France was ſent,
The ſhip had ſunk, wherein the traitor went!

Or,

Or, that the ſands had ſwallow'd her, before
She e'er ſet foot upon the Engliſh ſhore!
But all is well, nay, we have ſtore to give,
What need we more? we by her looks can live.
All that great HENRY by his conqueſts heapt,
And famous BEDFORD to his glory kept,
Is given back to RAYNER all in poſt;
And by this means rich Normandy is loſt.
Thoſe which have come as miſtreſſes of ours,
Have into England brought their goodly dow'rs,
Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,
The life of ſubjects, and the ſtrength of Kings,
The means whereby fair England ever might
Raiſe power in France, to back her ancient right:
But ſhe brings ruin here to make abode,
And cancels all our lawful claim abroad;
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And give a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpight that may a woman ſpot.
O, that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
I'faith her Queenſhip little reſt ſhould take:
I'd ſcratch that face that may not feel the air,
And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her hair;
O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breaſt ſit like a lump of lead,
And like a Fairy pinch that dainty ſkin,
Her wanton blood is now ſo cocker'd in;
Or take me ſome ſuch known familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my vengeance never ſhould eſcape.
Were I a garment, none ſhould need the more
To ſprinkle me with NESSUS' pois'ned gore;
It were enough, if ſhe once put me on,
To tear both fleſh and ſinews from the bone:
Were I a flower, that might her ſmell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,

I would

I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
(g) They ſay, the Druids once liv'd in this Iſle,
This fatal Man, the place of my exile,
Whoſe pow'rful charms ſuch dreadful wonders wrought,
Which in the Gotiſh Iſland-tongue were taught:
O! that their ſpells to me they had reſign'd,
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both ſea and wind,
And made the moon pauſe in her paled ſphere,
Whilſt her grim dragons drew them through the air;
Their helliſh power, to kill the plough-man's ſeed,
Or to forefpeak whole flocks as they did feed;
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with human blood,
To carry them through earth, air, fire, and flood!
Had I this ſkill, that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a goblin I would haunt her ghoſt!
O pardon, pardon my miſgovern'd tongue,
A woman's ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
(h) Did not the heavens her coming in withſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake, her coming to abide;
The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide;
Paul's ſhook with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
With lightning ſent from heaven, was ſet on fire:
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blown,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſigns was ſhown;
More fearful viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Than ever were at any death or birth.
Ah HUMPHRY, HUMPHRY, if I ſhould not ſpeak,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very heart would break!
I, that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now than with a clap-diſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle covering me withal,
The verieſt leper of Care's hoſpital;
That from my ſtate a preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennel in a pad of ſtraw:

And

And like an owl, by night to go abroad,
Rooſted all day within an ivy tod,
Among the ſea-cliffs, in the dampy caves,
In charnel-houſes, fit to dwell in graves.
Saw'ſt thou thoſe eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerful look
Duke HUMPHRY once ſuch joy and pleaſure took?
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoil'd them of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my EL'NOR's face:
Like a foul gorgon, whoſe diſhevel'd hair
With every blaſt flies glaring in the air;
Some ſtanding up like horns upon my head,
E'en like thoſe women that are in Coos bred:
My lank breaſts hang like bladders left unblown,
My ſkin with loathſome jaundice over-grown;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruin's true picture, only look on me.
Sometimes, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a ſudden extaſy grow mad:
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy EL'NOR runs,
Like one of BACCHUS' raging frantic Nuns:
Or, like a Tartar, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd unto a diſmal ſacrifice.
That Prelate BEAUFORD, a foul ill befall him:
Prelate, ſaid I? nay, Devil I ſhould call him:
Ah, God forgive me, if I think amiſs,
His very name, methinks, my poiſon is:
Ah that vile JUDAS, our profeſſed foe,
My curſe purſue him whereſoe'er he go;
That to my judgment when I did appear,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that never were:
That I ſhould know of BULLENBROOK's intents,
(i) The hallowing of his magic inſtruments:
That I procured SOUTHWELL to aſſiſt,
Which was by order conſecrate a Prieſt:
That it was I ſhould cover all they did,
Which but for him had to this day been hid.

Ah

Ah that vile baſtard, that himſelf dare vaunt,
To be the ſon of thy great grandſire GAUNT,
Whom he but father'd of meer charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy;
Who, if report of elder times be true,
Yet to this day his father never knew.
He that by murther's black and odious crime,
To HENRY's throne attempted once to climb,
Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,
A fatal hand his Sovereign to have ſlain,
Whom to his chamber cloſely he convey'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laid,
Upon whoſe ſword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a dog he had not been deſcry'd.
But now the Queen, her minion POOL, and he,
As it pleaſe them, ev'n ſo muſt all things be:
England's no place for any one beſide,
All is too little to maintain their pride.
What of a King hath HENRY but the name?
And now ſcarce that, ſo publick his defame!
And I pray God I do not live the day,
To ſee his ruin and the realm's decay:
And yet as ſure as HUMPHRY ſeems to ſtand,
He be preſerv'd from that vile traitor's hand.
From GLO'STER's ſeat I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedom's name were chang'd,
For it portends ſome after-ill to us,
Ah HUMPHRY, HUMPHRY, it is ominous!
Yet rather than thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,
I would thou wert here baniſhed with me.
HUMPHRY, adieu, farewell true noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy EL'NOR can afford.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Tho' envious BEAUFORD *ſlander'd me before.*

Noting the extreme hate that Cardinal BEAUFORD had ever born to her.

(b) To magick once I did myſelf apply.

ELENOR COBHAM was accuſed by ſome, that ſought to withſtand, and miſliked her marriage with Duke HUMPHRY, that ſhe practiſed to give him philters, and ſuch poiſoning potions, to make him love her; as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinal BEAUFORD, to have lived as the Duke's lemman: againſt the which Cardinal, ſhe exclaimeth in this epiſtle in the verſe before.

(c) Yet EL'NOR *brought no foreign armies in,*
To fetch her back, as did thy JACOMIN.

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that doatingly he married JACOMIN, or as ſome call her, JAQUES, daughter and heir to WILLIAM BAVIER, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to JOHN Duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is ſhew'd in this verſe following,

(d) BRABANT *nor* BURGOIN *claimed me by force,*
Nor ſu'd to Rome, *to haſten my divorce,*

cauſed great wars, by reaſon that the Duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant againſt the Duke of Glouceſter; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be deliver'd back to her former huſband.

(e) Nor BEDFORD's *ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter* ANN,
That princely-iſſued great Burgonian.

JOHN Duke of BEDFORD, that ſcourge of France and the glory of the Engliſhmen, marry'd ANN ſiſter to the Duke of BURGUNDY, a virtuous and beautiful Lady: by which marriage, as alſo by his victories obtained in France, he brought great ſtrength to the Engliſh nation.

(f) Where's Greenwich now, thy EL'NOR's *court of late?*

That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent, was firſt builded by that famous Duke; whoſe rich and pleaſant ſituation might remain an aſſured monument of his wiſdom, if there were no other memory of the ſame.

(g) They

(g) They ſay, the Druids once liv'd in this iſle.

It ſhould ſeem that there were two iſlands, both of them called *Mona*, though now diſtinguiſhed, the one by the name of *Man*, the other by the name of *Angleſey*; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by AGRICOLA's voyage made into the hithermoſt *Man*, deſcribed by his ſon-in-law CORNELIUS TACITUS. And as ſuperſtition, the daughter of barbariſm and ignorance, ſo amongſt thoſe northerly nations, like as in America, magick was moſt eſteem'd.

Druids were the publick miniſters of their religion, as thoroughly taught in all the rites thereof. Their doctrine concerned the immortality of the ſoul, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to reſolution, fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abode was in groves and woods, whereupon they have their name: their power extended itſelf to maſter the ſouls of men deceaſed, and to confer with ghoſts and ſpirits about the ſucceſs of things.

PLUTARCH, in his profound and learned diſcourſe of the defect of Oracles, reporteth that the outmoſt Britiſh iſles were the priſon of I wot not what Demigods. But I ſhall not need to ſpeak any farther of the *Druidæ*, than that which LUCAN doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque ſiniſtrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ *poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.*

(h) Did not the heavens her coming in withſtand?

Noting the fearful and prodigious ſigns that were ſeen in England a little before her coming in: which ELENOR expreſſeth in this epiſtle, as fore-ſhewing the dangers which ſhould enſue upon this unlucky marriage.

(i) The hallowing of his magick inſtruments.

The inſtruments which BULLENBROOK uſed in his conjurations, according to the deviliſh ceremonies and cuſtoms of theſe unlawful arts, were dedicated at a maſs in Harnſey park by SOUTHWELL a prieſt of Weſtminſter.

(k) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain.

This was one of the articles that Duke HUMPHRY urged againſt the Cardinal BEAUFORD, that he conſpired the death of HENRY the Fifth, by conveying a villain into his chamber, which in the night ſhould have murther'd him: but what ground of truth he had for the ſame, I leave to diſpute.

Duke *HUMPHRY* to *ELENOR COBHAM.*

METhinks thou ſhould'ſt not doubt I could forget
Her, whom ſo many do remember yet;
"No, no, our joys away like ſhadows ſlide,
"But ſorrows firm in memory abide:
Nay, I durſt anſwer thou doſt nothing leſs,
But into paſſion urg'd by thy diſtreſs.
No EL'NOR, no, thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,
Have in my breaſt been reſident too long.
Oh, when report in ev'ry place had ſpread,
My EL'NOR was to ſanctuary fled
With curſed ONLEY, and the witch of Eye,
As guilty of their vile conſpiracy;
The dreadful ſpirits when they did invocate,
For the ſucceſſion, and the realm's eſtate:
When HENRY's image they in wax had wrought,
By which he ſhould have to his death been brought,
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo by ſickneſs ſhould decay:
Grief, that before could ne'er my thoughts controul,
That inſtant took poſſeſſion of my ſoul.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
As for mine own, let that afflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could!
Of any woe if thou haſt but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;
I have no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I have is nothing elſe but ſorrow.
No, my ſweet NELL, thou took'ſt not all away,
Tho' thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy woes do ſtay;

Tho'

Tho' from thy huſband thou wert forc'd to go,
Thoſe ſtill remain, they will not leave him ſo:
No eye bewails my ill, moans thy diſtreſs,
Our grief's the more, but yet our debt the leſs:
We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept
For thoſe that yet for us have never wept.
We hold no obiits, no ſad exequies,
Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.
Alas, good NELL, what ſhould thy patience move,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a foreign love?
Thou might'ſt have bid all former ills adieu,
Forgot the old, we have ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual grief to anſwer grief again?
Or think'ſt thou I unkindly did forbear
To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear?
Did I forget, or careleſly neglect
Thoſe ſhews of love that ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournful black was I not ſeen to go,
By outward ſigns t'expreſs my inward woe?
Did I thy loſs not publickly lament,
Nor by my looks bewray'd my diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? if this be it, know then,
"One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten."
If in my breaſt thoſe ſorrows ſometimes were,
And never utter'd, they muſt ſtill be there;
And if thou know'ſt they many were before,
By time encreaſing, they muſt needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt up what is receiv'd, what ſpent:
If I her own, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but prove a ſtep-mother to me?
That if I ſhould with that proud baſtard ſtrive,
To plead for birth-right my prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to fear it,
For then my true Nobility ſhould bear it:

If counſel aid, that France will tell (I know)
Whoſe towns lie waſte before the Engliſh foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the foil,
(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile:
If faith avail, theſe arms did HENRY hold,
To claim his crown, yet ſcarcely nine months old:
If countries care have leave to ſpeak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witneſs then may be:
If peoples tongues give ſplendor to my fame,
They add a title to Duke HUMPHRY's name:
If toil at home, French treaſon, Engliſh hate,
Shall tell my ſkill in managing the ſtate;
If foreign travel my ſucceſs may try,
(b) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy.
That robe of Rome proud BEAUFORD now doth wear,
In every place ſuch ſway ſhould never bear:
(c) The croſier-ſtaff in his imperious hand,
To be the ſcepter that controuls the land;
That home to England diſpenſations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our laws:
And for thoſe ſums the wealthy church ſhould pay,
Upon the needy commonalty to lay;
His ghoſtly counſels only do adviſe
(d) The means how LANGLEY's progeny may riſe,
Pathing young HENRY's unadviſed ways,
A Duke of York from Cambridge houſe to raiſe,
Which after may our title undermine,
Grafted ſince EDWARD in GAUNT's famous line,
Us of ſucceſſion falſly to deprive,
Which they from CLARENCE feignedly derive,
Knowing the will old CAMBRIDGE ever bore,
To catch the wreath that famous HENRY wore:
With GRAY and SCROOP when firſt he laid the plot,
From us and ours the garland to have got;
As from the MARCH-born MORTIMER to reign,
Whoſe title GLENDOUR ſtoutly did maintain,

When

When the proud PERCIES, haughty MARCH, and he,
Had ſhar'd the land by equal parts in three.
(e) His prieſthood now proud MOWBRAY will reſtore,
To ſtir the fire that kindled was before:
Againſt the YORKISTS ſhall their claim advance,
To ſteel the point of NORFOLK's ſturdy lance,
Upon the breaſt of HERTFORD's iſſue bent,
In juſt revenge of ancient baniſhment.
He doth adviſe to let our pris'ner go,
And doth inlarge the faithleſs Scottiſh foe,
(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs
May bring invaſion upon us and ours.
Ambitious SUFFOLK ſo the helm doth guide,
With BEAUFORD's damned policies ſupply'd;
He and the Queen in counſel ſtill confer,
How to raiſe him, who hath advanced her.

But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,
And fly from thee, whoſe ſorrows are my theme!
My love to thee and England thus divided,
Which hath the moſt, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to cenſure I am loth,
So near are you, ſo dear unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ungrateful, and my EL'NOR kind,
But though my country juſtly I reprove,
Yet I for that neglected have my love;
Nevertheleſs, thy HUMPHRY's to thee now,
As when freſh beauty triumph'd on thy brow;
As when thy graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy favours might the frankli'ſt boaſt:
Thoſe beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor,
Of which, though time hath taken ſome again,
I aſk no more but what doth yet remain.
Be patient, gentle heart, in thy diſtreſs,
Thou art a Princeſs not a whit the leſs,

Whilſt in theſe breaſts we bear about this life,
I am thy huſband, and thou art my wife.
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But look on thoſe caſt down as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly perch ſo high,
Ere long ſhall come as low as thou or I.
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,
We ſhall exchange, when heav'n will have it ſo;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn;
Woe paſt, may once laugh preſent woe to ſcorn:
And worſe than hath been, we can never taſte,
Worſe cannot come, than is already paſt:
" In all extremes, the only depth of ill
" Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill.
Ah, would to god thou couldſt thy grief deny,
And on my back let all the burthen lye!
Or if thou canſt reſign, make them mine own,
Both in one carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover,
And proſp'rous times blow theſe misfortunes over:
For in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed years,
Some new reſemblance of old joy appears.
Mutual our care, ſo mutual be our love,
That our affliction never can remove:
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wiſhing thee more than I myſelf can give.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile.

The three famous battles fought by the Engliſhmen in France; Agincourt by HENRY the Fifth, againſt the whole power of France: Cravant, fought by MONTACUTE Earl of Saliſbury and the Duke of Burgoin, againſt the Dauphin of France, and WILLIAM STUART Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoile, fought by JOHN Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the nobility of France; Duke HUMPHRY an eſpecial counſellor in all theſe expeditions.

(b) *Then*

(b) Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.

Here remembring the ancient amity which in his embaſſies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and SIGISMUND Emperor of Almain, drawing the Duke of Burgoin into the ſame league, giving himſelf as an hoſtage for the Duke of Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirm the league: with his many other imployments to foreign kingdoms.

(c) The croſier ſtaff in his imperious hand.

HENRY BEAUFORD Cardinal of Wincheſter, that proud and haughty Prelate, received the Cardinal's hat at Calice by the Pope's legate; which dignity, HENRY the Fifth, his nephew, forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious ſpirit unfit for that robe and calling.

(d) The means how LANGLEY'S *progeny may riſe.*

As willing to ſhew, the houſe of Cambridge to be deſcended of EDMOND LANGLEY Duke of York, a younger brother to JOHN of Gaunt his grandfather (as much as in him lay) to ſmother the title the Yorkiſts made to the crown (from LIONEL of Clarence, Gaunt's eldeſt brother) by the daughter of MORTIMER.

(e) His prieſthood now ſtern MOWBRAY *will reſtore.*

Noting the ancient grudge between the houſe of Lancaſter and Norfolk, ever ſince MOWBRAY Duke of Norfolk was baniſhed, for the accuſation of HENRY Duke of Hertford (after that, King of England, and father to Duke HUMPHRY:) which accuſation, he came as a combatant to have made good, in the liſts at Coventry.

(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs.

JAMES STUART King of Scots having been long priſoner in England, was releaſed, and took to wife the daughter of JOHN Duke of Somerſet, ſiſter to JOHN Duke of Somerſet, niece to the Cardinal, and the Duke of Exeter, and couſin-german removed to the King: this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, Duke of *Suffolk*, to Queen *MARGARET*.

The ARGUMENT.

The Duke of Suffolk, WILLIAM, *to advance*
A Lady long belov'd of him in France,
His miſtreſs MARG'RET, *that Duke* RAYNER's *child,*
Himſelf who of Jeruſalem inſtil'd
The King: this POOL, *his darling to prefer*
Betwixt young HENRY *nam'd the Sixth, and her,*
Concludes a marriage; and her ſire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,
To RAYNER *for her: for which lawleſs fact,*
The Peers him five years baniſhment enact.
When for his lateſt farewel of the Queen,
Theſe two epiſtles paſs them two between.

IN my diſgrace (dear Queen) reſt thy content,
And MARGARET's health from SUFFOLK's baniſhment;
Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that ſo ſoon I muſt depart from thee;
Where thou not preſent, it is ever night;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy ſight.
Thoſe ſavages which worſhip the ſun's riſe,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes:
The world's great light, might'ſt thou be ſeen abroad,
Would at our noon-ſtead ever make abode,
And force the poor ANTIPODES to mourn,
Fearing leſt he would never more return.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To live within this ſea-inviron'd iſle.

POOL's

POOL's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great Queen) thy ſov'reignty commands:
(a) Our faulcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth ſtoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.
We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one heaven incompaſſeth us all.
" No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
" Who doth retain a true-reſolved mind.
" Man in himſelf a little world doth bear,
" His ſoul the monarch, ever ruling there:
" Wherever then his body doth remain,
" He is a King, that in himſelf doth reign;
" And never feareth fortune's hot'ſt alarms,
" That bears againſt her patience for his arms.
(b) This was the mean proud WARWICK did invent,
To my diſgrace, at Lei'ſter parliament,
(c) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should cauſe the loſs of fertile Aquitain,
(d) With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good Duke HUMPHRY's name;
And ſo by treaſon ſpotting my pure blood,
Make this a mean to raiſe the NEVILS brood.
(e) With SAL'SBURY his vile ambitious fire,
In YORK's ſtern breaſt kindling long-hidden fire;
By CLARENCE title working to ſupplant
The eagle-airy of great JOHN of Gaunt:
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcal multitude;
(f) Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Crying revenge for the Protector's death:
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me, of force, he muſt be murthered.
(g) If they would know who robb'd him of his life,
Let them call home Dame ELENOR his wife,

Who

Who with a taper walked in a ſheet,
To light her ſhame at noon through London ſtreet;
And let her bring her necromantic book,
That foul hag JORDAN, HUN, and BULLENBROOK,
And let them call the ſpirits from hell again,
To know how HUMPHRY dy'd, and who ſhall reign.
(*h*) For twenty years and have I ſerv'd in France,
(*i*) Againſt great CHARLES and baſtard Orleance,
And ſeen the ſlaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
(*k*) And have I ſeen Vernoila's batful fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand helms, ten thouſand ſhields,
Where famous BEDFORD did our fortune try,
Or France, or England, for the victory?
The ſad inveſting of ſo many towns,
Scor'd on my breaſt in honourable wounds;
When MONTACUTE, and TALBOT of much name,
Under my enſign both firſt won their fame:
In heat and cold all theſe have I endur'd,
To rouze the French, within their walls immur'd;
Through all my life theſe perils have I paſt,
And now to fear a baniſhment at laſt?
Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee refus'd the Infanta of France,
Brake the contract Duke HUMPHRY firſt did make
'Twixt HENRY and the Princeſs ARMINACK:
Only that here thy preſence I might gain,
I gave Duke RAYNER Anjou, Mons, and Main;
Thy peerleſs beauty for a dower to bring,
As of itſelf ſufficient for a King:
(*l*) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike pow'rs,
(*m*) And came myſelf in perſon firſt to Tours,
Th' embaſſadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:
And to the King, relating of thy ſtory,
My tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous oratory,

As the report by ſpeaking did indite,
Begetting ſtill more raviſhing delight.
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My look ſhew'd more, that was angelical;
And when I breath'd again, and pauſed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
Then coming of thy modeſty to tell,
In muſick's numbers my voice roſe and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater cadences to file,
(n) By true deſcent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jeruſalem,
As from the gods thou didſt derive thy birth,
If thoſe of heaven could mix with theſe of earth,
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With ſome melliſluous pleaſing epithet:
Nor left him not, till he for love was ſick,
Beholding thee in my ſweet rhetorick.
(o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely ſpent
In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
And only ſtriving how to honour thee,
Gave to my King what thy love gave to me.
Judge if his kindneſs have not pow'r to move,
Who for his love's ſake gave away his love.
Had he, which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom th' old poets long ago did ſing)
(p) Seen thee for England but imbark'd at Diep,
Would over-board have caſt his golden ſheep,
As too unworthy ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter room with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny ſeas, which ſaw the ſhip infold thee,
Would vault up to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling back, themſelves in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for grief, envying one another:

When

When the proud bark for joy thy ſteps to feel,
Scorn'd that the brack ſhould kiſs her furrowing keel,
And trick'd in all her flags, herſelf ſhe braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the ſilver waves:
When like a bull from the Phœnician ſtrand,
JOVE with EUROPA ruſhing from the land,
Upon the boſom of the main doth ſcud,
And with his ſwanniſh breaſt cleaving the flood,
Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other ſide,
Beareth AGENOR's joy, Phœnicia's pride:
All heavenly beauties join themſelves in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine eye alone,
Which when it turneth that celeſtial ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtars riſe, a thouſand fall.
Who juſtly ſaith, mine, baniſhment to be,
When only France for my recourſe is free?
To view the plains where I have ſeen ſo oft
England's victorious enſigns rais'd aloft;
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place, where I may boldly ſay,
Here mighty BEDFORD forth the vaward led;
Here TALBOT charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
Here with our archers valiant SCALES did lye,
Here ſtood the tents of famous WILLOUGHBY;
Here MONTACUTE rang'd his unconquer'd band;
Here march'd we out, and here we made a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſit to mourn and grieve all day,
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
What fortune hurts, let ſuff'rance only heal,
" No wiſdom with extremities to deal.
To know ourſelves to come of human birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſs us here on earth;
A puniſhment from the eternal law,
To make us ſtill of heaven to ſtand in awe.
" In vain we prize that at ſo dear a rate,
" Whoſe long'ſt aſſurance bears a minute's date,

" Why

" Why ſhould we idly talk of our intent,
" When heav'n's decree no counſel can prevent?
" When our foreſight not poſſibly can ſhun,
" That which the fates determine ſhall be done.
HENRY hath pow'r, and may my life depoſe,
Mine honour's mine, that none hath power to loſe.
Then be as chearful (beauteous royal Queen)
As in the court of France we oft have been;
(q) As when arriv'd in Porcheſter's fair road,
(Where, for our coming, HENRY made abode)
When in mine arms I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gave my love to HENRY's royal hand:
The happy hours we paſſed with the King
At fair South-hampton long in banquetting;
With ſuch content as lodg'd in HENRY's breaſt,
When he to London brought thee from the Weſt
Through golden Cheap, when he in pomp did ride
To Weſtminſter, to entertain his bride.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Our faulcons kind cannot the cage endure.

He alludes in theſe verſes to the Faulcon, which was the ancient device of the POOLS, comparing the greatneſs and haughtineſs of his ſpirit to the nature of this bird.

(b) This was the mean proud WARWICK *did invent*
To my diſgrace, &c.

The commons at this parliament, through WARWICK's means, accuſed SUFFOLK of treaſon, and urged the accuſation ſo vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for five years.

(c) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should be the loſs of fertile Aquitain.

The Duke of Suffolk being ſent into France to conclude a peace, choſe Duke RAYNER's daughter, the Lady MARGARET, whom he eſpouſed for HENRY VI. delivering for her to her father the countries of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Whereupon the Earl of Arminack (whoſe daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelf to be deluded, cauſed all the Engliſhmen to be expulſed Aquitain, Gaſcoine, and Guien.

(d) With

(d) With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good Duke HUMPHRY*'s name.*

This RICHARD, that was called the great Earl of WARWICK, when Duke HUMPHRY was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(e) With SAL'SBURY*, his vile ambitious fire,*
In YORK*'s ſtern breaſt kindling long-hidden fire,*
By CLARENCE *title working, to ſupplant*
The eagle-airy of great JOHN *of* GAUNT.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET Duke of York, in the time of HENRY the Sixth, claimed the crown (being aſſiſted by this RICHARD NEVILL Earl of Salisbury and father to the great Earl of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the Houſe of York) in open parliament, as heir to LIONEL Duke of Clarence, the third ſon of EDWARD III. making his title by ANN his mother, wife to RICHARD Earl of Cambridge, ſon to EDMOND of Langley Duke of York; which ANN was daughter to ROGER MORTIMER Earl of March; which ROGER was ſon and heir to LIONEL Duke of Clarence, the third ſon of King EDWARD, to whom the crown, after King RICHARD the Second's death lineally deſcended, he dying without iſſue; and not to the heirs of the Duke of Lancaſter, that was younger brother to the Duke of Clarence. HALL. *cap.* 1. *tit.* Yor. & Lanc.

(f) Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Crying revenge on the Protector's death.

HUMPHRY Duke of Gloceſter, and Lord Protector, in the five and twentieth year of HENRY VI. by the means of the Queen and the Duke of Suffolk, was arreſted by the Lord BEAUMONT, at the parliament holden at Bury, and the ſame night after murther'd in his bed.

(g) If they wou'd know who robb'd him, &c. to this verſe,
To know how HUMPHRY *dy'd, and who ſhall reign.*

In theſe verſes he jeſts at the Protector's wife, who (being accuſed and convicted of treaſon, becauſe with JOHN HUN a Prieſt, ROGER BULLENBROOK a Necromancer, and MARGERY JORDAN, called the Witch of Eye, ſhe had conſulted by ſorcery to kill the King) was adjudged to perpetual priſon in the iſle of Man, and to do penance openly in three publick places in London.

(h) For twenty years and have I ſerv'd in France?

In the ſixth year of HENRY VI. the Duke of Bedford being deceaſed, then Lieutenant General and Regent of France, this Duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the Lord TALBOT, Lord SCALES, and the Lord MONTACUTE to aſſiſt him.

(i) Againſt great CHARLES *and baſtard* ORLEANCE.

This was CHARLES VII. who after the death of HENRY V. obtained the crown of FRANCE, and recovered again much of that his

his father had loſt. Baſtard ORLEANCE was ſon to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord CAWNY's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, becauſe he being a moſt valiant Captain, was a continual enemy to the Engliſhmen, daily infeſting them with divers incurſions.

(k) And have I ſeen Vernoile's batful fields.

Vernoile is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of HENRY the ſixth's reign, where moſt of the French chivalry were overcome by the Duke of Bedford.

(l) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.

Aumerle is that ſtrong defenced town in France, which the Duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great aſſaults given unto it.

(m) And came myſelf in perſon firſt to Tours,
Th' embaſſadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.

Tours is a city in France built by BRUTUS as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of HENRY VI. was appointed a great diet to be kept, whither came embaſſadors of the Empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to intreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two Kings of England and France.

(n) By true deſcent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jeruſalem.

RAYNER Duke of Anjou, father to Queen MARGARET, called himſelf King of Naples, Sicily, and Jeruſalem, having the title alone of the King of thoſe countries.

(o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely ſpent.

The Duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between King HENRY and MARGARET daughter to Duke RAYNER, aſked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.

Diep is a town in France bordering upon the ſea, where the Duke of Suffolk with Queen MARGARET took ſhip for England.

(q) As when arriv'd in Porcheſter's fair road.

Porcheſter, a haven-town in the ſouthweſt part of England, near where Portſmouth now ſtands, which owes its riſe to the decay of Port *Poris*, or *Porceſter*, once a ſea-port of great note, till the harbour was almoſt abandon'd by the ſea, and the greateſt part of the inhabitants removed into the little iſland of *Portſea*, and built the town of *Portſmouth* at this *Porcheſter*, where the King tarried, expecting the Queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to South-hampton.

Queen

Queen *MARGARET* to *WILLIAM DE LA POOL*, Duke of SUFFOLK.

WHat news (ſweet POOL) look'ſt thou my lines ſhould tell,
But like the tolling of the doleful bell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other news to have.
My breaſt, which once was mirth's imperial throne,
A vaſt and deſert wilderneſs is grown:
Like that cold region, from the world remote,
On whoſe breem ſeas the icy mountains flote;
Where thoſe poor creatures, baniſh'd from the light,
Do live impris'ned in continual night.
No object greets my ſoul's internal eyes,
But divinations of ſad tragedies;
And care takes up her ſolitary inn,
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.
As in September, when our year reſigns
The glorious ſun to the cold wat'ry ſigns,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in ſcorn;
The little bird, yet to ſalute the morn,
Upon the naked branches ſets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the moſſy root,
And there a ſilly chirriping doth keep,
As though ſhe fain would ſing, yet fain would weep,
Praiſing fair ſummer, that too ſoon is gone,
Or ſad for winter, too faſt coming on:
In this ſtrange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Becauſe that weeping cannot eaſe my heart.
Now to our aid who ſtirs the neighb'ring Kings?
Or who from France a puiſſant army brings?
Who moves the Norman to abet our war?
(*a*) Or brings in BURGOIN to aid LANCASTER?

(*b*) Who

(b) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecret griefs impart?
Whoſe breaſt ſhall be the cloſet of my heart?
The ancient Heroes fame thou doſt revive,
As from all them thyſelf thou didſt derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in POOL ſhe was too prodigal;
Of ſo divine and rich a temper wrought,
As heav'n for thee perfection's depth had ſought.
Well knew King HENRY what he pleaded for,
When he choſe thee to be his Orator;
Whoſe angel eye, by powerful influence,
Doth utter more than human eloquence:
That if again JOVE would his ſports have try'd,
He in thy ſhape himſelf would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his nymph, his flame, his ſwan, his ſhow'r.
(c) To that allegiance YORK was bound by oath,
To HENRY's heirs, for ſafety of us both;
No longer now he means record ſhall bear it,
He will diſpenſe with heaven, and will unſwear it.
He that's in all the world's black ſins forlorn,
Is careleſs now how oft he be forſworn;
And here of late his title hath ſet down,
By which he makes his claim unto our crown.
And now I hear his hateful Ducheſs chats,
And rips up their deſcent unto her brats,
And bleſſeth them as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diadem is theirs:
And if ſuch hap her goddeſs Fortune bring,
(d) If three ſons fail, ſhe'll make the fourth a King.
(e) He that's ſo like his dam, her youngeſt DICK,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd ſtigmatick,
That like a carcaſs ſtol'n out of a tomb,
Came the wrong way out of his mother's womb,

With teeth in's head, his paſſage to have torn,
As though begot an age ere he was born.
Who now ſhall curb proud YORK, when he ſhall riſe?
Or arm our right againſt his enterpriſe,
To crop that baſtard weed, which daily grows,
(*f*) To over-ſhadow our vermilion roſe?
(*g*) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear,
Whoſe preſence ſtrikes our peoples hearts with fear?
Whilſt on his knees this wretched King is down,
To ſave them labour, reaching at his crown,
Where like a mounting cedar, he ſhould bear
His plumed top aloft into the air;
And let theſe ſhrubs ſit underneath his ſhrowds,
Whilſt in his arms he doth imbrace the clouds.
O, that he ſhould his father's right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty ſpirit!
How were thoſe pow'rs diſpers'd, or whither gone,
Should ſympathize in generation?
Or what oppoſed influence had force,
So much t' abuſe and alter nature's courſe?
" All other creatures follow after kind,
" But man alone doth not beget the mind.
(*h*) My daiſy-flow'r, which erſt perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour Princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the duſt lies trodden on the ground,
And with YORK's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:
When now his riſing waits on our decline,
And in our ſetting he begins to ſhine;
Now in the ſkies that dreadful comet waves,
(*i*) And who be ſtars, but WARWICK's bearded ſtaves?
And all thoſe knees, which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, purſue me with deſpite,
Which moſt have cry'd, God ſave Queen MARGARET.
When fame ſhall bruit thy baniſhment abroad,
The Yorkiſt's faction then will lay on load;

And when it comes once to our Weſtern coaſt,
O, how that hag, dame ELENOR will boaſt!
And labour ſtraight, by all the means ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Iſle of Man;
To which I know great WARWICK will conſent,
To have it done by act of parliament:
That to my teeth my birth ſhe may defy,
(*k*) Sland'ring Duke RAYNER with baſe beggery;
The only way ſhe could deviſe to grieve me,
Wanting ſweet SUFFOLK, which ſhould moſt relieve me.
And from that ſtock doth ſprout another bloom,
(*l*) A Kentiſh rebel, a baſe up-ſtart groom:
(*m*) And this is he the white-roſe muſt preferr
By CLARENCE' daughter, match'd with MORTIMER.
Thus by YORK's means this raſcal peaſant CADE,
Muſt in all haſte PLANTAGENET be made:
For that ambitious Duke ſets all on work,
To ſound what friends affect the claim of YORK,
Whilſt he abroad doth practiſe to command,
(*n*) And makes us weak by ſtrength'ning Ireland:
More his own power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Than for King HENRY's good or England's peace.
(*o*) Great WINCHESTER untimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes ſhould be increas'd.
BEAUFORD, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare up all,
The church's prop, that famous Cardinal.
The commons (bent to miſchief) never let
(*p*) With France t' upbraid the valiant SOMERSET,
Railing in tumults on his ſoldiers loſs;
Thus all goes backward, croſs com'r after croſs:
And now of late Duke HUMPHRY's old allies,
With baniſh'd ELENOR's baſe accomplices,
Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouſe,
And threaten death and vengeance to our houſe:
And I alone the laſt poor remnant am,
(*q*) T' endure theſe ſtorms with woful BUCKINGHAM.

I pray thee, POOL, have care how thou do'ſt paſs,
Never the ſea yet half ſo dangerous was:
(r) And one foretold by water thou ſhouldſt die,
(Ah! foul befal that foul tongue's propheſie:)
Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,
That I do ſee thee toſs'd in dangerous ſtreams;
And oft-times ſhipwrack'd, caſt upon the land,
And lying breathleſs on the queachy ſand:
And oft in viſions ſee thee in the night,
Where thou at ſea maintain'ſt a dangerous fight,
And with thy proved target and thy ſword,
Beat'ſt back the pirate which would come aboard.
Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
"The trueſt love is moſt ſuſpicious.
Sorrow doth utter what it ſtill doth grieve:
But hope forbids us ſorrow to believe;
And in my counſel yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I think amiſs.
Then live in hope, in triumph to return,
When clearer days ſhall leave in clouds to mourn.
But ſo hath ſorrow girt my ſoul about,
That that word Hope (methinks) comes ſlowly out:
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
Where it might ſtill behold thee in my breaſt.
Farewel, ſweet POOL, fain more I would indite,
But that my tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Or brings in BURGOIN *to aid* LANCASTER.

PHILIP Duke of Burgoin, and his ſon, were always great favourites of the houſe of Lancaſter: howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and York.

(b) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?

The chief Lords of the North parts in the time of HENRY the Sixth withſtood the Duke of York at his riſing, giving him two great overthrows.

(c) To

(c) To that allegiance YORK *was bound by oath,*
To HENRY'*s heirs, for ſafety of us both;*
No longer now he means record ſhall bear it,
He will with heav'n diſpenſe, and will unſwear it.

The Duke of York, at the death of HENRY the Fifth, and at this King's coronation, took his oath to be true ſubject to him and his heirs for ever: but afterwards diſpenſing therewith, claimed the crown, as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(d) If three ſons fail, ſhe'll make the fourth a King.

The Duke of York had four ſons: EDWARD Earl of March, that afterwards was Duke of York, and King of England, when he had depoſed HENRY the Sixth; and EDMOND Earl of Rutland, ſlain by the Lord CLIFFORD at the battle at Wakefield: and GEORGE Duke of Clarence, that was murthered in the Tower; and RICHARD Duke of Glouceſter, who was (after he had murthered his brother's ſons) King, by the name of RICHARD the Third.

(e) He that's ſo like his dam, her youngeſt DICK,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd ſtigmatick, &c.
Till this verſe, *As though begot an age,* &c.

This RICHARD (whom ironically ſhe calls DICK) that by treaſon, after the murther of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of ſtature, crook'd-back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and ſower countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the courſe of nature.

(f) To over-ſhadow our vermilion roſe.

The Red Roſe was the badge of the houſe of Lancaſter, and the White Roſe of York; which, by the marriage of HENRY the Seventh with ELIZABETH, indubitate heir of the houſe of York, were happily united.

(g) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear?

The Earl of Warwick, the ſetter up and puller down of Kings, gave for his arms the white Bear rampant, and the ragged Staff.

(h) My daiſy flower, which erſt perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour Princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the duſt lies, &c.

The Daiſy in French is called *Margarite*, which was Queen MARGARET'S badge: wherewithal the nobility and chivalry of the land at her firſt arrival were ſo delighted, that they wore it in their hats, in token of honour.

(i) And who be ſtars, but WARWICK'S *bearded ſtaves?*

The ragged or bearded ſtaff, was a part of the arms belonging to the Earldom of Warwick.

(*k*) *Sland'ring Duke* RAYNER *with baſe beggery.*

RAYNER Duke of Anjou, called himſelf King of Naples, Sicily, and Jeruſalem, who had neither inheritance, nor received any tribute from thoſe parts; and was not able at the marriage of the Queen at his own charges to ſend her into England, though he gave no dower with her: which, by the Ducheſs of Glouceſter, was often in diſgrace caſt in her teeth.

(*l*) *A Kentiſh rebel, a baſe upſtart groom.*

This was JACK CADE, who cauſed the Kentiſh men to rebel in the eight and twentieth year of King HENRY the Sixth.

(*m*) *And this is he the white roſe muſt preſerr,*
By CLARENCE' *daughter match'd to* MORTIMER.

This JACK CADE, inſtructed by the Duke of York, pretended to be deſcended from MORTIMER, who married Lady PHILIP, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

(*n*) *And makes us weak, by ſtrengthening* Ireland.

The Duke of York being made deputy of Ireland, firſt there began to practiſe his long pretended purpoſe, and ſtrengthening himſelf by all means poſſible, that he might at his return into England, by open war claim that which ſo long before he had privily gone about to obtain.

(*o*) *Great* WINCHESTER *untimely is deceas'd.*

HENRY BEAUFORD, Biſhop and Cardinal of Wincheſter, ſon to JOHN of Gaunt, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the Queen and the Duke of SUFFOLK, continually heaping up innumerable treaſure, in hope to have been Pope, as himſelf on his death-bed confeſſed.

(*p*) *With France t' upbraid the valiant* SOMERSET.

EDMOND Duke of Somerſet, in the four and twentieth year of HENRY the Sixth, was made regent of France, and ſent into Normandy to defend the Engliſh territories againſt the French invaſions: but in ſhort time he loſt all that King HENRY the Fifth won; for which cauſe, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(*q*) *T' endure theſe ſtorms with woful* BUCKINGHAM.

HUMPHRY Duke of Buckingham was a great favourite of the Queen's faction in the time of HENRY the Sixth.

(*r*) *And one fore-told by water thou ſhouldſt die.*

The Witch of *Eye* received anſwer from her ſpirit, that the Duke of Suffolk ſhould take heed of water: which the Queen fore-warns him of, as remembring the witch's propheſy; which afterwards came to paſs.

EDWARD

EDWARD IV. to Mrs. *SHORE.*

The ARGUMENT.

EDWARD *the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report*
Of Miſtreſs SHORE, *reſounded thro' his court,*
Steals to the city in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
To view that beauty, whoſe tranſpiercing eyes
Had ſhot ſo many: which did ſo content
The amorous King, that inſtantly he ſent
Theſe lines to her, whoſe graces did allure him;
Whoſe anſwer back doth of her love aſſure him.

TO thee, the fair'ſt that ever breath'd this air,
(a) From Engliſh EDWARD, to thee faireſt fair;
Ah, would to god thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of SHORE,
To countermand a monarch's high deſire,
And barr mine eyes of what they moſt admire!
O, why ſhould fortune make the city proud,
To give that more, than is the court allow'd?
Where they (like wretches) hoard it up to ſpare,
And do ingroſs it, as they do their ware.
When fame firſt blaz'd thy beauty here in court,
Mine ear repuls'd it, as a light report;
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine ear had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumb with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.
Then think of what thy huſband is poſſeſt,
When I malign the wealth wherewith he's bleſt;
" When much abundance makes the needy mad,
" Who having all, yet knows not what is had:

" Into fools boſoms this good fortune creeps,
" And ſums come in, whilſt the baſe miſer ſleeps.
If now thy beauty be of ſuch eſteem,
Which all of ſo rare excellency deem;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly ſtate?
Which being now but in ſo mean a bed,
Is like an uncut diamond in lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamelling;
We ſee the beauty of the ſtone is ſpilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.
(*b*) When firſt attracted by thy heavenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſſing thy ſhop, thy huſband call'd me back,
Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.
I want (thought I) one that I dare not crave,
And one (I fear) thou wilt not let me have.
He calls for caſkets forth, and ſhews me ſtore;
But yet I knew he had one jewel more,
And deadly curſt him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for love or money by it.
O, might I come a diamond to buy,
That had but ſuch a luſtre as thine eye,
Would not my treaſure ſerve, my crown ſhould go,
If any jewel could be prized ſo!
An agat, branched with thy bluſhing ſtrains;
A ſaphir, but ſo azur'd as thy veins;
My Kingly ſcepter only ſhould redeem it,
At ſuch a price if judgment could eſteem it.
How fond and ſenſleſs be thoſe ſtrangers then,
Who bring in toys, to pleaſe the Engliſhmen?
I ſmile to think how fond th' Italians are,
To judge their artificial gardens rare;
When London in thy cheeks can ſhew them here
Roſes and lillies growing all the year.

The

The Portugueze, that only hopes to win,
By bringing ſtones from fartheſt India in;
When happy SHORE can bring them forth a girl,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and her teeth be pearl.
(*f*) How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us cryſtal from the frozen main?
When thy clear ſkin's tranſparence doth ſurpaſs
Their cryſtal, as the diamond doth glaſs.
The fooliſh French, which bring in traſh and toys,
To turn our women, men, our girls to boys,
When with what tire thou do'ſt thyſelf adorn,
That for a faſhion only ſhall be worn;
Which though it were a garment but of hair,
More rich than robe that ever Empreſs ware.
Methinks, thy huſband takes his mark awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale, when thou art by;
When they which do thy angel-locks behold,
As the baſe droſs do but reſpect his gold,
And wiſh one hair before that maſſy heap,
And but one lock, before the wealth of Cheap:
And for no cauſe elſe hold we gold ſo dear,
But that it is ſo like unto thy hair.
And ſure, I think, SHORE cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would find the great elixir out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts, that choke
Themſelves with fumes, and waſte their wealth in ſmoak;
When if thy hand but touch the groſſeſt mold,
It is converted to refined gold:
When theirs is chaff'red at an eaſy rate,
Well known to all to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is ſet,
Than paltry beugle, or light-prized jet.
Let others wear perfumes, for thee unmeet;
If there were none, thou couldſt make all things ſweet;
Thou comfort'ſt ev'ry ſenſe with ſweet repaſt,
To hear, to ſee, to ſmell, to feel, to taſte:

Like

Like a rich ſhip, whoſe very refuſe ware,
Aromaticks and precious odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walk into the Pawn,
To buy thee cambrick, callico, or lawn,
If thou the whiteneſs of the ſame wouldſt prove,
From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;
And thoſe which by as the beholders ſtand,
Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.
A thouſand eyes clos'd up by envious night,
Do wiſh for day, but to enjoy thy ſight,
And when they once have bleſt their eyes with thee,
Scorn ev'ry object elſe, what e'er they ſee:
So like a goddeſs beauty ſtill controuls,
And hath ſuch pow'rful working in our ſouls.
The merchant, which in traffick ſpends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife:
The blunt-ſpoke cynick, poring on his book,
Sometimes (aſide) at beauty loves to look:
The church-man, by whoſe teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the marriage bed:
The bloody ſoldier, ſpent in dang'rous broils,
With beauty yet content to ſhare his ſpoils:
The buſy lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that beauty gives his labour eaſe:
The toiling tradeſman, and the ſweating clown,
Would have his wench fair, though his bread be brown.
So much is beauty pleaſing unto all,
That Prince and peaſant equally doth call;
Nor never yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.
Unlearn'd is learning, artleſs be all arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſev'ral parts:
Poor plodding ſchool-men they are far too low,
Which by probations, rules, and axioms go;
He muſt be familiar with the ſkies,
Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes:

And

And by that ſkill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties all, thy waiſt, thy foot, thy hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both ſtrange and new:
And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which never were diſcovered before:
And to thy rare proportion, to apply
The lines and circles in geometry,
Uſing alone arithmetick's ſtrong ground,
Numbring the virtues that in thee are found:
And when all theſe have done what they can do,
For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the eaſt the dawn hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeek thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath ſhe fix'd her light,
Where, but that place, the world hath all been night:
Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye
Should ſee love banquet in her majeſty?
" We deem thoſe things our ſight doth moſt frequent,
" To be but mean, although moſt excellent:
" For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrow'd,
" Few look on ſuch as daily come abroad:
" Things much reſtrain'd, do make us much deſire 'em,
" And beauties ſeldom ſeen, make us admire them.
Nor is it fit a city-ſhop ſhould hide
The world's delight, and nature's only pride;
But in a Prince's ſumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tiſſue, floor'd with tapeſtry,
Where thou ſhall ſit, and from thy ſtate ſhall ſee
The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diff'rence (if thou liſt to prove)
Betwixt a vulgar and a Kingly love:
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the troth,
Be thou thyſelf unpartial judge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not injoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy:

Whilſt

Whilſt lazy time his turn by tarriance ſerves,
Love ſtill grows ſickly, and hope daily ſtarves:
Mean while, receive that warrant by theſe lines,
Which princely rule and ſov'raignty reſigns;
Till when, theſe papers, by their lord's command,
By me ſhall kiſs thy ſweet and dainty hand.

ANNOTATIONS of the CRONICLE HISTORY.

This epiſtle of EDWARD to miſtreſs SHORE, and of hers to him being of unlawful affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of hiſtorical notes; for had he mentioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaſter faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to PLAUTUS' boaſting ſoldier, than a Kingly courtier. Notwithſtanding it ſhall not be amiſs to annex a line or two.

(*a*) *From Engliſh* EDWARD *to the faireſt fair.*

EDWARD the fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his ſweet amiable aſpect to attain his wanton appetite the rather: which was ſo well known to LEWIS the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as COMINEUS reports, being taken at his word, he notwithſtanding brake off the matter, fearing the Pariſian dames, with their witty converſation, would detain him longer than ſhould be for his benefit: by which means, EDWARD was diſappointed of his journey. And albeit Princes, whilſt they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not miſtruſt the flattery of the court in thoſe times. For certain it is, that his ſhape was excellent; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to ſeem more delectable: though the ſmallneſs of his eyes, full of ſhining moiſture, as it took away ſome comelineſs, ſo it argued much ſharpneſs of underſtanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed, GEORGE BUCHANAN (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of thoſe times with affection of tyranny; as RICHARD the third manifeſtly did.

(*b*) *When firſt attracted by thy heavenly eyes.*

EDWARD's intemperate deſires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offſpring were puniſhed, is univerſally known. A mirrour, repreſenting their overſight, that rather leave their children what to poſſeſs, than what to imitate.

(*c*) How

(c) How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us cryſtal from the frozen main?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine cryſtal to be a kind of ice; and therefore it is likely, they who came from thoſe frozen parts, ſhould bring great ſtore of that tranſparent ſtone, which is thought to be congealed with extream cold. Whether cryſtal be ice, or ſome other liquor, I omit to diſpute: yet by the examples of amber and coral, there may be ſuch an induration: for SOLINUS out of PLINY mentioneth, that in the northerly region a yellow gelly is taken up out of the ſea at low tides, which he calls SUCCINUM, we AMBER. So likewiſe out of the Liguſtick deep, a part of the Mediterranean ſea, a greeniſh ſtalk is gathered, which hardened in the air, comes to be coral, either white or red. Amber notwithſtanding is thought to drop out of trees; as appears by MARTIAL's epigram:

Et latet & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.

To behold a bee incloſed in *Electrum*, is not ſo rare, as that a boy's throat ſhould be cut with the fall of an ice-ſickle; the which epigram is excellent, the 18 *li.* 4. He calls it *Phaetontis gutta*, becauſe of that fable which OVID rehearſeth concerning the *Heliades*, or *Phaeton*'s ſiſters, metamorphoſed into thoſe trees whoſe gumm is amber, where flies allighting, are oftentimes tranſlucently impriſoned.

The

The Epiſtle of Mrs. *SHORE* to *EDWARD* IV.

AS the weak child, that from the mother's wing
Is taught the lute's delicious fingering,
At ev'ry ſtring's ſoft touch is mov'd with fear,
Noting his maſter's curious liſt'ning ear,
Whoſe trembling hand at ev'ry ſtrain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-ſet leſſon plays:
As this poor child, ſo ſit I to indite,
At ev'ry word ſtill quaking as I write.
(*a*) Would I had led an humble ſhepherd's life,
Nor known the name of SHORE's admired wife.
And liv'd with them in country fields that range,
Nor ſeen the golden Cheap, nor glitt'ring 'Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the ſkies,
Subject to all tongues, object to all eyes:
Oft have I heard my beauty prais'd of many,
But never yet ſo much admir'd of any:
A Prince's eagle-eye to find out that,
Which common men do ſeldom wonder at,
Makes me to think affection flatters ſight,
Or in the object ſomething exquiſite.
" To houſed beauty ſeldom ſtoops report,
" Fame muſt attend on that which lives in court.
What ſwan of bright APOLLO's brood doth ſing,
To vulgar love, in courtly ſonneting?
Or what immortal poet's ſugar'd pen
Attends the glory of a citizen?
Oft have I wonder'd what ſhould blind your eye,
Or what ſo far ſeduced Majeſty,
That having choice of beauties ſo divine,
Amongſt the moſt, to chuſe this leaſt of mine?

More

More glorious ſuns adorn fair London's pride,
Than all rich England's continent beſide;
That who t' account their multitudes would wiſh,
(*b*) Might number Romney's flow'rs, or Iſis' fiſh.
Who doth frequent our temples, walks, and ſtreets,
Noting the ſundry beauties that he meets,
That if but ſome one beauty ſhould incite
Some ſacred muſe, ſome raviſh'd ſpirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,
That after-ages ſhould his lines admire;
Gathering the honey from the choiceſt flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here, in this garden only, ſprings the roſe,
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows:
Nor are we ſo turn'd Neapolitan,
(*c*) That might incite ſome foul-mouth'd Mantuan,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have juſt cauſe to rail upon our ſex:
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter nature's courſe, prove time a liar,
To abuſe fate, and heav'ns juſt doom reverſe,
On beauty's grave to ſet a crimſon hearſe,
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glaſs to ſeem a diamond:
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,
In faſhion follow the Venetian dame:
Nor the fantaſtick French to imitate,
Attir'd half Spaniſh, half Italianate;
With waiſt, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.
But with vain boaſts how witleſs fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own indignity?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to love belong,
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the room,
Crop'd beauty's flow'r when it was in the bloom,

And

And goes away enriched with the ſtore,
Whilſt others glean, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares ſwear that I am true and juſt,
And ſhall I then deceive his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſail,
Where the ſtrong'ſt batt'ry never could prevail?
Belike you think, that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leave a King the conqueſt of my breaſt,
And have thus long preſerv'd myſelf from all,
To have a monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vileſt death,
Than live to draw that ſin-polluted breath.
But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide.
Too well know men what our creation made us,
And nature too well taught them to invade us:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeak, to ſue, and to forbear;
By ſigns, by ſighs, by motions, and by tears,
When vows ſhould ſerve, when oaths, when ſmiles, when
What one delight our humours moſt doth move, [pray'rs:
Only in that you make us nouriſh love.
If any natural blemiſh blot our face,
You do proteſt, it gives our beauty grace;
And what attire we moſt are us'd to wear,
That, of all other excellent'ſt, you ſwear:
And if we walk, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one deity;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That you are ever ſounding in our ear:
And yet ſo ſhameleſs, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on beauty and on us.
Rome's wanton OVID did thoſe rules impart,
O, that your nature ſhould be help'd with art!
Who would have thought, a King that cares to reign,
Inforc'd by love, ſo poet-like ſhou'd feign?

To

To ſay that beauty, time's ſtern rage to ſhun,
In my cheeks (lillies) hid her from the ſun;
And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her eaſt, and here ſhe broke her day:
And that fair ſummer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As tho' the fair'ſt ere ſince the world began,
To me, a ſun-burnt baſe Egyptian.
But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O, would to God you knew it not too well!)
That women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Tho' publickly not flatt'ring their own praiſe.
Our churliſh huſbands, which our youth enjoy'd,
Who with our dainties have their ſtomachs cloy'd,
Do loath our ſmooth hands with their lips to feel,
T' inrich our favours, by our beds to kneel;
At our command to wait, to ſend, to go,
As ev'ry hour our am'rous ſervants do;
Which makes a ſtol'n kiſs often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe:
When he all day torments us with a frown,
Yet ſports with VENUS in a bed of down;
Whoſe rude imbracement but too ill beſeems
Her ſpan-broad waiſt, her white and dainty limbs:
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meat,
When he himſelf of ev'ry diſh will eat.
Blame you our huſbands then, if they deny
Our publick walking, our looſe liberty?
If with exception ſtill they us debar
(d) The circuit of the publick theatre:
To hear the poet in a comick ſtrain,
Able t' infect with his laſcivious ſcene:
And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
The ſly perſwaſion of ſome ſubtle bawd;
Or paſſionate tragedian, in his rage
Acting a love-ſick paſſion on the ſtage:

(e) When tho' abroad reſtraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
Knowing rich prizes ſooneſt tempt a thief.
What ſports have we, whereon our minds to ſet?
Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,
Or once a week to walk into the field;
Small is the pleaſure that theſe toys do yield;
But to this grief a med'cine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet liberty;
And ſov'reignty (O that bewitching thing!)
Yet made more great by promiſe of a King;
And more, that honour which doth moſt intice
The holieſt nun, and ſhe that's ne'er ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtrive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy, and poor women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe SHORE pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his imbraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to myſelf am ſtrange,
Thy coming is my full, thy ſet my change.
Long winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
Short minutes, if thou abſent, be a year.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me love even in the midſt of hate.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Would I had led an humble ſhepherd's life,
Nor known the name of SHORE's *admired wife.*

Two or three poems written by ſundry men have magnify'd this woman's beauty; whom, that ornament of England and London's more particular glory, Sir THOMAS MORE, very highly hath praiſed

praiſed for her beauty, ſhe being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her ſtature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and ſmooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have ſeen of hers, was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, caſt under one arm over her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where ſhe was born, is not certainly known: but SHORE, a young man of right goodly perſon, wealth, and behaviour, abandon'd her bed, after the King had made her his concubine. RICHARD III. cauſing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, commanded that no man ſhould relieve her; which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treaſons the more cunningly.

(b) May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Iſis' fiſh.

Rumney is that famous marſh in Kent, at whoſe ſide Rye, a haven-town doth ſtand: hereof the excellent Engliſh antiquary, Mr. CAMDEN, and Mr. LAMBERT in his perambulation, do make mention. And marſhes are commonly called thoſe low grounds which abut upon the ſea, and from the Latin word are ſo denominated. *Iſis* is here uſed for *Thameſis*, by a Synecdochical kind of ſpeech, or by a poetical liberty, in uſing one for another: for it is ſaid that *Thameſis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Iſis*, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water: which being plentiful of fiſh, is the cauſe alſo why all things elſe are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am perſuaded, that there is no river in the world beholds more ſtately buildings on either ſide, clean thorow, than the Thames. Much is reported of the Grand Canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either ſide are ſo gorgeous.

(c) That might incite ſome foul-mouth'd Mantuan.

MANTUAN, a paſtoral poet, in one of his eclogues bitterly inveigheth againſt womankind; ſome of which, by way of an appendix might be here inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſtick and inſolent humours of many of that ſex deſerve much ſharper phyſick, were it not that they are grown wiſer than to amend for ſuch an idle poet's ſpeech as MANTUAN; yea, or for EURIPIDES himſelf, or SENECA's inflexible HIPPOLITUS.

(d) The circuit of the publick theatre.

OVID, a moſt fit author for ſo diſſolute a ſectary, calls that place chaſtity's ſhipwrack: for tho' SHORE's wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtezan; yet much more is the praiſe of modeſty, than of ſuch liberty. Howbeit, the Veſtal nuns had ſeats aſſigned them in the Roman theatre; whereby it ſhould appear, it was counted no impeachment to modeſty, tho' they offending herein were buried quick: a ſharp law for them, who may ſay as SHORE's wife does,

(e) When though abroad reſtraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home.

MARY the French Queen to *CHARLES BRANDON* Duke of SUFFOLK.

The ARGUMENT.

HENRY *the Eighth, firm friendſhip to unite*
With France, beſtows the Lady MARY *bright,*
His younger ſiſter, on King LEWIS, *then*
Being lame and aged; but ſhe, of all men,
CHARLES BRANDON *Duke of Suffolk moſt affected,*
One whom her brother highly had reſpected,
And had advanc'd: but ſcarcely had ſhe been
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous Queen
Buried the old King; who no ſooner dead,
But ſhe in heart determining to wed
Her long-lov'd BRANDON, *this epiſtle writes;*
Who back to her the anſwer ſoon indites.

SUch health from heav'n myſelf may wiſh to me,
Such health from France Queen MARY ſends to thee.
BRANDON, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we women brook delay?
If one poor channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind!) what would an ocean do?

LEANDER

LEANDER had an Helleſpont to ſwim,
Yet this from HERO could not hinder him;
His bark (poor ſoul!) his breaſt, his arms his oars,
But thou a ſhip, to land thee on our ſhoars;
And oppoſite to famous Kent do lie
The pleaſant fields of flow'ry Picardy,
Where our fair Calais, walled in her ſands,
In kenning of the cliffy Dover ſtands.
Here is no beldam nurſe to pout nor low'r,
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r;
Nor need I top my turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half ſo kind,
Thy ſighs ſhould ſtuff thy ſails, though wanting wind:
But thy breaſt is becalm'd, thy ſighs be ſlack,
And mine too ſtiff, do blow thy broad-ſails back.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the flood,
Becauſe the wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, that thou waſt ſo ſlow;
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt have wafted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, BRANDON, thou haſt broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay come, ſweet CHARLES, have care thy ſhip to guide;
Come, my ſweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his lovely Queen,
In ſad attire for my depart were ſeen,
(a) The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I from Dover did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuffer'd for thy ſake,
How oft I feign'd of thee my leave to take:

God and thou know'ſt, with what a heavy heart
I took my farewel, when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gave ſignal with my hand
Up to the cliff, where I did ſee thee ſtand:
Nor could refrain, in all the peoples view,
But cry'd to thee, ſweet CHARLES adieu, adieu.
Look how a little infant, that hath loſt
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
Weary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creeps,
And then (poor ſoul!) it ſits it down and weeps;
And when the nurſe would fain content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mourns for that it cannot find:
Thus in my careful cabbin did I lie,
When as the ſhip out of the road did flie.
(*b*) Think'ſt thou my love was faithful then to thee,
When young CASTILE to England ſu'd for me?
Be judge thyſelf, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empire for my dower.
To England's court when once report did bring,
How thou in France didſt revel with the King,
(*c*) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand;
To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd?
But ſee, this calm was ſuddenly deſtroy'd.
(*d*) When CHARLES of Caſtile there to banquet came,
With him his ſiſter, that ambitious dame,
(*e*) SAVOY's proud Ducheſs, knowing how long ſhe
All means had try'd to win my love from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vows acquit,
To change thy MARY for a MARGARET,
(*f*) When in King HENRY's tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her arms enfold:
Where you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Than CLEOPATRA did MARK ANTONY;

Where ſports all day did entertain your ſight,
And then in maſques you paſs'd away the night.
But thou wilt ſay, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous.
" I muſt confeſs 'tis oft found in our ſex,
" But who not loves, not any thing ſuſpects:
" True love doth look with pale ſuſpicion's eye;
" Take away love, if you take jealouſy."
Turwin and Tournay when King HENRY took,
For this great change who then did ever look?
(g) When MAXIMILIAN to thoſe wars addreſt,
Wore England's croſs on his imperial breaſt,
(h) And in our army let his eagle fly,
(i) That view'd our enſigns with a wond'ring eye;
Little thought I when Bullen firſt was won,
Wedlock ſhould end what angry war begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
(k) But this alone by WOLSEY's wit was wrought.
To his advice the King gave free conſent,
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My virgin's right thy ſtate could not advance,
But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poor SUFFOLK's Ducheſs had I been,
Now the great Dowager, the moſt Chriſtian Queen.
But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
LEWIS of France had my virginity;
He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what?
Believe me, BRANDON, he had ſcarcely that:
Good feeble King, he could not do much harm,
But age muſt needs have ſomething that is warm;
" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heatleſs fire,
" When all the ſtrength is only in deſire."
And I could tell (if modeſty might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe that pleaſeth lovers well;
To reſt his cheek upon my ſofter cheek,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeek;

So might the little baby clip the nurſe,
And it content, ſhe never a whit the worſe:
Then think this, BRANDON, if that make thee frown,
For maiden-head, he on me ſet a crown.
Who would not change a kingdom for a kiſs?
Hard were the heart that would not yield him this;
And time yet half ſo ſwiftly doth not paſs,
Not yet full five months elder than I was.
When thou to France conducted waſt by fame,
With many knights which from all countries came,
To ſee me at St. Dennis on my throne,
Where LEWIS held my coronation;
(l) Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour's ſake,
Choſe thee at tilt his Princely part to take:
When as the ſtaves upon thy caſk did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my ſight,
And ſpake aloud, when I myſelf forgot,
'Tis my ſweet CHARLES, my BRANDON, hurt him not.
But when I fear'd the King perceived this,
Good ſilly man, I pleas'd him with a kiſs;
And to extoll his valiant ſon began,
That Europe never bred a braver man:
And when (poor King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I aſk'd who thou ſhould'ſt be?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake;
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
Whilſt this old King upon a pallet lies,
And only holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtol'n away,
Which might too well their miſtreſs' thoughts bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud unconquer'd lance
To bear the prize from all the flow'r of France,
To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoul imbrace,
Might eas'ly be diſcerned in my face.
Look as the dew upon a damaſk roſe,
Now thro' that liquid pearl his bluſhing ſhows,

And when the ſoft air breathes upon his top,
From the ſweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheek, diſtilling from mine eyes,
One tear for joy another's room ſupplies.
Before mine eye (like touch) thy ſhape did prove,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partial love;
But ſince by others I the ſame do try,
My love condemns my too too partial eye.
The precious ſtone moſt beautiful and rare,
When with itſelf we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent as that we only ſee;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,
Which then appears more orient and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to ſhew its light.
ALANSON, a fine timb'red man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall:
VANDOME good carriage, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet hath not SUFFOLK's princely majeſty:
Courageous BOURBON, a ſweet manly face,
Yet in his looks lacks BRANDON's courtly grace:
Proud LONGAVILE, ſuppos'd to have no peer,
A man ſcarce made was thought, whilſt thou waſt here:
County SAINT-PAUL, our beſt at arms in France,
Would yield himſelf a 'ſquire to bear thy lance:
(m) GALEAS & BOUNARME, matchleſs for their might,
Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight.
If with our love my brother angry be,
I'll ſay, to pleaſe him, I firſt fancy'd thee:
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Never to thee had I been half ſo kind.
Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian;
Nor think that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great PLANTAGENET.

I paſs

I paſs not what the idle commons ſay,
I pray thee CHARLES make haſte, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I ſhould gladly ſmile.
When laſt of me his leave my BRANDON took,
He ſware an oath (and made my lips the book)
He would make haſte, which now thou do'ſt deny;
Thou art forſworn; O wilful perjury!
Sooner would I with greater ſins diſpenſe,
Than by intreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I think, if I ſhou'd come to ſhrive thee,
Great were the fault that I ſhou'd not forgive thee:
Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much loving thee.
Ay, that is all that thou ſhalt fear to taſte;
I pray thee BRANDON come, ſweet CHARLES make haſte.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I from Dover did depart away.

King HENRY VIII. with the Queen and Nobles, in the ſixth year of his reign, in the month of September, brought this Lady to Dover, where ſhe took ſhipping for France.

(b) Think'ſt thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young CASTILE *to England ſu'd for me?*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt HENRY VII. and PHILIP King of Caſtile, ſon to MAXIMILIAN the Emperor, that CHARLES eldeſt ſon of the ſaid PHILIP, ſhould marry the Lady MARY, daughter to King HENRY, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the 8th year of HENRY VIII. annihilated,

(c) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich imbroider'd canopy
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand, &c.

HENRY VIII. after the long ſiege of Tournay, which was delivered to him upon compoſition, enter'd the city in triumph under a canopy of cloth of gold, born by four of the chief and moſt noble citizens, the King himſelf mounted upon a gallant courſer barbed with the arms of England, France, and Ireland.

(d) When CHARLES *of Caſtile to a banquet came,*
With him his ſiſter, that ambitious dame,

Savoy's

Savoy's proud Ducheſs.

The King being at Tournay, there came to him the Prince of Caſtile, and the Lady MARGARET Ducheſs of Savoy, his ſiſter, to whom King HENRY gave great entertainment.

(e) Savoy's proud Ducheſs, knowing how long ſhe
All means had try'd to win my love from me.

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between CHARLES BRANDON, then Lord Liſle, and the Ducheſs of Savoy; the Lord LISLE being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the Ducheſs.

(f) When in King HENRY'*s tent of cloth of gold.*

The King cauſed a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feaſted the Prince of Caſtile and the Ducheſs, and entertained them with ſumptuous maſks and banquets during their abode.

(g) When MAXIMILIAN *to thoſe wars addreſt,*
Wore England's croſs on his Imperial breaſt.

MAXIMILIAN the Emperor, with all his ſoldiers who ſerved under King HENRY, wore the croſs of St. GEORGE with the roſe on their breaſts.

(h) And in our army let his eagle ſly.

The black Eagle is the badge Imperial, which here is uſed for the diſplaying of his enſign or ſtandard.

(i) That view'd our enſigns with a wond'ring eye.

HENRY VIII. at his wars in France, retained the Emperor and all his ſoldiers in wages, who ſerved under him during thoſe wars.

(k) But this alone by WOLSEY'*s wit was wrought.*

THOMAS WOLSEY the King's Almoner, then Biſhop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the King, and afterward Cardinal, was the chief cauſe that this Lady MARY was married to the old French King, with whom the French had dealt under-hand to befriend him in that match.

(l) Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour ſake,
Choſe thee at tilt his Princely part to take.

FRANCIS Duke of Valois and Dauphin of France, at the marriage of the Lady MARY, in honour thereof proclaimed a jouſt; where he choſe the Duke of Suffolk and the Marquis of Dorſet for his aids at all martial exerciſes.

(m) GALEAS *and* BOUNARME, *matchleſs for their might.*

This county GALEAS, at the jouſts, ran a courſe with a ſpear, which was at the head five inches ſquare on every ſide, and at the butt nine inches ſquare, whereby he ſhewed his wonderous force and ſtrength. This BOUNARME, a Gentleman of France, at the ſame time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten ſpears about him: in each ſtirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horſe to the career, never ſtopt him till he had broken every ſtaff. HALL.

CHARLES

CHARLES BRANDON Duke of SUFFOLK, to *MARY* the French Queen.

BUT that my faith commands me to forbear,
The fault's your own, if I impatient were:
Were my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time your loving lines to read.
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, only feed on air:
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And ſtarve mine ears, to hear of my diſpatch.
If Dover were th' Abydos of my reſt,
Or pleaſant Calais were my MARY's Ceſt',
You ſhould not need, bright Queen, to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance, to deſire ſay no:
No tedious night from travel ſhould be free,
Till through the ſeas, with ſwimming ſtill to thee,
A ſnowy path I made unto the Bay,
So bright as is that nectar-ſtained way,
The reſtleſs ſun by travelling doth wear,
Paſſing his courſe to finiſh up the year.
But Paris locks my love within the main,
And London yet thy BRANDON doth detain.
Of thy firm love thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.
(*a*) When LONGAVILE to MARY was affy'd,
And thou by him waſt made King LEWIS' bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a prize might'ſt be,
That I in arms might combate him for thee!
And in the madneſs of my love diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murder have fore-thought:

" But

" But that th' all-ſeeing pow'rs, which ſit above,
" Regard not mad-mens oaths, nor faults in love,
" And have confirm'd it by the grant of heav'n,
" That lovers ſins on earth ſhould be forgiv'n:
" For never man is half ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loves, to ſee his love poſſeſs'd.
Coming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my heart)
Methought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and deſolate;
In whoſe fair walks thou often haſt been ſeen,
To ſport with KATH'RINE, HENRY'S beauteous [Queen,
Aſtoniſhing ſad winter with thy ſight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the ſmall birds, as in the pleaſant ſpring,
Forgot themſelves, and have begun to ſing.
So oft as I by Thames go and return,
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,
Whom I have ſeen to let his ſtream at large,
Which like a hand-maid waited on thy barge;
And if thou hap'ſt againſt the flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it preſently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,
For joy that it had got thee from the ſhoars.
The ſwans with muſic that the roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the ſwift dolphins by ARION'S ſtrings,
Were brought to land with Siren raviſhings:
The flocks and herds that paſture near the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborn their food,
And ſat down ſadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to ſwim.
When as the poſt to England's royal court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought thee true report,
(b) How in a ſtorm thy well-rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou thyſelf in danger to be loſt,

I knew

I knew 'twas VENUS loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the ſea-nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but ſeen, their goddeſs ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her dove-drawn coach about,
To view the navy then in launching out,
Her airy mantle looſly doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wafted thy ſails with ſpeed unto the land,
And ran thy ſhips on Bullen's harbouring ſtrand.
How ſhould I joy of thy arrive to hear!
But as a poor ſea-faring paſſenger,
After long travel, tempeſt-torn and wrack'd,
By ſome unpitt'ing pirate that is ſack'd;
Hears the falſe robber that hath ſtol'n his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable ſtore,
For which he long had travelled before.
(c) When thou to Abvile held'ſt th' appointed day,
We heard how LEWIS met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
(d) Appear'dſt unto him like the Queen of Light:
In cloth of ſilver all thy virgin train,
In beauty ſumptuous, as the northern wain;
And thou alone the foremoſt glorious ſtar,
Which ledd'ſt the team of that great waggoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I did think,
When thine eyes taſted what mine ears did drink?
(e) A cripple King, laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to:
For whom a cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden bed a gallant Queen,
To uſe thy beauty as the miſer gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;

Still

Still looking on it with a jealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving uſury.
O ſacrilege (if beauty be divine)
The profane hand to touch the hallow'd ſhrine!
To ſurfeit ſickneſs on the ſound man's diet;
To rob content, yet ſtill to live unquiet;
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet ſtill longing like a little child.
(f) When Marquis DORSET & the valiant GRAYS,
To purchaſe fame, firſt croſs'd the narrow ſeas,
With all the Knights that my aſſociates went,
In honour of thy nuptial tournament,
Think'ſt thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,
(g) When thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride?
Where all the ſtreets, as thou didſt paſs along,
With Arras, Biſſe, and Tapeſtry were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy princely ſelf to guard:
Next them, three thouſand choice religious men,
In golden veſtments follow'd on again;
And in proceſſion as they came along,
With HYMENÆUS ſang thy marriage-ſong.
(h) Next theſe, five Dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a princely Cardinal:
Then thou, on thy imperial chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich impearled coronet;
Whilſt the Pariſian dames, as thy train paſt,
Their precious incenſe in abundance caſt.
As CYNTHIA, from her wave-embattel'd ſhrowds
Op'ning the weſt, comes ſtreaming thro' the clouds,
With ſhining troops of ſilver-treſſed ſtars,
Attending on her as her torch-bearers;
And all the leſſer lights about her throne
With admiration ſtand as lookers on;
Whilſt ſhe alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her ſphere doth glide.

When

When on the tilt my horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignal had I, but thy name;
Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I eſteem'd no prize.
(i) That large-limb'd Almain, of the giants race,
Which bare ſtrength on his breaſt, fear in his face,
Whoſe ſinew'd arms with his ſteel-temper'd blade,
Through plate and male ſuch open paſſage made;
Upon whoſe might the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day:
Thou ſaw'ſt thy BRANDON beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his ſhield a conquer'd ſpoil to thee.
But thou wilt ſay, perhaps, I vainly boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou already know'ſt.
No, ſacred Queen, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.
One of thy treſſed curls there falling down,
As loth to be impriſon'd in thy crown,
I ſaw the ſoft air ſportively to take it,
And into ſtrange and ſundry forms to make it;
Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twiſting it, then it untwiſt again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A ſunny candle for a golden fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as tho' a ſtar had ſhot,
My up-turn'd eye purſu'd it with my ſight,
The which again redoubled all my might.
'Tis but in vain of my deſcent to boaſt,
When heav'n's lamp ſhines, all other lights be loſt;
Faulcons ſeem poor, the eagle ſitting by,
Whoſe brood ſurveys the ſun with open eye;
(k) Elſe might my blood find iſſue from his force,
Who beat the tyrant RICHARD from his horſe
On Boſworth plain, whom RICHMOND choſe to wield
His glorious enſign in that conqu'ring field;

And

And with his ſword in his dear ſov'reign's ſight,
To his laſt breath ſtood faſt in HENRY's right.
Then, beauteous Empreſs, think this ſafe delay
Shall be the even to a joyful day:
" Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all advantage lie,
" Wiſe men muſt give place to neceſſity;
" To put back ill, our good we muſt forbear;
" Better firſt fear, than after ſtill to fear.
'Twere overſight in that, at which we aim,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come, receive theſe lines I ſend.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) When LONGAVILE *to* MARY *was affy'd.*

The Duke of Longavile, who was priſoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the Princeſs MARY for LOUIS the French King his maſter.

(b) How in a ſtorm thy well-rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou, &c.

As the Queen ſailed for France, a mighty ſtorm aroſe at ſea, ſo that the navy was in great danger, and was ſevered, ſome driven upon the coaſt of Flanders, ſome on Britain: the ſhip wherein the Queen ſail'd was driven into the haven at Bullen, with very great danger.

(c) When thou to Abvile held'ſt th' appointed day.

King LEWIS met her by Abvile near to the foreſt of Arders, and brought her into Abvile with great ſolemnity.

(d) Appear'dſt unto him like the Queen of Light.

Expreſſing the ſumptuous attire of the Queen and her train, attended by the chief of the Nobility of England, with ſix and thirty Ladies, all in cloth of ſilver, their horſes trapped with crimſon velvet.

(e) A cripple King, laid bed-rid long before.

King LEWIS was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, ſo that he had long time before little uſe of his legs.

(f) When Marquis DORSET *and the valiant* GRAYS.

The Duke of Suffolk, when the proclamation came into England, of jouſts to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the Queen's ſake his miſtreſs, obtained of the King to go thither; with whom went the Marquis of Dorſet and his four brothers, the Lord CLINTON, Sir EDWARD NEVILL, Sir GILES CAPELL, THOMAS CHENEY, which all went over with the Duke as his aſſiſtants.

(g) When thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride.

A true deſcription of the Queen's entering into Paris, after her coronation performed at St. DENNIS.

(h) Next theſe, five Dukes, as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alanſon, Bourbon, Vandome, Longavile, Suffolk, with five Cardinals.

(i) That large-limb'd Almain of the giants race.

FRANCIS VALOIS the Dauphin of France, envying the glory that the Engliſhmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almain ſecretly, a man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, who encounter'd CHARLES BRANDON at the barriers: but the Duke grappling with him, ſo beat him about the head with the pummel of his ſword, that the blood came out of the ſight of his caſk.

(k) Elſe might my blood find iſſue from his force,
Who beat, &c.

Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, ſtandard-bearer to the Earl of Richmond (after HENRY VII.) at Boſworth field, a brave and gallant Gentleman, who was ſlain by RICHARD there; this was father to thisCHARLES BRANDON Duke of Suffolk.

HENRY

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of SURREY, to the Lady *GERALDINE*.

The ARGUMENT.

The Earl of Surrey, that renowned Lord,
Th' old Engliſh glory bravely that reſtor'd,
That Prince and Poet (a name more divine)
Falling in love with beauteous GERALDINE,
Of the GERALDI, *which derive their name*
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in publick jouſts maintain'd
Her beauty peerleſs, which by arms he gain'd:
But ſtaying long, fair Italy to ſee,
To let her know him conſtant ſtill to be,
From Tuſcany this letter to her writes;
Which her reſcription inſtantly invites.

FRom (*a*) learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandſires came
To famous England, that kind nurſe of mine,
Thy SURREY ſends to heav'nly GERALDINE.
Yet let not Tuſcan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue;
That in theſe harſh-tun'd cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo near the Muſes ſacred ſpring;
But rather think it ſelf adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praiſe of Italy.
Tho' to the Tuſcans I the ſmoothneſs grant,
Our dialect no majeſty doth want,
To ſet thy praiſes in as high a key,
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.

What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,
And that my ſhip her courſe for Flanders bent,
Yet think I with how many a heavy look
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one ſigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly ſkips,
Taking my ſigh, and down again it ſlips,
Into the gulph itſelf it headlong throws,
And as a poſt to England-ward it goes.
As I ſate wond'ring how the rough ſea ſtirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which as ſhe fain from ſhore to ſhore would fly,
Had loſt herſelf in the broad vaſty ſky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The ſeas of life ſtill gaping to bereave her:
Unto the ſhip ſhe makes, which ſhe diſcovers,
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge hovers;
And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
Panting ſhe hangs upon the rattling ſails,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on again, [weather,
And toſs'd with flaws, with ſtorms, with wind, with
Yet ſtill departing thence, ſtill turneth thither:
Now with the poop, now with the prow doth bear,
Now on this ſide, now that, now here, now there.
Methinks theſe ſtorms ſhould be my ſad depart,
The ſilly helpleſs bird is my poor heart;
The ſhip, to which for ſuccour it repairs,
That is yourſelf, regardleſs of my cares.
Of every ſurge doth fall, or wave doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I ſit and moralize.
When for thy love I left the Belgic ſhore,
Divine ERASMUS and our famous MORE,
Whoſe happy preſence gave me ſuch delight,
As made a minute of a winter's night;

With

With whom a while I ſtaid at Roterdame,
Now ſo renowned by ERASMUS' name:
Yet every hour did ſeem a world of time,
Till I had ſeen that ſoul-reviving clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A wat'ry ſoil to clog a fiery wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I paſt,
Coming unto the Emperor's court at laſt,
(b) Great-learn'd AGRIPPA, ſo profound in art,
Who the infernal ſecrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a glaſs my GERALDINE did ſhow,
Sick in thy bed; and for thou could'ſt not ſleep,
By a wax taper ſet the light to keep;
I do remember thou didſt read that ode,
Sent back whilſt I in Thanet made abode,
Where when thou cam'ſt unto that word of Love,
Ev'n in thine eyes I ſaw how paſſion ſtrove:
That ſnowy lawn which covered thy bed,
Methought look'd white, to ſee thy cheek ſo red;
Thy roſy cheek oft changing in my ſight,
Yet ſtill was red, to ſee the lawn ſo white:
The little taper which ſhould give thee light,
Methought wax'd dim, to ſee thy eyes ſo bright;
Thine eye again ſupply'd the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
The ſhrugging air about thy temples hurls,
And wrapt thy breath in little clouded curls,
And as it did aſcend, it ſtraight did ſeize it,
And as it ſunk it preſently did raiſe it.
Canſt thou by ſickneſs baniſh beauty ſo,
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go
To make her ſhift, and for her ſuccour ſeek
To every rivel'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
" If health preſerv'd, thou beauty ſtill doſt cheriſh;
" If that neglected, beauty ſoon doth periſh.

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds ſorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
If live or die, as thou do'ſt, ſo do I;
If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
One heart, one love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If HOWARD's blood thou hold'ſt as but too vile,
Or not eſteem'ſt of NORFOLK's princely ſtile;
If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
(*c*) That lion plac'd in our bright ſilver bend,
Which as a trophy beautifies our ſhield,
(*d*) Since Scottiſh blood diſcolour'd Floden field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave enſign bare,
As a rich jewel in a Lady's hair,
And did fair Bramſton's neighbouring vallies choke
With clouds of cannons fire-diſgorged ſmoke:
Or SURREY's Earldom inſufficient be,
And not a dower ſo well contenting thee:
Yet I am one of great APOLLO's heirs,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortal lines are ſung,
My flowing verſes grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by ſugar'd numbers to rehearſe,
And have their ſweet lips ſeaſon'd with my verſe.
When heav'n would ſtrive to do the beſt it can,
And put an angel's ſpirit into man,
The utmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praiſe;
T' eternal life when they diſſolve their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond pow'r by death.

When

When time ſhall turn thoſe amber locks to gray,
My verſe again ſhall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a ſummer's hue:
That ſacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,
Shall put freſh blood into thy wither'd veins,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteneſs dead,
Shall ſet a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dim ſight thy glaſs cannot deſcry,
Nor thy craz'd mirror can diſcern thine eye;
My verſe, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine eye and glaſs:
Where both thy mirror and thine eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee;
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
What that in pureneſs was, what thou in youth.

If Florence once ſhould loſe her old renown,
As famous Athens, now a fiſher-town;
My lines for thee a Florence ſhall erect,
Which great APOLLO ever ſhall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble mines to re-erect thoſe walls.
(e) Nor beauteous STANHOPE, whom all tongues report
To be the glory of the Engliſh court,
Shall by our nation be ſo much admir'd,
If ever SURREY truly were inſpir'd.
(f) And famous WYAT, who in numbers ſings
To that inchanting Thracian harper's ſtrings,
To whom PHOEBUS (the Poets god) did drink
A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;
And ſweet-tongu'd BRYAN (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred verſes (moſt divinely penn'd)
Upon thy praiſes ever ſhall attend.

What time I came into this famous town,
And made the cauſe of my arrival known,

Great MEDICES a liſt for triumphs built;
Within the which, upon a tree of gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare devices ſet)
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
To anſwer thoſe Italian dames deſire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire:
By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my GERALDINE's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm aſſays,
After ſo many brave triumphant days,
The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy ſhare.
The ſhiver'd ſtaves here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at ev'ry ſhock,
When ſtormy courſes anſwer'd cuff for cuff,
Denting proud bevers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I ſacrific'd, as incenſe to thy fame:
Where, as the phœnix from her ſpiced fume
Renews herſelf, in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred aſhes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.
When to my chamber I myſelf retire,
Burnt with the ſparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy iſle where GERALDINE remains:
(g) Of Hunſdon, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial eyne
At firſt did pierce this tender breaſt of mine:
(h) Of Hampton-Court and Windſor, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found:
Near that fair caſtle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth ſtand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,

Whoſe

Whoſe buſhy top doth bid the ſun forbear,
And checks his proud beams that would enter there;
Whoſe leaves ſtill mutt'ring, as the air doth breathe,
With the ſweet bubbling of the ſtream beneath,
Doth rock the ſenſes (whilſt the ſmall birds ſing)
Lulled aſleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies ſport at priſon-baſe,
(No doubt there is ſome pow'r frequents the place)
There the ſoft poplar and ſmooth beech do bear
Our names together carved every where,
And Gordian knots do curiouſly entwine
The names of HENRY and of GERALDINE.
O let this grove, in happy times to come,
Be call'd the lovers bleſs'd Elyzium;
Whither my miſtreſs wonted to reſort,
In ſummer's heat, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport:
A thouſand ſundry names I have it given,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,
The roof where beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whoſe compaſs all the ſtars do ſleep.
There is one tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear theſe verſes carved in the rind:
" When GERALDINE ſhall ſit in thy fair ſhade,
" Fan her fair treſſes with perfumed air,
" Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
" To keep the ſun from gazing on my fair:
" And when thy ſpreading branched arms be ſunk,
" And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retain,
" Ev'n from the duſt of thy unwieldy trunk
" I will renew thee, phœnix-like, again,
" And from thy dry decayed root will bring
" A new-born ſtem, another ÆSON's ſpring.
I find no cauſe, nor judge I reaſon why,
My country ſhould give place to Lombardy.
(i) As goodly flow'rs on Thameſis do grow,
As beautify the banks of wanton Po;

As

As many nymphs as haunt rich Arnus' ſtrand,
By ſilver Severn tripping hand in hand:
Our ſhade's as ſweet, tho' not to us ſo dear,
Becauſe the ſun hath greater power there.
This diſtant place doth give me greater woe;
Far off, my ſighs the farther have to go.
Ah abſence! why thus ſhould'ſt thou ſeem ſo long?
Or wherefore ſhould'ſt thou offer time ſuch wrong,
Summer ſo ſoon to ſteal on winter's cold,
Or winter blaſts ſo ſoon make ſummer old?
Love did us both with one ſelf-arrow ſtrike,
Our wounds both one, our cure ſhould be the like;
Except thou haſt found out ſome mean by art,
Some pow'rful med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and abſence being proved,
It ſticks too faſt, it cannot be removed.
Adieu, adieu, from Florence when I go,
By my next letters GERALDINE ſhall know,
Which if good fortune ſhall by courſe direct,
From Venice by ſome meſſenger expect;
Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's deſire,
By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

Florence, a city of Tuſcany, ſtanding upon the river Arnus (celebrated by DANTE, PETRARCH, and other the moſt noble wits of Italy) was the original of the family out of which this GERALDINE did ſpring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by theſe verſes of the Earl of SURREY:

From Tuſcan came my Lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was ſometime her ancient ſeat;
The Weſtern iſle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.

(b) Great-

(b) Great-learn'd AGRIPPA, *ſo profound in art.*

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, a man in his time ſo famous for magick, (which the books publiſh'd by him concerning that argument do partly prove) as in this place needs no farther remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomy arts are but illuſions, ſo in the honour of ſo rare a Gentleman as this Earl (and therewithal ſo noble a Poet, a quality by which his other titles receive their greateſt luſtre) invention may make ſomewhat more bold with AGRIPPA above the barren truth.

(c) That lion ſet in our bright ſilver bend.

The blazon of the HOWARDS honourable armour was, *Gules, between ſix croſslets fitchy a bend Argent*; to which afterwards was added by atchievement, *In the canton point of the bend an eſcutcheon Or, within the Scottiſh preſſure a demi-lion rampant Gules*, &c. as Mr. CAMDEN, now Clarencieux, from authority noteth. Never ſhall time or bitter envy be able to obſcure the brightneſs of ſo great a victory as that for which this addition was obtained. The hiſtorian of Scotland, GEORGE BUCHANAN, reporteth, that the Earl of Surrey gave for his badge a *ſilver Lion*, (which from antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces *a Lion proſtrate Gules*; and withal, that this, which he terms inſolence, was puniſhed in him and his poſterity; as if it were fatal to the conqueror to do his Sovereign ſuch loyal ſervice, as a thouſand ſuch ſevere cenſurers were never able to perform.

(d) Since Scotiſh blood diſcolour'd Floden field.

The battle was fought at Bramſton near Floden-hill, being a part of the Cheviot, a mountain that exceedeth all the mountains in the North of England for highneſs; in which the wilful perjury of JAMES V. was puniſhed from heaven by the Earl of Surrey, being left by King HENRY VIII. (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his realm.

(e) Nor beauteous STANHOPE, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beauty of that Lady he himſelf teſtifies, in an elegy which he writ of her, refuſing to dance with him, which he ſeemeth to allegorize under a Lion and Wolf. And of himſelf he ſaith:

A Lion ſaw I late, as white as ſnow.

And of her:

I might perceive a Wolf, as white as a whale's bone,
A fairer beaſt of freſher hue beheld I never none,
But that her looks were coy, and froward was her grace.

(f) And

(f) And famous WYAT, *who in numbers ſings.*

Sir THOMAS WYAT the elder, a moſt excellent poet, as his poems extant do witneſs; beſides certain encomiums, written by the Earl of SURREY upon ſome of DAVID's Pſalms, by him tranſlated:

What holy grave, what worthy ſepulchre,
To WYAT's *Pſalms ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then?*

And afterward, upon his death, the ſaid Earl writeth thus:

What virtues rare were temper'd in thy breaſt!
Honour that England ſuch a jewel bred,
And kiſs the ground whereas thy corps did reſt.

(g) Of Hunſdon, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial eyne.

It is manifeſt by a ſonnet, written by this noble Earl, that the firſt time he beheld his Lady was at Hunſdon:

Hunſdon did firſt preſent her to mine eyne.

Which ſonnet being altogether a deſcription of his love, I do alledge in divers places of this gloſs as proofs of what I write.

(h) Of Hampton-Court and Windſor, where abound
All pleaſures, &c.

That he enjoy'd the preſence of his fair and virtuous miſtreſs at thoſe two places, by reaſon of Queen KATHARINE's uſual abode there (on whom this Lady GERALDINE was attending) I prove by theſe verſes of his:

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine;
Windſor (alas!) doth chaſe me from her ſight.

And in another ſonnet following:

When Windſor walls ſuſtain'd my weary'd arm,
My hand, my chin, to eaſe my reſtleſs head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windſor to Paradiſe, an Elegy may prove; where he remembreth his paſſed pleaſures in that place.

With a King's ſon my childiſh years I paſs'd,
In greater feaſts than PRIAM's *ſon of Troy.*

And again in the ſame Elegy:

Thoſe large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes caſt up unto the Maidens Tower,
With eaſy ſighs, ſuch as men draw in love.

And again in the ſame:

The ſtately ſeats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances ſhort, long tales of ſweet delight.

And for the pleaſantneſs of the place, theſe verſes of his may teſtify, in the ſame Elegy before cited:

The ſecret groves which we have made reſound,
With ſilver drops the meads yet ſpread for ruth.

(i) As

(i) As goodly flow'rs on Thameſis do grow, &c.

I had thought in this place not to have ſpoken of Thames, being ſo oft remember'd by me before in ſundry places on this occaſion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which I judge either to be done by the ſaid Earl or Sir FRANCIS BRIAN, for the worthineſs thereof I will here inſert: which, as it ſeems to me, was compiled at the author's being in Spain.

Tagus, farewel, which weſtward with thy ſtreams
Turn'ſt up the grains of gold, already try'd;
For I with ſpur and ſail go ſeek the Thames,
Againſt the ſun that ſhews his wealthy pride,
And to the town that BRUTUS *ſought by dreams,*
Like bended moon that leans her luſty ſide,
To ſeek my country now, for whom I live;
O mighty JOVE, *for this the winds me give.*

The Lady *GERALDINE* to *HENRY HOWARD* Earl of SURREY.

SUCH greeting as the noble SURREY ſends,
The like to thee thy GERALDINE commends;
A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other terms or compliments to ſtand,
Which (might my ſpeech be as my heart affords)
Sould come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firm ſhall prove,
As her's that makes the greateſt ſhew of love.
In CUPID's ſchool I never read thoſe books,
Whoſe lectures oft we practiſe in our looks,
Nor ever did ſuſpicious rival eye
Yet lie in wait my favours to eſpy;
My virgin thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaſte bluſhes ſitting on my cheek:
As in a fever I do ſhiver yet,
Since firſt my pen was to the paper ſet.

If

If I do err, you know my ſex is weak,
Fear proves a fault where maids are forc'd to ſpeak.
Do I not ill? Ah, ſooth me not herein;
O, if I do, reprove me of my ſin:
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach myſelf, myſelf to chide.
Nay, noble SURREY, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſs ſhould return my guilt:
For that ſhould be ev'n from ourſelves conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our thoughts reveal'd;
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſty, is death.
The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Methinks) ſhould marvel at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpy
The nakedneſs of my immodeſty,
Which in my face he greater might have ſeen,
But that my fan I quickly put between;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
" Fear ſeeing all, fears it of all is ſpy'd.
Like to a taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his light,
The blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Living by that which ſeeks the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return:
Then clear, then dim, then ſpreadeth, & then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſs loſeth;
As well the beſt-diſcerning eye may doubt,
Whether it be yet in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheek my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now again it glow'd.
If in your verſe there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I love,
It's you bewitch my boſom by mine ear;
Unto that end I did not place you there:

Airs to aſſwage the bloody ſoldier's mind,
Poor women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'll think, that I theſe terms inforce,
For that in court this kindneſs is of courſe:
Or that it is that honey-ſteeped gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our loves withall;
That in one eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
In th' other drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah, what ſo falſe can envy ſpeak of us,
But it ſhall find ſome vainly credulous?
I do not ſo, and to add proof thereto,
I love in faith, in faith, ſweet Lord, I do:
Nor let the envy of invenom'd tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poor Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſs,
By any doubt to make my love the leſs.
My houſe from Florence I do not pretend,
Nor from thoſe GERALDS claim I to deſcend;
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receive from Deſmond, or Kildare:
Nor better air will ever boaſt to breathe,
Than that of Lemſter, Munſter, or of Meath:
Nor crave I other foreign far allies,
(a) Than Windſor's, or FITZ-GERALD's families:
It is enough to leave unto my heirs,
If they but pleaſe t' acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the court remove,
But that the houſe gives matter to my love?
At Windſor ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walk,
There mount thy courſer, there deviſe, there talk.
The robes, the garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatneſs brings:
None-ſuch, the name imports (methinks) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord, none ſuch:
In Hampton's great magnificence I find
The lively image of thy Princely mind:

Fair

Fair Richmond's tow'rs like goodly trophies ſtand,
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious hand:
White-Hall's triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich devices of thy wit:
In Greenwich ſtill, as in a glaſs, I view,
Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy GERALDINE adieu.
With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
How are my thoughts confus'd with joys and woes!
As through a gate, ſo through my longing ears
Paſs to my heart whole multitudes of fears.
O, in a map that I might ſee thee ſhow
The place where now in danger thou do'ſt go!
Whilſt we diſcourſe, to travel with our eye
Romania, Tuſcan, and fair Lombardy;
Or with thy pen exactly to ſet down
The model of that temple, or that town:
And to relate at large where thou haſt been,
As there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeen;
Expreſſing in a figure, by thy hand,
How Naples lies, how Florence fair doth ſtand:
Or as the Grecian's finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a river in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulf to figure out,
To model Venice moated round about;
Then adding more to counterfeit a ſea,
And draw the front of ſtately Genoa.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do ſound like mandrakes dreadful groans.
Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with ſkill,
Leave here their good, and bring home others ill;
Which ſeem to like all countries but their own,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are known:
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had been in ſev'ral countries bred;
In their attire, their geſture, and their gate,
Found in each one, all Italianate,

So well in all deformity in faſhion,
Borrowing a limb of ev'ry ſev'ral nation;
And nothing more than England hold in ſcorn,
So live as ſtrangers whereas they were born.
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed:
O God forbid that HOWARD's noble line,
From ancient virtue ſhould ſo far decline!
The Muſes train (whereof yourſelf are chief)
Only to me participate their grief:
To ſooth their humours, I do lend them ears.
" He gives a Poet, that his verſes hears.
Till thy return, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all, they all away would give:
The world and they ſo ill-according be,
That Wealth and Poets never can agree.
Few live in court that of their good have care,
The Muſes friends are every-where ſo rare.
Some praiſe thy worth (that it did never know),
Only becauſe the better ſort do ſo,
Whoſe judgment never further doth extend,
Than it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend;
So great an ill upon deſert doth chance,
When it doth paſs by beaſtly ignorance.
Why art thou ſlack, whilſt no man puts his hand
(b) To raiſe the mount where Surrey's towers muſt ſtand?
Or who the groundſil of that work doth lay,
Whilſt like a wand'rer thou abroad do'ſt ſtray,
Clip'd in the arms of ſome laſcivious dame,
When thou ſhould'ſt rear an ILION to thy name?
When ſhall the Muſes by fair Norwich dwell,
To be the city of the learned well?
Or PHOEBUS' altars there with incenſe heap'd,
As once in Cyrrha, or in Thebe kept?
Or when ſhall that fair hoof-plow'd ſpring diſtil
From great Mount-Surrey, out of Leonard's-hill?

Till thou return, the court I will exchange
For ſome poor cottage, or ſome country grange,
Where to our diſtaves, as we ſit and ſpin,
My maid and I will tell what things have been.
Our lutes unſtrung ſhall hang upon the wall,
Our leſſons ſerve to wrap our tow withall,
And paſs the night, whiles winter-tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell:
Or tune ſuch homely carrols as were ſung
In country ſport, when we ourſelves were young;
In pretty riddles to bewray our loves,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing gloves.
The nobleſt ſpirits, to virtue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in court thy greateſt want do find:
Others there be, on which we feed our eye,
(c) Like arras-work, or ſuch like imag'ry:
Many of us deſire Queen CATH'RINE's ſtate,
But very few her virtues imitate.
Then, as ULYSSES' wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thyſelf to me.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Than Windſor's or FITZGERALD's *families.*

The coſt of many Kings which from time to time have adorned the caſtle at Windſor with their Princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be ſpoken of now, as though obſcure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finiſhers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing near the purpoſe. As for the family of the FITZGERALDS, of whence this Lady was lineally deſcended, the original was Engliſh, though the branches did ſpread themſelves into diſtant places, and names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was uſual to denominate themſelves of their manours, or forenames, as may partly appear in that which enſueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend Mr. FRANCIS THINN. WALTER of Windſor, the ſon of OTERUS, had

had to iſſue WILLIAM, of whom HENRY, now Lord Windſor, is deſcended; and ROBERT of Windſor, of whom ROBERT the now Earl of Eſſex, and GERALD of Windſor his third ſon, who married the daughter of REES, the great Prince of Wales, of whom came NESTA, paramour to HENRY the firſt: Which GERALD had iſſue MAURICE FITZGERALD, anceſtor to THOMAS FITZMAURICE Juſtice of Ireland, buried at Trayly; leaving iſſue JOHN his eldeſt ſon, firſt Earl of Kildare, anceſtor to GERALDINE, and MAURICE his ſecond ſon, firſt Earl of Deſmond.

(k) To raiſe the mount where Surrey's tow'rs muſt ſtand.

Alluding to the ſumptuous houſe which was afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, right againſt Norwich; which, in the rebellion of Norfolk under KET, in King EDWARD the VIth's time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hill and the city, as ALEXANDER NEVEL deſcribes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, having Weſt and South thereof a wood, and a little village called Thorpe; and on the North, the paſtures of Mouſholl, which contain about ſix miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſs of Mount-Surrey, which was the houſe's name, the proſpect and ſite thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that increaſing evil of the Norfolk fury ankennel itſelf then, but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent to debaſe all high things, and to profane all holy.

(c) Like arras-work, or ſuch like imag'ry.

Such was he whom JUVENAL taxeth in this manner:

——————Truncoque ſimilimus Herme
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing elſe but apparel, and the outward appearance, entitled Complement: with whom the ridiculous fable of the ape in ÆSOP ſorteth fitly; who coming into a carver's houſe, and viewing many marble works, took up the head of a man very cunningly wrought: who greatly in praiſing did ſeem to pity it, that having ſo comely an outſide, it had nothing within; like empty figures, walk and talk in every place: at whom the noble GERALDINE modeſtly glanceth.

The Lady *JANE GRAY* to the Lord *GILFORD DUDLEY.*

The ARGUMENT.

EDWARD the Sixth, his timeleſs life bereft,
(Tho' doubtfully) yet his dominion left
To his ſiſter MARY: *but by* HENRY GRAY,
Then Duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty ſway,
With the conſent and by the pow'rful hand
Of JOHN *the ſtout Duke of Northumberland,*
His fourth ſon, GILFORD DUDLEY, *they affy'd*
To fair JANE GRAY, *which by the mother's ſide*
Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
The Lady JANE *was here proclaimed Queen.*
But MARY *ſoon prevailing by her pow'r,*
Cauſed thoſe two preſerved in the Tow'r,
There to be priſon'd; where, their blame to quit,
They each to other theſe epiſtles writ.

MIne own dear Lord, ſith thou art lock'd from me,
In this diſguiſe my love muſt ſteal to thee,
Since to renew all loves, all kindneſs paſt,
This refuge ſcarcely left, yet this the laſt.
My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting anſwers my deſire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief ſtops my words, and I but ſtrive in vain:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haſte he goes,
When thro' my lips my heart thruſts forth my woes.
But then the doors, that make a doleful ſound,
Drive back my words, that in the noiſe are drown'd,

Which

Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
When like an adverſe wind in Iſis' courſe,
Againſt the tide bending his boiſt'rous force;
But when the flood hath wrought itſelf about,
He following on, doth headlong thruſt it out:
Thus ſtrive my ſighs with tears ere they begin,
And breaking out, again ſighs drive them in.
A thouſand forms preſent my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought.
" The depth of woe with words we hardly found,
" Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound.
As tears do fall and riſe, ſighs come and go,
So do theſe numbers ebb, ſo do they flow.
Theſe briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink cloaths tears in this ſad mourning vail;
The letters mourners, weep with my dim eye,
The paper pale, griev'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable ourſelves why ſhould we deem,
Sith none are ſo but in their own eſteem?
" Who in diſtreſs from reſolution flies,
" Is rightly ſaid to yield to miſeries.
(a) They which begot us, did beget this ſin,
They firſt begun what did our grief begin:
We taſted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a crown would to my Lord have link'd,
All hope of life and liberty extinct;
A Subject born, a Sov'reign to have been,
Have made me now nor Subject, nor a Queen.
Ah, vile ambition, how doſt thou deceive us!
Which ſhew'ſt us heav'n, & yet in hell doſt leave us.
" Seldom untouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
" When error cometh in good counſel's ſhape;
" A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
" The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right.

Then, my dear Lord, altho' affliction grieve us,
Yet let our ſpotleſs innocence relieve us.
" Death but an acted paſſion doth appear,
" Where truth gives courage and the conſcience clear.
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I bear part of whatſoe'er is thine;
As when we liv'd untouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:
(b) At Durham palace, where ſweet HYMEN ſang,
Whoſe buildings with our nuptial muſick rang:
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great DUDLEY match'd with noble GRAY,
When they deviſ'd to link by wedlock's band
The houſe of SUFFOLK to NORTHUMBERLAND;
Our fatal Dukedom to your Dukedom bound,
To frame this building on ſo weak a ground.
For what avails a lawleſs uſurpation,
Which gives a ſcepter, but not rules a nation?
Only the ſurfeit of a vain opinion:
" What gives content, gives what exceeds dominion.
(c) When firſt mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of JANE, proclaimed by a Princeſs' name,
A ſudden fright my trembling heart appalls:
" The fear of conſcience ent'reth iron walls.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had foreſeen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have eſcap'd the heav'ns impetuous wrath.
The true-bred eagle ſtrongly ſtems the wind,
And not each bird reſembling their brave kind;
He, like a King, doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.
Tho' MARY be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My blood not from PLANTAGENET pretended;
(d) My grandſire BRANDON did our houſe advance,
By Princely MARY, dowager of France:

The

The fruit of that fair ſtock, which did combine,
And YORK's ſweet branch with LANCASTER's entwine,
And in one ſtalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion roſe and purer white;
I, the untimely ſlip of that rich ſtem,
Whoſe golden bud brings forth a diadem.
But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boaſt of this, but learn to die:
Whilſt we were as ourſelves, conjoyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
" To gain a Kingdom, who ſpares their next blood?
" Nearneſs contemn'd, if ſov'reignty withſtood.
" A diadem once dazzling the eye,
" The day too dark to ſee affinity;
" And where the arm is ſtretch'd to reach a crown,
" Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things thrown down.
(e) For what great HENRY moſt ſtrove to avoid,
The heav'ns have built, where earth would have deſtroy'd.
And ſeating EDWARD on his regal throne,
He gives to MARY all that was his own,
By death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of HENRY's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,
But heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:
That rules the caſe, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence foreſaw who ſhould ſucceed;
For we in vain rely on human laws,
When heaven ſtands forth to plead the righteous cauſe.
Thus rule the ſkies in their continual courſe;
That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force.
" Man's wit doth build for Time but to devour,
" But Virtue's free from Time and Fortune's pow'r.
Then my kind Lord, ſweet GILFORD, be not griev'd,
The ſoul is heav'nly, and from heaven reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:

To thy fair breaſt take my reſolved mind,
Arm'd againſt black deſpair and all her kind:
Into my boſom breathe that ſoul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:
So ſhall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me be loved.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my dear huſband and my Lord before,
But truly learn to die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now live by pray'r, on heav'n fix all thy thought,
And ſurely find whate'er by zeal is ſought:
For each good motion that the ſoul awakes,
A heav'nly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet reſemblance, which by pow'r of kind
Forms (like itſelf) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations be,
Of that divineneſs which through that we ſee;
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our frail fleſh's imbecility;
By each temptation over-apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our body's guide:
For as theſe towers our bodies do incloſe,
So our ſouls priſons verily are thoſe:
Our bodies ſtopping that celeſtial light,
As theſe do hinder our exterior ſight;
Whereon death ſeizing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And us at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.
Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſs of this earthly part,
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humility,
By which, to heav'n aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in pray'r upon your bended knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtay'd,
You need in peril not to be diſmay'd,

Which

Which ſtill ſhall keep you that you ſhall not fall,
For any peril that can you appall:
The key of heav'n thus with you you ſhall bear,
And grace you guiding, get you entrance there;
And you of thoſe celeſtial joys poſſeſs,
Which mortal tongue's unable to expreſs.

Then thank the heav'n, preparing us this room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,
Before the black and diſmal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and ſin,
Not ſuff'ring us to ſee that wicked age,
When perſecution vehemently ſhall rage;
When tyranny new tortures ſhall invent
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heav'n forbid that MARY's womb ſhould bring
England's fair ſceptre to a foreign King;
(f) But ſhe to fair ELIZABETH ſhall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receive it:
And on her temples having plac'd the crown,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath ſown;
And Sion's glory ſhall again reſtore,
Laid ruin, waſte, and deſolate before:
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of ſtones,
Shall gather up the martyrs ſacred bones;
And ſhall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,
And caſt aſide the heavy yoke of Spain.

Farewel, ſweet GILFORD, know our end is near,
Heav'n is our home, we are but ſtrangers here:
Let us make haſte to go unto the bleſt,
Which from theſe weary worldly labours reſt.
And with theſe lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Until in heav'n thy JANE again ſhall meet thee.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) They which begot us, did beget this sin.

Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their fathers, whose pride was the cause of the utter overthrow of their children.

(b) At Durham palace where sweet HYMEN *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord GILFORD DUDLEY, fourth son to JOHN DUDLEY Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady JANE GRAY, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, at Durham-house in the Strand.

(c) When first mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of JANE, *proclaimed by a Princess' name.*

Presently upon the death of King EDWARD, the Lady JANE was taken as Queen, conveyed by water to the tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as so ordained by King EDWARD's letters patents and his will.

(d) My grandsire BRANDON *did our house advance*
By Princely MARY, *Dowager of France.*

HENRY GRAY, Duke of Suffolk, married FRANCES the eldest daughter of CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk, by the French Queen; by which FRANCES he had this Lady JANE. This MARY the French Queen was daughter to King HENRY VII. by ELIZABETH his Queen; which happy marriage conjoined the two noble families of Lancaster and York.

(e) For what great HENRY *most strove to avoid.*

Noting the distrust that King HENRY VIII. ever had in the Princess MARY his daughter, fearing she would alter the state of religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King HENRY's issue had to the crown.

(f) But she to fair ELIZABETH *shall leave it.*

A prophesy of Queen MARY's barrenness, and of the happy and glorious reign of Queen ELIZABETH; her restoring of religion, the abolishing of the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spain.

GILFORD

GILFORD DUDLEY to the Lady *JANE GRAY.*

AS the ſwan ſinging at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r:
O, could there be that pow'r but in my verſe,
T' expreſs the grief which my ſad heart doth pierce!
The very walls, that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weep at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,
And give you int'reſt, if you do forbear;
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,
I will repay you frankly two for one.
Perhaps you'll think (your ſorrows to appeaſe)
That words of comfort fitter were than theſe:
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liveth,
As in moſt grief, me now moſt comfort giveth.
But think not, JANE, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my ſad complaint,
That death ſo much my courage can controul,
At the departing of my living ſoul.
For if one life a thouſand lives could be,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee,
When thou this croſs ſo patiently doſt bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear,
And doeſt no more this diſſolution fly,
Than if long age conſtrained thee to die.
Yet it is ſtrange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'ſt moſt unto my woe;
Not that I loath what moſt did me delight,
But that ſo long deprived of thy ſight:

For

For when I ſpeak, and would complain my wrong,
Straitways thy name poſſeſſeth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didſt lie
The preſent object to my longing eye.
No ominous ſtar did at thy birthtide ſhine,
That might of thy ſad deſtiny divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall perſuade,
And thou by me a ſacrifice art made,
As in thoſe countries where the loving wives
With their kind huſbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reckon'd is of all,
Whom leaſt the peril ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of NORTHUMBERLAND's great name,
(a) (Nor of KET conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to Norfolk with his armies ſped,
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,
And brought ſafe peace returning to our doors,
Yet ſpread his glory on the eaſtern ſhores:
(b) Nor of my brothers, from whoſe natural grace
Virtue may ſpring to beautify our race;
(c) Nor of GRAY's match, my children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be;
But of thy virtue only do I boaſt,
That wherein I may juſtly glory moſt.
I crav'd no Kingdoms, tho' I thee did crave:
It me ſuffic'd thy only ſelf to have:
Yet let me ſay, however it befell,
Methinks a crown ſhould have becom'd thee well:
For ſure thy wiſdom merited, or none,
(d) To have been heard with wonder from a throne;
When from thy lips the counſel to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe oracle proceed.
And more eſteem'd thy virtues were to me,
Than all that elſe might ever come by thee:

So

So chaſte thy love, ſo innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife;
So great a gift the heav'n on me beſtow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd:
Such was the good I did poſſeſs of late,
Ere worldly care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate;
Ere trouble did in ev'ry place abound,
And angry war our former peace did wound.
But to know this, ambition us affords,
" One crown is guarded with a thouſand ſwords;
" To mean eſtates mean ſorrows are but ſhown,
" But crowns have cares, whoſe workings be unknown.
(e) When DUDLEY led his armies to the eaſt,
Of our whole forces gen'rally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his enterprize could let,
(f) Whom a grave council freely did abet,
That had the judgment of the pow'rful laws
In ev'ry point to juſtify the cauſe?
The holy Church a helping hand that laid,
Who would have thought that theſe could not have
But what (alas!) can parliaments avail, [ſway'd?
Where MARY's right muſt EDWARD's acts repeal?
(g) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;
And they that ſhould our greatneſs undergo,
Us and our actions only overthrow.
Ere greatneſs gain'd, we give it all our heart,
But being once come, we wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which overtaken, puniſheth our haſte.
If any one do pity our offence,
Let him be ſure that he be far from hence:
Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as once commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly ſhould but think,
Our timeleſs tears th' inſatiate earth doth drink.

All lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers, that ſhould their woful children rue;
Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;
Friends, their dear farewel lovingly to take;
The faithful ſervant weeping for our ſake;
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here:
But we (alas!) deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miſerable fall.
And, where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut,
Now in dark priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſuaſion thus I then reply,
Hold on thy courſe, reſolved ſtill to die;
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,
Leave it to heaven to give the rightful throne;
And with that health regreet I thee again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

ANNOTATIONS of the CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Nor of KET *conquer'd, adding to our fame.*

JOHN, Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition againſt KET, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk, incamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(b) Nor of my brothers, from whoſe natural grace.

GILFORD DUDLEY, as remembering in this place the towardneſs of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raiſed that houſe of the DUDLEYS, of which he was a fourth brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their father's overthrow.

(c) Nor of GRAY's *match, my children born by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady JANE GRAY by her mother, which was FRANCES the daughter of CHARLES BRANDON, by MARY the French Queen, daughter to HENRY VII. and ſiſter to HENRY VIII.

(d) To have been heard with wonder from a throne.

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman indued with ſuch wonderful gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wiſdom and learning: of whoſe ſkill in the tongues, one reporteth by this Epigram:

Miraris JANAM *Graio ſermone valere?*
Quo primùm nata eſt tempore GRAIA *fuit.*

(e) When DUDLEY *led his army to the eaſt.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition againſt the rebels in Norfolk, and making haſte away, appointed the reſt of his forces to meet him at Newmarket-heath: of whom this ſaying is reported, that paſſing through Shore-ditch, the Lord GRAY in his company, ſeeing the people in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid, "The people preſs to "ſee us, but none bid God ſpeed us.

(f) What a grave council freely did abet.

JOHN DUDLEY Duke of Northumberland, when he went out againſt Queen MARY, had his commiſſion ſealed for the General-ſhip of the army, by the conſent of the whole council of the land: inſomuch that paſſing through the council-chamber at his departure, the Earl of Arundel wiſhed, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to ſpend his blood in the quarrel.

(g) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

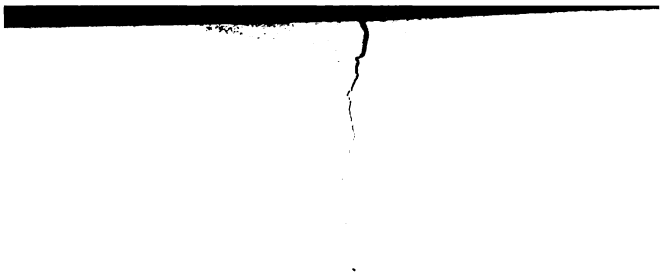
The Suffolk men were the firſt that ever reſorted to Queen MARY in her diſtreſs, repairing to her ſuccours whilſt ſhe remained both at Keninghall and at Fremingham caſtle, ſtill increaſing her aids, until the Duke of Northumberland was left forſaken at Cambridge.

A CATALOGUE of the HEROICAL LOVES:

THE world's fair ROSE, and HENRY's frosty fire,
JOHN's tyranny, and chaste MATILDA's wrong,
Th' inraged Queen, and furious MORTIMER,
The scourge of France, and his chaste love I sung:
Deposed RICHARD, ISABEL exil'd,
The gallant TUDOR, and fair CATHARINE;
Duke HUMPHRY, and old COBHAM's hapless child;
Couragious POOL, and that brave spir'tful Queen;
EDWARD, and the delicious London dame;
BRANDON, and that rich Dowager of France;
SURREY, with his fair paragon of fame;
DUDLEY's mishap, and virtuous GRAY's mischance:
Their sev'ral loves since I before have shown,
Now give me leave at last to sing mine own.

The End of the HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE



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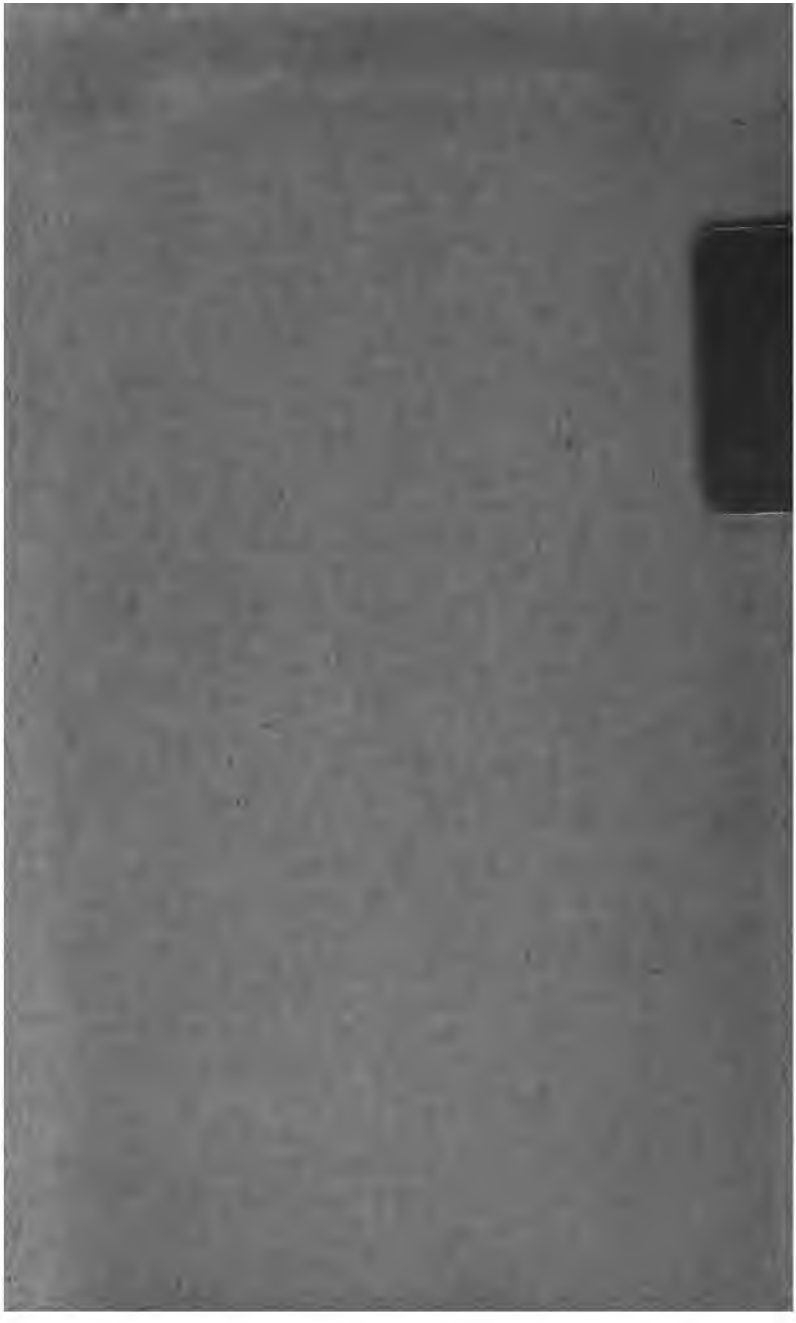
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